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# HARLEY RADINGTON.

A TALE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

# HARLEY RADINGTON.

A TALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By MISS D. P. CAMPBELL.

Scribimus indocti doctique. HORACE.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
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# HARLEY RADINGTON.

## CHAPTER I.

'Tis education forms the tender mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. POPE.

.....

If good we plant not, vice will fill the place,
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface. *Ibid.*

I WRITE this history of myself, to please myself; and, provided that no one is hurt or offended, and, above all, provided that the true interests of religion and morality are in no way injured, I do not care a button whether others are pleased or not. If my reader will go with me hand-in-hand to the end of my journey, well and good; if not, why he can let it alone.

The first incident in my early boyhood which left a deep impression upon my mind, was as follows:—

My parents lived in what is called the *world*—and they could afford to live in the world. Preparations were, once upon a time, making for a grand gala—I was, I believe, about five or six years of age. On the morning of that delightful day which was to bring all the fools of fashion to stare at and envy the splendour purchased by my good father's industry, and to laugh at my *mamma's* folly, I was at the breakfast-table with my mother, who never suffered me to quit her side, when a stranger was announced. Before my mother had time to speak, a rough-looking man, in the dress of a sailor, followed the servant into the room; the cup which she was lifting emptied its contents into her lap, and a look of terror and consternation distorted her countenance.—"Andrew!" she exclaimed, in an agitated voice; but immediately recovering herself, she arose with a haughty

a haughty air, and angrily inquired of the servant how he came to introduce a *person of this description?*

The man, who had been hastily advancing, looked abashed and confounded for a few minutes; but gazing with some earnestness in her face, he said—"I am under no mistake in one respect; but, on the other side, I find, to my sorrow, I am in a great one. Oh, Betty! Betty! I came not here to ask for any part of the riches that are, through the good mercies of God, yours—His name be blessed! Much has it cost me to find you out; and quickly did my feet carry me to this grand dwelling of yours, when once I got an inkling of ye. But never mind, never mind; I came not here to curry favour, or to beg favours for me or mine. Farewell, farewell!"

I was indulged by my mother to the last degree, and, as is generally the case, already began to repay her, by contradicting and plaguing her whenever I had an

opportunity. I saw that she disliked this man, and wanted him away; and therefore I seized him by the jacket, and set up a roar that echoed through the room.

Tears started into the eyes of the rough-looking man.—"God bless thee, bairn! (1) thou hast more naturality in thee than thy mother, God forgive her! though the same womb bore us, and the same breast cherished us; ay, God forgive her! God forgive——"

Here he was interrupted, for as he stooped to kiss me, my mother flew between us shrieking and exclaiming—"Good Heavens! my boy will be poisoned."

"Poisoned! quotho; now deel (2) take that for a tale!"

The man's rough face looked rougher and blacker—he seemed to lose all command of himself, and spoke in a broader tone; but although the scene left a deep impression upon my mind, I cannot repeat all he said—he spoke long and loudly. My mother looked alarmed; she closed

the door, and soothingly begged he would be pacified. She spoke rather kindly to him, and she called him Andrew.

The rough-looking man melted into tears, and sunk on a sofa near him; while I clambered up beside him, and wiped the tears from his brown cheeks with my pinafore.

"My good Andrew," my mother began, at the same time pulling me away; but I roared, and she was obliged to let me alone, while, with a look of much anxiety and distress, she proceeded—"my good Andrew, God knows I would be happy to acknowledge you, and keep you here; but it is impossible, utterly impossible; my ruin would ensue, my husband would destroy—Good Heavens! I know not what would be the consequence."

"Troth, Betty, if you have joined yourself to a man who would destroy you for shewing some regard to your own kindred and blood relations, the more's the pity, say I. But I see how it is, I see how it

is. Farewell, farewell! God give you grace, woman, to see the errors of your ways! Farewell!"

He was rising to depart, when my mother stopped him.—"Tell me, Andrew, what sum will be of service to you; it shall be yours immediately; but I cannot write you, or send it to you. I must not hear from you, or of you again; fate has drawn a line of eternal separation between us. Tell me quickly what sum of money——"

"None of your money, hard-hearted woman! none of your money will I handle; keep it, keep it—ye'll maybe need it yet." He advanced towards her, and forcibly took her hand.—"Farewell, Betty; farewell again, and for ever! Ye say a line of eternal separation is drawn between us: Lord preserve us all here and hereafter! if your words come true, it must be sore news for one of us in the world to come. But I heartily forgive you; may *He* forgive you!" looking up to heaven. —"God

—" God bless this dear bairn!—Money indeed! na, na—money cannot buy happiness—it cannot buy love—it cannot buy life—more than it can gentle blood, or gentle manners; neither of which it will ever buy for you, Betty; so farewell again, farewell for ever!"

The rough-looking man stooped down, let go my mother's hand, and pressing his weather-beaten cheek, still moist, to mine, tenderly embraced me; then hastily quitted the house, and was no more seen.

Two circumstances, besides the above, conspired to give this day a durable seat in the regions of memory. I put off my frock and petticoats, and with unspeakable delight and pride, found myself arrayed in the garb of man. When the company were assembled, I was, as was my fond mamma's invariable custom, present, and held up as the wonder of the age; while she, good woman! generally contrived to render herself ridiculous, and me completely disagreeable.

Sir Herbert Mannering was amusing himself by playing with me, when an article which I had endeavoured to conceal in my bosom met his eye, and excited his attention.—"In the name of wonder, what may this be?" exclaimed sir Herbert, drawing forth from its lurking-place a sort of pocketbook, or pouch, formed of otter's skin. It contained, besides other various articles, some tobacco.

While I made very unmannerly efforts to recover the treasure, sir Herbert amused some ladies who were near him by a display of its contents. My mother joined them.—"Well, my darling, are you entertaining the ladies?"

"Oh dear, madam! we are quite charmed with the delightful creature!—so much vivacity! so much sense!" simpered Miss Eliza Tattle.

"And such a sweet temper!—the very model of his mamma's," said Miss Richley.

"Dear ladies!" and my delighted mother stooped to kiss her sensible, sweet-

tempered

tempered boy; but, young as I was, I verily believe I was a little alive to the ridicule she appeared totally blind to.—"Get away, you——" I sulkily exclaimed, at the same time driving her off with an awkward and violent push of my elbow. I had seldom so far transgressed before company: my mother coloured.

"Don't be angry with master Harley, my dear Mrs. Radington; I am much more in fault than he, for I had irritated him by robbing him of his tobacco-pouch, on which the young gentleman seems to set a high value," said sir Herbert.

"Oh yes," cried Miss Richley, "he seems vastly fond of that fragrant herb, and displays great taste in the choice of his toys."

My father had made his money as a tobacconist: this ill-natured speech would hardly have been lost on my mother, had not her thoughts been suddenly diverted into a different channel, by the sight of the ill-omened tobacco-pouch. Oh for the

pencil of Reynolds, to portray the look of horror and dismay, amounting to agony, with which it was regarded! With trembling hands she seized it, and hastily gathered together its ill-odoured contents.—"You dirty little wretch, where can you have got this? Come along with me, sir.—Pardon me, ladies—excuse me, sir Herbert."

She dragged me along, making a violent effort to conceal her rage, till out of hearing of the gay and motley crowd, when she vented her struggling passion upon me, in a severe, I could almost say *cruel*, drubbing, inflicted by her own hands—the first I had ever received; and I believe this served in a great measure to imprint upon my memory the rough-looking man in sailor's clothes, and the theft I had committed on his tobacco-pouch, with the other events of this eventful day.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER II.

There was a flower within my breast,
Whose growth perhaps was wild;
But lovely in its vernal vest
The fragile blossom smil'd.
But, ah! no summer's sun was there,
The lonely spot to cheer—
No genial breath of balmy air—
No fostering hand to rear.

It is time to introduce the reader to my father: he was a worthy, respectable, plain tradesman; the greatest fault he ever committed was marrying my mother—pardon me, reader, gentle or ungentle, and judge not too harshly of me. But I will not say another word about it—let the following pages speak for me.

My great-grandfather was a Harley Radington, esquire, of Radington House, in the county of ———. He had a numerous family: his youngest son, my grand-

father, Marmaduke Radington, married the only daughter of a wealthy tobacconist; he was, it would seem, truly in love with the daughter, as well as with the father's thousands, for he consented to the hard and degrading terms of entering into trade with the tobacconist—the only terms on which he would agree to make him his son-in-law. His marrying a wealthy cit was a crime, but not an unpardonable one; but entering into trade was a step which cut him off for ever from all connexion with his own proud and ancient family—he sunk into a mere city tradesman. My father, his only son, was brought up in the same line; for the obstinate old man, his father-in-law, was fully determined that all his posterity should follow the same business.

Had not both my grandfathers stepped off the stage of life before I entered on it, I should undoubtedly have been born and bred a plain honest tobacconist. At the age of twenty-three my father was left his own

own master, and the undisputed possessor of two hundred thousand pounds, without being under any absolute obligation of continuing the hereditary tobacco trade; he had received a plain good education, and had been brought up in a quiet, happy domestic circle, under a close application to business; he would therefore very likely have continued in the same way, and his son after him, had he not fallen in with a Miss Irvingson, a girl without a penny, from some part of Scotland: she was very beautiful. They were united, and she gained a complete ascendancy over his mind: he left off trade—moved to the west end of the town—purchased a splendid house, splendid furniture, splendid equipages, liveries, &c. He began in a great measure to see with his wife's eyes, and to think with her thoughts; all the fashionable follies of the day were eagerly adopted—old connexions dropped; and when I, their only child, three years after their union, made my appearance, I was

baptized

baptized by the name of my *grand* great-grandpapa, Harley Radington. So much for my pedigree on the side of my father, John Radington, the son of Marmaduke Radington, the grandson of Harley Radington, esquire, of Radington House; and of John Gale, tobacconist, of the city of London.

I must now, according to the custom of biographers, speak of my education, which was not conducted on a plan much to the honour of my parents, or to my own advantage. My father was resolved I should be a good arithmetician—my mother was determined I should be perfectly genteel, and the best dancer in England: they were most unfortunate in their hopes and wishes with regard to me; to dancing I had an insuperable aversion, and I was fifteen before I learned the multiplication table. I must do myself the justice to say, this did not proceed so much from want of capacity, as from the methods which were pursued; my mother could not bear me

out of her sight, therefore I was not sent to a public school—or to the care of a private master, lest he should be too harsh to mamma's darling; governess after governess came, and retired in quick succession; many of these were no doubt worthy, amiable women, well fitted for what they had undertaken—to break in and teach a spoiled and only child. My mother thought them angels of light for the first month or fortnight, and afterwards they were angels of darkness. I was accustomed to hear and see them treated with the utmost contempt, and saw them too frequently used worse than the meanest menial in the house. It is the greatest folly of parents to expect their children to improve under the tuition of people, whom they are in habits of seeing treated with contempt or indifference.

At the age of eight it was deemed high time, by both my parents, to take me from the hands of my female instructors. A tutor was procured for me: he was a man of

of sense and learning; but, alas! what availed his sense and learning to me? He was soon disgusted, and left me to my fate. Five unprofitable years again rolled on; I grew in stature, and my passions grew—my evil propensities, nursed and indulged from earliest infancy, daily acquired new strength. What a misfortune to be the only child of weak and wealthy parents! better, a thousand times, to be born to poverty and labour. It is not the offspring of the poor only who are born to dependence—the children of the wealthy are often the most dependent and miserable beings in existence.

I entered my fourteenth year, ignorant of all useful or important knowledge, and miserably deficient in the most ordinary branches of education, and destitute even of those accomplishments which my mother thought alone sufficient to make me a gentleman. My father would urge, with a serious countenance, that it was actually necessary I should leave home, and be sent

sent to school, or I would be good for nothing. My mother would exclaim—"If you send my darling Harley to a public school, or from home to any school, I can tell you, Mr. Radington, it will be one nail in my coffin—you will break my heart; the dear boy is so delicate, he cannot exist under care less tender than a mother's. What need has your son, or *my son*, Mr. Radington, for learning? Has he not wealth, *splendid wealth*, on one side? and has he not birth on both sides? He is a gentleman born, and has wherewithal to support that title—he need not, poor dear! be *educated* into a consumption. We don't want to make a parson of him—or a lawyer of him—or a doctor of him, do we?—No, thank God! he has as good a right to be a gentleman as any body in the world."

"I do not dispute his right to it, Eliza; but if Harley grows up in ignorance of every thing a gentleman should know, his wealth will avail him little in the opinion of

of others. The short and the long of the matter is this: the boy is utterly spoiled —good for nothing; you have made a fool—worse than a fool of him."

"A fool of him!—Upon my word, Mr. Radington, it must be pretty evident to all the world, that whatever of the fool the boy has in him comes from your side. A fool indeed!—If he is a fool, it will only prove him to be a Radington."

My father's kind and even temper was seldom disturbed, but when it was, I was the unlucky cause. From my cradle I had been indulged to a most pernicious extent; unnatural hours, unnatural food, and injudicious treatment, in every respect, had rendered me sickly. My disposition was reserved, and my feelings exquisitely alive: these feelings, carefully and skilfully nurtured, had proved a blessing; but, deprived of that, they grew wild in my bosom among innumerable weeds, choked every fair blossom as it put forth its tender leaves, and proved a curse to the wretched

wretched possessor. I grew up under the impression that I was born to immense wealth—that wealth was the first good in the world; the next to this, I was told, was birth, and I soon began to think it was even superior. On my father's side, I was told, I was descended from one of the most respectable *untitled* families in England; on my mother's, from kings and heroes.

As I emerged from childhood, my mind opened and my ideas expanded; I began to discover that there were other creatures in the world born to command and enjoy; I found by degrees that I occupied a very inferior place in society amidst the many, and the many who ranked above us; I saw my mother often the object of contempt and ridicule, and I endured torture which no one saw, and in which no one sympathized. I began to feel my own deficiencies, and suffered exquisite shame; but, unused to the slightest restraint or application, I profited not by it. I was weary

weary of the dissipated circle in which we moved—I was still more weary of myself; I flew to books for employment—books of science, of instruction, or knowledge of any kind, were unintelligible to me—books of mere amusement suited me better, and they became the meagre and poisonous food of my famished mind—they filled my head with false and monstrous ideas of men and things. Had I but learned to dance, to make a handsome bow, and to imitate the most fashionable young men of the day in their dress, language, &c. my mother had been perfectly happy and proud of her son. My father had been equally pleased, had I joined to these *necessary accomplishments* (which much he acceded to my mother) some of the plain solid acquirements which had enabled my grandfather, Mr. Gale, to add pence to pence, and pound to pound, with so much steadiness and success. This compound was perhaps too much to expect; but they were disappointed in either; I grew

grew tall, wan, effeminate, and awkward —utterly unfit for business, or application of any kind—the farthest off possible from a man of figure—the most remote from a man of business.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER III.

What arrogance!— — —
How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus— —. —
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth. GAY.

I ONE day was present when the following conversation took place between my father and an old friend:—

"Pray, Mr. Radington, what do you intend to make of Harley?"

My father, unless in the one instance of his marriage, never had to blush for himself; how often have I reflected with bitterness on the many times the blood left his kind heart, to tinge his cheek on my account! I looked at him, and saw him colour.—"That is a question, Mr. Hamilton, not so easily answered."

"I have

"I have often wondered—pardon my freedom, my good friend—but I say I have often wondered much that your son was not sent from home; a school was the only thing for him."

"I am, and ever was, as much convinced of that as you can be; but——"

"But!—Oh, my dear Mr. Radington, how many good designs does this wicked *but* destroy! No sooner does an irresolute man form a design, than in steps a formidable *if* or *but*, and either puts a final stop to it, or he hesitates so long that the opportunity is lost. Twenty years ago, Mr. John Radington, I should have expected very different things from you; at that time our mutual friendship was a mutual happiness and advantage to us. In some of the sweet visions of futurity, in which youth is so apt to indulge, I have imagined a tenderer union between our yet unborn posterity. But things have materially altered since; the friendship of our early days is not dissolved, but it

it has met with many and long interruptions: our marriages—my long residence in Holland—many things have conspired to separate us; but believe me, though it may for a time have suppressed, it has not cooled my friendship. Let this friendship excuse my plainness. Your son is hastening towards manhood; he will be the heir of considerable wealth, of course his conduct must be of consequence to his friends, to his country, and to mankind. The great chain which links mankind together is attached to the lowest and to the highest; in every station, however exalted or however mean, every one's conduct is of consequence; his every action in some degree affects either himself or others; the further his influence extends, the more it will do so. Harley Radington will therefore have a great responsibility attached to him; it should have been your care to have fitted him for the discharge of it."

Here a pause ensued. My father looked distressed. I thought, by Mr. Hamilton's looks,

looks, his next speech would be addressed to me, and I resolved to make my escape. He saw my intention, and stopped me.—"Stay, young gentleman, you are the person principally concerned in this conversation: you are no longer a child, Mr. Harley; it is better you hear all I have to say on the subject; I shall not detain you long. Pray sit down again, sir."

I sank into my chair again, with the most painful feeling of confusion; I dared not raise an eye to the grave-looking personage before me, whom I began to hate heartily, for putting me to so much pain, but sat twirling the costly trinkets at my watch-chain.

"I see, Mr. Radington," addressing my father—"I see I have your permission to proceed. Much time has been lost, but something may yet be done. Send your son from home for some time; I do not advise a public school—I see that would not answer, but from home he must go. He is too young to travel for some time

yet: I know a clergyman, of the highest respectability as a Christian, and a man of high abilities and learning—he lives not far from London; he will be willing to receive your son; and under his care, for two, or perhaps three years, the happiest consequences may be expected. He may then travel."

Mr. Hamilton paused, as waiting for an answer. My father, after some hesitation, at length replied—"I feel and know you advise the very best plan which could be pursued with regard to Harley; but—but his mother will never consent."

"Never consent!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, in an impatient tone; "why, my good friend, how is this? are you not master in your own family? Should you not be the best judge of what is proper for your son? Take my advice, my dear friend; let no false delicacy, with regard to the feelings of his mother, stand so much in your son's way; follow the plan I have proposed—you will in time see the vast

vast advantage of it. Why what can you propose to yourself at present? As things go on, your son will never be fit to quit his mother—he will be a great baby, utterly unable to conduct himself in the most common affairs of life with any degree of propriety."

Mr. Hamilton continued in this strain much longer; he spoke from the purest and most friendly motives, but he went too far—my feelings, ever alive, and shrinking, like the mimosa, from the slightest touch, were lacerated under the tongue of this plain-spoken, but worthy gentleman; every word he spoke stabbed me, and added to the dislike I conceived for him; unused to the least control, I was amazed to hear such a proposal, without having my own wishes consulted, and I secretly resolved I should not quit my father's house. Mr. Hamilton, however, left us, under the hope of having made some impression.

When it was mentioned to my mother,

she flew into the most violent fit of rage. —"Yes, yes; I see very well through the designs of that disagreeable, intermeddling man. He wants to marry one of his frightful, red-haired *Scotch* daughters to my son; but he shall be disappointed, great a politician as he thinks himself—none of his ugly Scotch daughters shall ever call me mamma."

"Scotch daughters!—My dear, why that cannot be any objection—your countrywomen, you know."

"My country indeed! I will defy any body to say I am a Scotchwoman—from my speech, my manners, or any thing about me. You might as well say I was an Irishwoman."

"Why, Mrs. Radington, you are nevertheless, by your own account, a Scotchwoman born and bred. Why deny it?"

"You know very well, sir, for I have told you a thousand times, I hate to be thought a Scotchwoman; every body here laughs at the Scotch, and despises them."

"To

"Otters! (5) plenty; and selkeys (6) too."

"*Selkeys!*—pray what is that?" exclaimed my father.

"Bless me, Mr. Radington! one would think there was an echo in the room. The Orkney wench we took lately as a chambermaid was telling some nonsense about it."

"Then *Foula* and *Fair Isle* are in Orkney?"

"I tell you, sir, I know nothing about it—they may be in the bottom of the Red Sea, for ought I know or care; but I know this—my son shall never marry one of these red-haired girls."

"Mrs. Radington," said my father, seriously, "I must not allow that; Mr. Hamilton is my friend, and a most worthy man; what he said proceeded from the very best motives. I will not insist upon his plan being adopted, but this I will insist upon, that thoughts injurious to him be banished, and that he be treated with

that

## CHAPTER IV.

I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning. SHAKESPEARE.

IN a short time after the conversation mentioned in the last chapter, my new tutor was placed in his office. Mr. Henry Ashberry was a handsome young man, about twenty-five years of age, perfectly genteel in his manners, but was remarkably plain in his dress. This offended my mother, and he soon became the object of her dislike. The restraint and confinement in which he held me, by my father's orders, became intolerable; yet, notwithstanding my mother's dislike and my own aversion to my tutor, *as a tutor*, the uncommon sweetness of this young man's temper, and the unassuming mildness of his manners, won insensibly upon me. The little, the very

very little I acquired, he taught me; had he been longer with me, I had become a new creature.

My tutor had a taste for the sister arts —poetry, painting, and music; he drew miniatures with great beauty and fidelity, but never for emolument; he touched the violin with exquisite skill and taste, and the flute applied to his lips, breathed forth tones of the richest and softest melody; his sonnets, when they accidentally fell under the inspection of those who could feel them, were much admired.

Though strictly kept under the eye of Mr. Ashberry, and retained, for part of the day, a close prisoner, I was still indulged in every whim and every extravagance by both my parents, and nursed on the bosom of indolence and luxury; carriages, horses, servants in splendid liveries, attended my nod, and I was permitted to go to the theatres or opera whenever I pleased; I also attended all my mother's evening, or

rather midnight parties, and went constantly with her to those of her fashionable acquaintance. My father objected not to this—all he insisted upon was Mr. Ashberry's constant attendance wherever I went, night and day. Mr. Ashberry seemed at first to enter into the dissipated follies of the fashionable world with weariness and disgust; but this went off—his melancholy wore gradually away, and he entered with life and spirit into the scenes into which he was introduced.

My mother adhered to my father's commands so far, that she did not interfere with Mr. Ashberry's management in whatever regarded my studies, which occupied only a part of the morning and forenoon; in every other respect, she was as tenacious of her authority as ever, and she contrived to make Mr. Ashberry's situation, at times, a most uncomfortable one. Mr. Hamilton, who had retired from business, lived almost entirely in the country; his

his pride was hurt at the little attention which had been paid to his advice, and he never again interfered in my affairs.

Mr. Ashberry had a small beautiful miniature of a young lady, of his own painting, which had caught my fancy much, but which he would not part with, nor give me a copy of. At a large party, I one evening saw a lady, whom I supposed to be the original, the likeness being very striking. I pointed her out to him, and saw him change colour.

"Do you know her?"

"No—upon my honour, I do not. You will oblige me much, my dear Harley, by endeavouring to find out who she is, but without mentioning my name."

I went to my mother, and soon returned, informing him that the lady was Miss Amelia Hastings, the youngest daughter of admiral Hastings.

My mother soon after called me to her, to introduce me to the admiral and his daughters.—"The boy," said she—"the

boy has been particularly taken with Miss Amelia; he has been quite distressing me to let him know who that beautiful lady was. You see, admiral, he displays a fine taste at an early age."

The old gentleman smiled good-humouredly; his eldest daughter tossed her head, with a marked look of contempt; Miss Amelia extended a beautiful little hand, with a smile that shewed the finest teeth in the world, and spoke a kind disposition; she saw the awkward confusion I laboured under, and kindly endeavoured to relieve me.—"Come, Mr. Harley Radington," at the same time making room for me to seat myself beside her—"come, you are my prisoner for some time, at any rate; though I doubt much if the impression I have made will be very durable."

Reader, I have already told you I was a novel-reader. I was seventeen years of age; Amelia Hastings, though four or five years my senior, was very beautiful, and very agreeable; she came pretty near to some

some of my ideas of a heroine; I therefore set about falling in love. Notwithstanding Miss Hastings's ill-nature, which sometimes amounted to rudeness, I enjoyed in Amelia's company one of the happiest hours I had ever passed: my tutor came not near us. In the morning I renewed my entreaties for the picture.

"I cannot give it, Mr. Harley—you must excuse me; this request I cannot comply with."

He looked unusually grave, and I forbore making any remarks on the subject to him; but my imagination was busily employed. Mr. Ashberry had certainly seen Amelia, and had drawn the picture for her: yet how could this be, as he declared he was not acquainted with her? To doubt his word was the last thing I could think of, for his every word and action carried conviction of his integrity and honour to the heart. In my mind, I immediately dressed up the affair in *novel style*. I was Mr. Ashberry's rival—the man-

man who, next to my father, I loved and respected. What a charming, delicate embarrassment!—The lovely Amelia should decide it—no, my generosity should decide it. As soon as I became of age, I should divide my fortune with Mr. Ashberry, and Amelia should be his—delightful idea! Like the barber's brother in the Arabian Tales, whose name I cannot remember, I quite forgot I was in the presence of another person, and started up, exclaiming—"Yes—they shall be united—all the world shall not prevent it."

This very unusual vivacity startled my tutor, who looked at me with some surprise.—"I am much afraid, Mr. Harley, that your attention wanders much from what I endeavour to teach you. Believe me, you have no time to lose; and unless you give up your whole mind for the time to what you are learning, you will never make any progress in your studies."

I felt much mortified, and immediately resumed my seat. My tutor's kind and

[redacted] gentle

must Mr. Ashberry be—such was our agreement, and though no doubt a very troublesome and irksome one to him, I hope he will have the goodness to adhere to it."

"Certainly, sir, I shall, for the short time I can have the pleasure of remaining here."

"I hope, sir, that time will not be short, for my son's sake; and I flatter myself that Mrs. Radington will make the family as agreeable to you as possible."

"Very likely truly!—I assure you, sir, I have more to do, and think about, than humouring the whims and soothing the pride of those who are hired to attend Harley—I would have a fine time of it, upon my conscience!"

CHAP-

## CHAPTER V.

Perhaps 'twas nature thus had taught,
In earlier time, the thoughtful boy,
Attun'd his soul to pensive thought,
And wean'd him from the sons of joy.

A FEW weeks after I had first seen admiral Hastings and his family, I met them accidentally at the shop of a bookseller, to which I had accompanied my mother, with my tutor. She would seldom allow me to be out of her sight; she was therefore obliged to endure the almost constant presence of Mr. Ashberry, for on this point my father continued obstinately determinate. Some persons of high rank were in the shop, and my mother, who had not yet got quite so far up among the circles of rank and fashion, manœuvred to procure an introduction; she chatted away to the admiral

admiral and the Misses Hastings with great volubility.

"Pray, madam," said Miss Amelia Hastings, directing her looks towards Mr. Ashberry, who had withdrawn to the farther off part of the shop, and who appeared deeply engaged with a book—"pray, madam, can you tell me who is that gentleman?"

"*Gentleman!*" with a contemptuous smile—"he is a poor fellow, whom we have taken to attend Harley."

"His preceptor, I suppose, madam? He has very much the looks of a gentleman."

"Yes, I must say he is vastly improved since he came into our service; he was the shabbiest-looking fellow I ever saw. I was quite mad with Mr. Radington for taking him; but he is so good and so charitable!—he told me the young man, though well educated and fit to teach our Harley, was quite friendless; so you see, ladies, I allowed myself to be quite melted; and thought the poor creature would be so grateful,

shewed it cost him much to treat it with silent contempt. Amelia turned upon my mother such a look of contempt—oh! it spoke more forcibly than any words; and then, complaining of a headache, begged her father and sister to return to their carriage. After their departure, my mother, seeing no prospect of being introduced to the great people, left the shop: she went in her carriage to attend an auction of pictures.—I returned on foot with Mr. Ashberry. . . . . .

Mr. Ashberry complained of indisposition, and dined in his own apartment. I went to him after dinner, but found him deeply engaged writing, which he continued till bedtime, when I left him. In the morning he had quitted the house. He had left two letters; the one was given to my father at breakfast, the other was privately delivered to me. My father's was as follows:—

"To

"*To John Radington, esquire.*

"DEAR SIR,

"Finding, to my great regret, that the most respectful *forbearance* (pardon me for using the expression) is insufficient to conciliate the goodwill of Mrs. Radington, I have judged it proper to remove an object so disagreeable from her sight, and from her house for ever.

"To you, sir, my gratitude is ever due; your son possesses my best affections, and shall have my warmest prayers for his improvement and happiness. I hope a worthier and more fortunate person will soon fill the situation I am obliged to resign.

"I have the honour to be, SIR, &c.

"HENRY ASHBERRY."

---

"Pretty gentleman!" said my mother, as my father, with an exclamation of angry surprise, handed her the letter.

"I can tell you, Mrs. Radington, such a young man is not to be got every day."

"No,

"No, mercy forbid!—we have had quite enough of the kind. They are all troublesome enough, Lord knows, these sort of people; but a worse we can scarcely be so unlucky as fall in with."

My father rose hastily and left the room, with an angry and disturbed look very unusual with him. I escaped from my mother to my own room, and opening Mr. Ashberry's letter, read as follows:—

---

"MY DEAR HARLEY,

"Whatever people may think with regard to you, I know you have a natural understanding above your years; and I well know you possess a most affectionate heart and warm feelings. I cannot quit you for ever, without letting you know me as I really am. I will be slandered, traduced, and then forgotten, by the small part of the world which has known me; by you, I would have my memory cherished with some feelings of love and respect, when I am no more.

"I was

"I was educated with much care at a celebrated academy not far from London; from my infancy I was of a reserved and thoughtful disposition—I used to steal from my school companions, to hide myself in the romantic solitudes of an adjacent wood, or to stretch my listless limbs along the banks of a beautiful little stream that watered the grounds; yet I was fortunate enough to make such a progress in my education, as highly pleased those whose care I was placed under. One circumstance excited my curiosity, and disturbed my tranquillity at a very early age: every boy in the school belonged to somebody—I alone seemed a broken link in the world, to which there was no connecting chain: during the holidays, every boy had friends and a home to go to—I alone seemed to have neither; no one came to see me—no one seemed to inquire for me, during the space of fourteen years which I remained at the academy. I had come to it at the age of five, and had but a confused recollection

lection of a cottage I then quitted, and a woman I supposed to be my nurse. My lips had never been taught to pronounce the names of father or mother. All applications to the gentleman of the academy to solve this mystery were in vain—I remained in utter ignorance of my parents till I completed my nineteenth year, when I quitted the place where I had been educated, and was conveyed to a splendid mansion in London. I was ushered into a superb apartment, into the presence of a middle-aged gentleman, of a most prepossessing appearance. The gentleman who accompanied me from the academy introduced me; the other seemed pleased with my appearance.—'Upon my word, Mr. Henderson, you have made a fine fellow of my Henry.'

"My Henry!—oh, how did my heart beat!—Does some human being own me? I advanced with a trembling frame and palpitating heart.—'Have I a father?' and I sunk on my knees before him.

'That

'That you have, my boy—one who will be proud to own you.'

"I will not attempt to describe, Harley, the ecstacy of that moment—I cannot—it was of short duration. My story is best told in the fewest words possible:—my father was a titled villain, of the highest rank in the kingdom, excepting royalty; he had seduced my mother; the cursed hour that gave me to the world, gave her to the grave—a welcome refuge to her sorrows and her shame. He thought he fulfilled every duty towards me, by sending me to a good nurse, and giving me a careful education. Too—too many in the world would think with him. About the time I was born, he was married: his son and heir, my brother, was about a twelvemonth younger than myself. At the time I was introduced to him, his family was numerous, his prospects brilliant; he was high in royal favour—his fortune was immense—his character fair—his honour unspotted. To have been the legitimate son

of such a man—to have had such extensive powers of doing good, of conferring happiness—to have had a mother so exalted, so respected—brothers so noble, sisters so amiable!—No; I was a miserable outcast—a disgraced, a wretched being, branded with perpetual shame. I soon discovered my real situation. His intentions towards me were what the world would extol as generous; the army or the navy were open to me—my promotion certain; or I might return to my studies, and fit myself for any of the learned professions; wherever my inclinations pointed, money and interest were at hand to aid me. Thousands might have been contented, might have been happy in my situation—I never could. My brain was almost on fire: I spurned his offers—I fled from him—I became a destitute, a nameless wanderer. I took the name of my ill-fated mother, *Ashberry*. For five years I struggled with innumerable hardships—with poverty, with an unfeeling world—that afforded

scarce

meanness, I kept quiet, and heard the following conversation:—

'Come, Amelia, try the verses you have found, to your favourite tune.'

"The young creature she addressed seemed scarcely sixteen; she was beautiful, and had an air of the most bewitching artlessness and modesty. She held in her hand a piece of paper, which I recognized to be a piece I had been scrawling some verses of my own on, and had put into my pocket when I went in pursuit of the bird.

'No, Jessy, I will not spoil these beautiful verses by attempting to sing them. Oh, how passionately fond I am of poetry! and how much I admire this! I will never part with it—I will fold it up, and place it in the locket I wear in my bosom. You know I have nothing in it; it is intended for papa's hair when he returns from sea.'

'For shame, Amelia!—a piece of nasty paper into your locket!—how ridiculous!—Besides, it will never lie in so small a space.'

'Oh,

'Oh, but indeed it will; it is beautifully written on a small piece of very thin paper; see, it lies quite well in it;' and this enchanting little creature placed the senseless paper into the brilliant trinket which was suspended round her neck.

"They soon after arose, and went away without discovering me. I afterwards made many attempts to find out who those ladies were, but never was successful; I drew the miniature you have seen with me from memory; amidst all the wretchedness of the succeeding five years of my life, I preserved it, and I can never part with it. I have again seen the beautiful original—I fly from her for ever. To whom can the offspring of disgrace and crime—a wretch without a name, address the language of love?—To none. I shall transmit my disgrace and wretchedness to none—I go childless to an early grave. No wife, no parent, shall embalm my remains with the tear of tenderness, or sooth the last moments of agonized nature.

"Six months since, I thought myself particularly fortunate when I procured an introduction to your father, and was accepted as a tutor for you. Delicacy prevents me dwelling on this subject. Gladly would I have remained with you, but my pride—oh! what have I to do with pride? —will not permit it. I go where you will hear no more of me; I have procured a place on board a merchant ship, and while you are reading this, I am embarked on the world of waters.

"Farewell, my dear Harley; may God bless you! You are verging on manhood, —improve to the utmost the short time that remains; set yourself earnestly to conquer your habits of indolence, and your aversion to those solid and useful acquirements which will be of lasting advantage to you. Above all, endeavour to acquire that most difficult of all acquirements, yet most necessary—the command of yourself; this is what you most need. Learn, my dear Harley, to think for yourself,

self, and to act for yourself—exert your own understanding, and you will do well. May all happiness attend you! Farewell!

"HENRY ASHBERRY."

I shewed this letter to my father, and, aided by him, made every effort to discover Mr. Ashberry, hoping he might not have sailed, but in vain—I never saw this ill-fated young man again. Poor Ashberry! he deserved a better fate. I would have given the letter to Amelia, but my father convinced me of the folly and impropriety of such a procedure. In the course of two years, I saw her a happy and splendid bride. I doubt not that she lived and died a stranger to the name, the love, the misfortunes of poor Ashberry.

## CHAPTER VI.

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise. THOMSON.

.....

I ask of the hovering gale, if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains at home?
MISS BANNERMAN.

WITH Mr. Ashberry vanished all hopes of my amendment. My mother shewed (shall I say, *pretended?*) so much sorrow for his loss, when I, with tears, shewed her his letter, that she regained her wonted ascendancy over my mind. Oh! had she but taken half the pains to lead my steps through the narrow paths of virtue and honour, which she did to blind my mind, and ruin me, by the most unbounded indulgence, how would I now honour and love her memory!

About

of losing my liberty; I feel quite assured that Miss Hamilton is not to my taste, even before I see her. But I am convinced my father can have no thoughts of this nature at present; consider, I am no more than seventeen."

"Oh, that matters not. But I can tell you what is worse than all; Jane Hamilton is six or seven years older than you. Now it is the most ridiculous thing in the world for a man to marry a woman older than himself—unless indeed he is a silly fellow, who requires a wife to guide him and take care of him."

"Say no more, say no more, my dear mother," said I, impatiently; "rest assured I will not marry a philosopher in petticoats, nor will I unite myself to an old woman to take care of me."

With much reluctance did I accompany my mother and father to Mr. Hamilton's. They lived in a most unfashionable part of the town; every thing in their plain sober mansion bore marks of being selected for use,

use, not for ornament. The contrast between their quiet comfortable plainness and the show and bustle at my father's house, was very striking. We found the whole family at home. I stole a quick and anxious glance at the girls, determined to dislike them, yet half afraid I should find them handsome. I shall endeavour to describe them—Miss Hamilton was tall, and slender to a fault—not that sylphlike slenderness which gives grace and lightness to the female figure—she was flat and bony: like Leah, she was tender-eyed to a sad degree, and her hair was completely red. I breathed freely, and fixed my regards on the youngest girl. She was almost an exact counterpart of her sister, but considerably younger—apparently not more than eight or nine years of age; but she threatened to be even plainer; her eyes were excessively red and sore-looking, and her bushy red hair stuck finely out below a heavy large muslin cap, which being a very unusual piece of dress

in these days for young girls, gave her a most ridiculous appearance. I could scarcely refrain from laughing at my mother's fears on my account, and stole a side-glance at her, which she seemed to understand.

I was afraid to address my conversation to the learned lady, I therefore chatted to the youngest; but the topics of conversation which I had picked up among our fashionable acquaintances she did not seem to comprehend. She blushed to the eyes, and continued twisting and untwisting, and twisting again, some coloured silks with which she was embroidering a piece of white satin. My mother was talking to Mrs. and Miss Hamilton: Mrs. Hamilton was an agreeable enough woman—much better looking than any of her daughters; Miss Hamilton measured out her words as if she was weighing them, and looked as if she thought it a crime to smile. I was heartily glad when the visit was over, and not sorry to understand that business called Mr. Hamilton to Scotland, where

he

he would most likely settle, and that all his family accompanied him.

Before I bid adieu to the Hamilton family, I shall present the reader, for certain reasons of my own, with a letter which I saw many years afterwards:—

---

"*Mrs. Hamilton to Mrs. Campbell, Inverness-shire.*

"MY DEAR FLORA,

"With delight I hasten to give you a piece of information which I know will give you pleasure. We are leaving England, and on the eve of visiting Scotland, where we may remain for some considerable time—Scotland, the dear land of mists and mountains, of forests and lochs! —Scotland, the dear land of warm and honest hearts! I often reflect with wonder on the strange vicissitudes of human life. I, who was once the most romantic and enthusiastic of Highland maidens—born in a Highland glen, encircled by wild

wild and savage mountains, and bred up among all the superstitions and customs of these 'sons of the mist,' who spoke the Gaelic tongue, and idolized my country—I have forsaken this beloved land, and for a long period of time have lived estranged from all which was dear in my earlier days; I have lived for some years in the flat, tame country of the industrious, phlegmatic Dutch—I have lived in the smoke of the city of London, among cocknays—and latterly I have resided for many years in one of the most uninteresting parts of England, as to natural scenery. What has induced me? what has supported me?—Love—pure affection for the worthiest, the best of men—the object of my first love, the husband of my choice. When he is with me, all places please; blessed with him and my children, I would not repine though my lot placed me in the burning deserts of Africa, or the frozen wastes of Lapland. With what inexpressible delight do I behold a prospect of visiting,

ing, with Mr. Hamilton and my girls, my beloved native land—of seeing you, my first, my earliest friend!

"I must give you some account of a family which I have before mentioned to you; I do so, because Mr. Hamilton had long indulged the wish to be, by our children, united to this family. When he went, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune in London, he was not over rich in money or friends; he was accidentally introduced to a Mr. Marmaduke Radington, a wealthy and respectable merchant, whose kindness and good services were of much use, and helped in a great measure to lay the foundation of his fortune. A firm and lasting friendship was formed between my dear Hamilton and the only son of this worthy man, which continues to this present time.

"Mr. John Radington is really a warm-hearted man, but he is rather a weak man, and he is most unfortunately mated. He was drawn in, Heaven only knows how, to

arry a young female adventurer, of a
indifferent character, from some of
most remote of the Scottish isles, who
e to England, I have been informed,
o higher capacity than that of a cham-
aid. This woman had not one qua-
to recommend her; but she has cer-
y been very beautiful. Though occa-
ally her ignorance and vulgarity will
forth, yet, upon the whole, she con-
s herself in the station to which she
been exalted really wonderfully; she
lived in the fashionable world now for
y years, and acts the fine lady with
able ease and sufficient confidence.
But, alas! the worst of it is, this fine
has a son: never was mother less fit-
or the important trust; cunning, im-
ous, and illiterate—without principle,
out religion—this woman has unfor-
tely obtained a complete ascendancy
her husband, and consequently has
up this unfortunate boy as she pleased;
not, notwithstanding Mr. Radington

and

age. It would be well for him was this the worst; he is in danger of imitating fashionable young men in the unprincipled and even criminal parts of their conduct; he is, I am told, and I am much afraid it is but too true, cold-hearted, selfish, and insincere. How deplorable! I look upon this youth with feelings of the deepest compassion and regret. He is very tall for his age, and nature meant to unite in his finely-proportioned form, strength, grace, and agility; injudicious treatment, and pernicious indulgences from his cradle to the present day, have rendered him weak, effeminate, indolent, and consequently ungraceful. His features are uncommonly fine, and the expression of his countenance invites confidence, and, could the barren mind and cold heart be always hid, would induce one to love and respect him.

"Such is the youth whom Mr. Hamilton has long had in view as a partner for life for Jane or Grace; and so much had

he

## CHAPTER VII.

Seems, madam!—nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky coat, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
That can denote me truly— — —
— — — — — — —
But I have that within which passeth show.

SHAKESPEARE.

READER, are you still inclined to go on with the person who sat for the picture drawn in the letter which concluded the last chapter? The picture was a just likeness; modify a very little the words *cold-hearted, selfish,* and *insincere,* and the picture was indeed drawn to the life; too truly did this lady describe me. When I completed my seventeenth year, I was old in sins of extravagance and folly; I entered not into the dissipation and vices of my fashionable associates from any natural depravity

friends—friends! did I say?—my seducers. . . . . .

"Your father, sir, has just expired."

Gracious God! what dreadful words were these! what horror to a guilty wretch, who had witnessed unmoved the bad health and evident distress of mind of the most indulgent of fathers!—I felt myself a parricide; the blood rushed from my guilty heart to my head, and as quickly receding, left me extended, without sense or motion, on the floor. On my recovery, I found myself in my mother's arms. I fetched a heavy sigh, and hiding my face on her bosom, I wept bitterly. Oh, how dear did this remaining parent appear to me, as I threw my arms around her, and secretly vowed never again to be guilty of an action which should offend her, or give her pain! My mother forced me to go to bed: I could not sleep; I arose, and stole unperceived to the apartment where lay the remains of my father.

I threw

I threw myself on the bed beside him, and in an agony of mingled awe and sorrow, contemplated his pale and serene countenance.

"Where are you, my father?"—Oh, what a dreadful, what an alarming question!—"Shall the unhappy guilty wretch you have left your name to, see you no more? will you never speak to me—never see my anguish, my repentance—never grant me your forgiveness, your blessing? Oh, my father! would to God that I had died before you! would to God that your tears had fallen on the grave of a repentant and a pardoned child!"

I resisted the efforts of the attendants to force me from my father's corpse; but, for fear of giving my mother additional sorrow, I quitted his apartment before morning.

In a few days my father's remains were committed to the grave. For some time I continued in a stupor of grief; weak in this as in every other respect, I gave myself

self up to unavailing sorrow, and refused all comfort: at length I was forced to arouse myself, to attend the opening of my father's will.

My father's will astonished every body —me it neither astonished nor grieved. With the exception of a few legacies, my father left every thing to my mother: I was left entirely dependent on her.— "Strange! unnatural! shocking!" ejaculated this one and that one. I heard them with perfect indifference; my poor mother was much more likely to injure me by indulgence and blind affection than otherwise.

I went to spend a few weeks with a friend in the country: here I was introduced to a young nobleman just returned from his travels; he was an intelligent and accomplished young man; I was charmed with his animated account of his tour, and was seized with an ardent inclination to travel. I knew it had been my father's wish that I should travel, and to

do

do any thing which he had wished me to do, was the greatest alleviation my sorrow for his loss, my remorse for my own misconduct and disobedience, could admit of.

I had been five weeks in the country, when I hastened back to town, without informing my mother, meaning to give her an agreeable surprise. It was late in the evening when I reached London. As I approached the house where I had last seen my father, my bosom swelled with painful emotion.—"House of mourning," I exclaimed, "how shall I bear to enter you again? how shall I meet my sorrowing mother?" Here I again made the most solemn resolutions never to wound the bosom of this too-indulgent parent, by such conduct as that which had made me, for some time before his death, an alien to my father.

I alighted silently from the carriage, and immediately proceeded to my mother's sitting-room; a loud fit of laughing from within stopped me short; I distin-

guished my mother's voice, and hastily opened the door. Two female friends of my mother's, and a gentleman who was a stranger to me, were seated with her at the card-table; her sable dress set off to the greatest advantage her fine figure—her eyes sparkled, her complexion was brilliant; I never saw her look so well—she was beautiful.

"And this is the way my father is lamented!" passed quickly and bitterly through my mind, as my mother, with a look of astonishment, not unmixed with anger and confusion, arose to receive me.

The cloud soon disappeared from my mother's brow, and she introduced me to captain Lawler. I felt at once both contempt and dislike for this man—his familiarity and assurance astonished and provoked me. Day passed after day, and still this impudent fellow was almost an inmate in our house. I was accustomed to speak with the utmost freedom to my mother; I therefore said to her one day—

"My

" My dear mother, send away that disagreeable man; I cannot endure him—he is everlastingly here."

My mother coloured—her looks expressed what I had never observed before—they were new to me—I could not understand them.—" I thought, Mr. Harley Radington, this house was mine; and really I considered myself at liberty to receive whom I pleased; it did not occur to me, *sir*, to ask your permission."

I stared with astonishment—my very ideas were confused.

" I must beg you will be pleased, Harley, to treat captain Lawler, who is my particular friend, with politeness. If you think it a hardship, you had better return to the country."

My heart was wounded to the quick; was this the woman who had, a few months since, treated me with the most unlimited indulgence and blind fondness?—It was unnatural—it could not be real. I felt utterly at a loss how to answer; at the

time when she was lavishing her caresses on me, I could have answered her with pettishness and ill-nature, bordering on rudeness—now that she seemed to renounce her wonted tenderness, I felt unable to resent her unkindness, and almost incapable of replying. I at length said—"It is my wish to travel, madam; give me your permission—I will set out immediately."

"Things are easily spoken of, which are not so easily done, my dear Harley."—(My mother's words were kinder, but her voice was not in her usual key, and the expression of her countenance was still cold, and even supercilious).—"You wish to travel, I fancy, as the young nobleman you have lately spoken so much of has done; but have you considered the expence of travelling? Your poor father's affairs were much disordered when he died. I am sorry to hurt your feelings, by recalling to mind the immense sums you have lately squandered away."

"Good

"Good God, madam! is it from you I hear these reproaches? Did you not lavish these sums on me? did you not labour to impress upon my mind that I was born to a princely fortune? did you not sanction my extravagance?"

"It serves me right to have my blind and foolish indulgence thrown in my teeth by an ungrateful wretch; I am no longer able to indulge your idle extravagance, and you immediately turn upon me! But though you are so willing to forget the duty of a son, I am not so able to forget that of a mother. Listen attentively to what I have to say to you, Harley. The actual sum your father left was much less than was supposed; I have paid all the legacies, and all the debts, yours among the rest, and but a trifle remains—a trifle which will not support further extravagance, nor allow you to travel like a lord, even were I to sacrifice every thing for your indulgence. But lay aside your foolish notions of travelling, and all that, and

conform yourself to my advice, and all will go well."

"And what is your advice, madam?"

"You know the Fentons?"

"I do, madam, and believe them to be a worthy family."

"Well, so much the better. They are immensely rich; they have but one child —a beautiful, accomplished girl; she, I am persuaded, will be yours for asking. Marry her, and your fortune is made."

"Madam, I did not know, till within these few minutes, that my fortune was to make. I will not attempt to better it by means not honourable."

"A fiddlestick for your honourable!— you are a greater fool than I imagined. Pray what is dishonourable in marrying a fine girl with a large fortune?"

"I consider it both dishonourable and base to marry a woman I have no affection for, merely for the sake of her fortune; therefore, once for all, I assure you, madam, I will not."

"Madam,

"Madam, I will not!—Ha! ha! ha!—really now you divert me. Well, I dare swear Miss Fenton wont force you."

"Neither Miss Fenton nor any other person, madam, shall force me to do what I consider not right."

"I declare now you astonish me; upon my word, Mr. Radington, you have grown all at once a most resolute and determinate young man—quite of an independent spirit. It is only a pity you have not wherewithal to support it."

I groaned in spirit; well did I recollect how often my father had urged the necessity of having me taught something—of making me a useful member of society. Her answer always was, what use had her beloved son for learning of any kind? while she enhanced the value of my birth, and, above all, the extent of the wealth I was born to inherit.

It has been said that we cannot love those whom we do not respect; but I have experienced the inaccuracy of this

assertion. My mother had early destroyed in my bosom every sentiment of respect, but to the last I loved her: that blended feeling which love and respect excite, which prompt one daily and hourly, in the most trifling affairs of life, as well as those of the highest consequence, to sacrifice *self* to the comfort and happiness of those beloved, I was a stranger to; but to see my mother injured or insulted gave me the keenest anguish, and to have screened her from distress I could have sacrificed my life. With what anguish did I then behold the sudden and unnatural change in her affections—her affection, tenderness, and love, withdrawn from an only child, and unblushingly lavished on one of the most worthless and insignificant of men; and that, too, when her weeds for the worthiest and most indulgent of husbands were not five months old!

The worthless and impudent Lawler became daily a greater favourite with my mother.

mother. This fellow was a soldier, but a disgrace to the honourable profession; a *coward* and a *knave*, the dirty services he had performed for a certain great man, his patron, alone supported him in the quality of a gentleman (the character of one he had no pretensions to), and the rank of captain. My mother's fashionable friends saw her folly, and laughed at her; the more prudent and delicate dropped the acquaintance altogether. My father's city friends, some with sufficient coarseness and vulgarity, others with real kindness and with great tenderness, warned me of my mother's design to get rid of me, and to marry Lawler.—"Your father never meant to leave you dependent on your mother, trust me," said one. "I know you may prove this; and if you will take the advice of one older and wiser than yourself, his purse as well as his counsel shall support you."

"She is my mother," was my laconic negative to this and many similar proposals.

"The boy is a fool," said they, and left me to my fate.

One respectable tradesman, of the name of Gale, a relation, offered to take me into partnership.—"To be sure," said he, "Mr. Radington, you have been brought up with different prospects, and higher notions; so was your grandfather, *Marmaduke Radington*, yet he was one of the happiest and most respected tradesmen in the city. I too, Mr. Radington, have an only daughter; I have no objection to the name of Radington—the name is a good one; who knows what may happen?—Come, don't be cast down. Let your mother take her own way; you sha'n't be much the worse for it."

This man and his family my mother had taught me to despise. Insensible and unfeeling fool! in place of being touched by the kindness and liberality of this worthy man's offer, I rejected it in terms almost scornful.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER VIII.

Fie on't! oh fie! that it should come to this!
But six months dead—nay, not so much—not six!
— — — — — — —
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little while, or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all in tears—why she, even she,
Married another! SHAKESPEARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties which seemed to be gathering around me, my habitual indolence and weakness of character left me open to every temptation. I allowed some of my old and wicked associates to draw me to the gaming-table, and I lost a considerable sum. All the money I had in my own possession was expended; I felt the utmost reluctance to ask it of my mother; a few months before, I considered myself master of thou-

sands, and would not have hesitated to have asked, nay, to have demanded, from my mother double the sum, for the same purpose for which I now wanted it. At length I conquered my repugnance, and telling her candidly the difficulty I had been foolishly thrown into, I requested to be furnished with a sum of money. I was refused, with cutting unkindness and bitter reproaches; my mother told me, in plain terms, that if I would pay my addresses to Miss Fenton, she would aid me in imposing myself upon them, as still being possessed of considerable fortune: if I persisted in my foolish resolution of throwing from me this golden opportunity, I must abide the consequence—she washed her hands clean of all further interference with such a headstrong idiot; she had done her duty—her conscience was clear on my account.

This was bitter enough, but nothing to what I endured when the infernal puppy, Lawler, took upon him to find fault with my

my exhausted frame began to demand food and rest; I turned into a small shop, and accosted the woman who stood behind the counter—"My good woman, can you supply me with a supper and a bed?"

She returned no answer, but looked at me with an air of astonishment, not unmixed with suspicion. I repeated my request, at the same time producing my purse.

"Young gentleman, I have a spare room, to be sure, but not one which will suit a person of your appearance."

"But for one night, my good woman, it will do very well. I am much fatigued, and greatly require a little rest."

She shook her head, and without uttering one word, shut her shop-door on the inside, and led me into a little back-parlour.

"Here, Ellen, put coal to the fire.—Sit down, sir; you are welcome."

Most readily did I avail myself of her hospitality; I warmed my benumbed hands

at

at her scanty fire, and while I leaned over it, reflecting on my mother's unkindness, I sighed deeply.

"Lack-a-day, young gentleman! that was a heavy sigh—from a whole heart, I hope?"

"Not from a whole heart indeed, my good woman."

"Well, to be sure, this is but a state of trial; all have their sorrows, the rich and the poor."

I partook of the plain and frugal repast prepared, and then retired to the little chamber allotted for me. I was weak enough to repine at the want of those luxuries to which I had been accustomed; scornfully I eyed the humble apartment, and mentally exclaimed—"Was this a fit place for me? Was I born to affluence, and nursed up in the most luxurious indulgence, to come to this? What was to become of me? what was I to do?—Should I return to my mother? for what purpose should I? had she not evinced a determined

determined resolution to cast me from her for ever?—I might appeal to the law, I might prosecute my unnatural parent—no, that I would never do—I took a solemn vow that I never would—I called on Heaven to witness it; and I invoked my father from the world of spirits, to sanction and to ratify the oath.

In the morning, when I awoke, I recalled to mind, with astonishment and sorrow, the situation I was in: my purse contained five guineas and a little silver only—I possessed nothing in the world but the clothes I wore, a gold watch, and some baubles which I generally carried about me. On offering my purse to my kind hostess, I was surprised to see her push it gently from her, and look at me affectionately, while the tears stood in her eyes.—"Young gentleman, have you a mother?"

This question threw me off my guard.—"Yes, I have a mother; but she disowns me—she casts me off for ever."

"Oh,

"Oh, young man! young man! be advised—return to your mother. You are very young, and seem unpractised in the ways of the world; quarrel not with the mother who bore you—return to her—a mother's heart will not reject you. Be advised; return to your mother—return to your own home. Lord help you! what think you will become of you, wandering about in this way, with that wild look you had when you came to my shop last night, that made my heart ache for you? I had a son——" Here she burst into tears.

I was affected—my tears were ready to flow with hers, but shame made me restrain them. She wiped her eyes with her apron, and resumed her discourse.—"I will tell you of my son, though it breaks my poor heart now to speak about him. I was left a widow, with one little boy, about eight years old, twenty years ago; Providence was kind, and though I was left in a poor way, I made a shift to live

live decently, and to have my son Arthur well instructed at a neighbouring school. He grew up a fine stout lad; good and handsome he was then indeed, though I say it, that should not; many said it by me. Alas! I was too proud of him. Well, I have been punished for that.—I will try to go on with it. From his cradle to the age of twenty-four, he never caused me a sigh by his conduct. When he was old enough, he was bound to a cabinet-maker. He was very steady to his business, and was soon a great help to me. When he was in his twenty-fourth year, I observed he was less at home; I saw little or none of his earnings. I spoke to him gently, but he was offended—he came seldomer home. I thought it was my duty to remonstrate with him—'Arthur, my dear son,' said I to him, 'why do you stay away from me? If you wish to settle by yourself—maybe to take a wife—why not let me know it? I will be no hindrance to you; for if you would rather take a

house

house to yourself, you surely may. I have been a widow long, and before you could earn a penny, I supported both you and myself; I hope God will not forsake me now—I can still support myself. Act openly with me, Arthur, and let us have no secrets betwixt mother and son; no good ever comes of that.'

"I shall never forget his answer.—'Mother, I am not the lad I was; better you never see me more. I have money, but cannot give to an honest and virtuous woman what comes from a——I have one virtue remaining—one only; I love and respect my mother too well, to let her share my guilty, ill-gotten gains, by deceiving her. I have gone too far to turn back—I am lost. God will bless and prosper you as heretofore.'

"Oh, how these words cut me to the heart! how they frightened me!—I implored of him to tell me what he meant. He left me without telling me. I had not the happiness of being long ignorant of his faults—

faults—alas for me!—of his crimes. He had been seduced by bad men, and worse women. I saw him once, only once again; he looked wild, as you did last night; and, pardon me for making such a comparison, you looked so like him—just his size, his eyes, and the colour of his hair—only younger. Alas! alas for me! my son went down to the grave before me—he went to the grave with shame and disgrace; and I am yet here alive to tell it."

Here her feelings overcame her. Four years had passed since her son had paid the forfeit of his crimes by an ignominious death at Tyburn. Poor mother! no wonder her heart bled—that her tongue refused to tell the dreadful tale.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER IX.

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore.
— — — — — — —
— — —And fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell— — —
And, shudd'ring still to view the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

I FOUND this poor humble widow possessed of so much natural good sense, with so much kindness in her disposition and unfeigned piety, that I laid open my heart to her, determined, in some particulars, to be guided by her superior wisdom and experience. Think not, reader, that the pride of my vain weak heart stooped thus low without a struggle; I was indeed subdued, and humble to what I had been, but not sufficiently so. Strenuously did she advise me

me to return to my mother; but when she found me resolutely bent on never seeing her again, the good kind-hearted creature actually wept.

Henry Ashberry was often in my mind, and his idea now forcibly recurred, presenting to me the same track which he had followed.—"I will go to sea," said I to my hostess, Mrs. Henderson.

"To sea!—Now Lord help you, my poor young gentleman! what could you do at sea—a poor delicate young thing like you?—To sea!—ah! you don't know the hardships of a sailor's life. I had a brother a sailor—a fine lad, as thick as two of you; he was lost in a voyage to Ireland. Poor Tom!——But, dear sir," she resumed, after a considerable pause—"dear sir, before you take any step, write your mother; consider, she is your mother. You may write her, and receive her blessing surely before you part for ever."

Deeply wounded as my feelings had been, my heart took part with this good woman's

woman's advice. After some reflection, and many struggles, I took my pen, and wrote as follows:—

"*To Mrs. Radington.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"However indifferent you may be to the fate of an only child, duty as well as inclination prompt me to address you before I leave the kingdom.

"I have resolved on going to sea; in a very humble capacity I must go, for I have neither money nor friends to enable me to do otherwise. Before we part for ever, let all that has passed be forgotten; accept from me the tenderest wishes and warmest prayers of an affectionate son, and grant me your blessing. Expecting your answer, I will not quit the place where I now am for two days.

"A letter addressed to me, at Mrs. Henderson's, No. 8, —— street, will find me to-morrow

to-morrow or next day, but not afterwards.

"I should now, my dear madam, conclude, but a superior power seems irresistibly to impel my pen. Oh, my dear mother! banish captain Lawler from you—not for my sake, but for your own; banish him, and your son will return to you—I shall instantly return, and, as far as is consistent with my honour, shall do every thing you desire.

"HARLEY RADINGTON."

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The blood tingled in my veins after I had dispatched this letter—I thought I had stooped too low. I saw in imagination the detested Lawler triumphing over me—clapping his wings, and crowing. I waited with agonized impatience for an answer.

In the meantime, to drive it from my mind, and to be prepared for the worst, I called

called on the owner of several vessels which traded to America, and procured the promise of a *birth*, as they called it, if I brought a proper recommendation from any respectable person to them in a few days. Next day I received the following:—

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"*To Mr. Harley Radington.*

"MY DEAR SON AND STEPSON,

"We have received yours. We highly approve of your resolution of putting yourself into a way of doing for yourself, without being burthensome to your friends. We pass over the last part of your letter without comment, being willing to pardon your undutiful expressions there, and your undutiful conduct beforehand. We freely grant you our blessing, and wish you all success in life. We will not ask to see you now, thinking it fittest for all concerned not to meet at present. When you return to the kingdom, we

expect to see you rich in the gifts of fortune and of fame.

"We enclose a fifty-pound note, and remain,

"DEAR SON,

"Your very loving mother and stepfather,

"JAMES AND ELIZA LAWLER.

"P. S. We leave town in the morning, and will not return for some months.

"J. and E. L.

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This soothing and eloquent billet was followed by a few lines from my mother *alone*, which I also present to the reader—

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"DEAR HARLEY,

"You do not deserve that I should trouble my head about you; but though you have been so undutiful, I cannot think to use you as you deserve. I enclose

enclose two fifty-pound notes, which, I assure you, I can very ill spare. The captain must know nothing of this. You know you have behaved so ill to him, you can expect little favour from him. But I hope you will behave more dutifully for the future, both to him and me. Since things have turned out as they have, it is best you should go to sea, and do something for yourself. I hope God will prosper you. God bless you!

"Your very affectionate mother,

"ELIZA LAWLER."

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"*Affectionate mother!*" I exclaimed, in a transport of rage. Something like a malediction arose from my rebellious heart to my lips; but, thank Heaven! I suppressed it, and at length drove it from its lurking-place. Against Lawler my hatred and rage burned with ungovernable fury. I feared that my infatuated mother would soon feel the effects of her folly, and pro-

phesied that her error would be its own punishment.

In the height of my passion I shewed the letters to Mrs. Henderson, who soothed me with the tenderness of a parent; and when she saw me enclosing the three fifty-pound notes in a few lines to my mother, she gently begged I would consider what I was about.

"The money is justly your own. You need to keep it. You know not how much you will need it. Do not put it away in a moment of anger."

The reader well knows that I was headstrong. I shut my ears on her remonstrances, and enclosed the three notes to my mother, in a few lines, the bitter effusion of the moment.

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"MADAM,

"I return your money. Sooner shall poison enter my lips, and disease and wretchedness cover me with rags, than the

the money of one who bears the detested name of Lawler supply me with either food or clothing. May God forgive you, and enable me to forgive injuries I cannot forget! Farewell!

"HARLEY RADINGTON."

## CHAPTER X.

'Tis done—the sacred ties are burst
That once my soul confest;
The buoyant hopes that sooth'd me first
Are buried in my breast;
And I am changed—the smile I wear
Denotes me not, nor speaks me fair.
I talk of friends—the common whine;
No friend in all the world is mine;
'Twas but a foolish vision that I dream'd—
I am not what I was, nor others what they seem'd.

AND now, reader, behold me entering on a new stage of life. Indignation supplied me with energy, and enabled me to struggle on where those who knew me would have thought I must have inevitably sunk.

I found it very difficult to procure a situation on board a vessel, being utterly unacquainted with nautical affairs. But indeed I would have found it difficult to have

have got a situation in any way, my ignorance being universal. At length however I surmounted all obstacles, and was accepted as a common seaman on board a vessel bound for America. I parted with my watch, and all the trinkets which I had about me, unless a plain ring, which had been long worn by my father, and which I had taken from his finger after his death. Mrs. Henderson disposed of these things for me more advantageously than I could have possibly done, and raised about thirty pounds.

With this sum I purchased a strong chest, with clothes necessary for my station and situation. With Mrs. Henderson I left my gentlemanly habiliments, and equipped myself in the garb of a sailor.

This kind woman wept at parting with me, as if I had been her own child. From her, the mere accidental acquaintance of a few days, I met with all the tenderness of a parent; from my own mother the

most unnatural unkindness. On parting I slipped ten pounds into her hand; and kissing her withered cheek, wet with tears, my own not unmoistened, I hastily bade her adieu. Had I not fled from her, I am convinced the kind, disinterested creature would have refused my little offering.

And now behold me, for the first time, on the mighty deep, the British shores lessening on my sight, now totally disappearing, and the wide hemisphere presenting to my astonished view the meeting skies and ocean. I dreaded much the sickness which generally attends a first trial of the sea, but was agreeably surprised to find myself quite free from any attack of that nature. A young man, who was a passenger on board the vessel, suffered most severely. Pity and disgust alternately predominated in my mind, as I saw him writhing under the agonies of sea-sickness; and I secretly exulted in my own superior strength.

Ah,

been many days at sea, when I began to feel sensibly the difference between the life I had led, and that which I was entering on. Fortitude and resignation were virtues to which I was a stranger. My fortitude was at best but stubborn pride, and my resignation but sullen indifference. From a table spread with the luxuries and dainties of every clime, I was reduced to a stated allowance of coarse and salt provisions. In place of having a numerous train of menials at my beck, I was myself the slave of many masters; for being the youngest seaman on board the vessel, every one justly considered himself my superior.

At night an elegant chamber and down bed no longer received my effeminate frame; I swung in my hammock to the piping storm, which rattled and whistled among the sails and rigging; and for the breathing perfumes of the east, to which I had been accustomed, I now inhaled the delightful effluvia of tar and bilge water.

Mr.

Mr. Raymond one day observed, with a malicious smile, the blistered state of my late delicate hands.—"Pity 'tis, *master* Radington, to spoil these delicate lily-hued hands with rough work like ours."

"Reserve your pity, Mr. Benjamin Raymond, till it is called for," said I, fiercely.

"Oh, Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
Had roses till his shoon;
His stockings were of silken soy,
With garters hanging down,"

sung Raymond, as he strutted the deck, and eyed me from head to foot.—"Jack," said he, addressing one of the seamen, "Jack, do ye recollect Moll Jennings, the fair Maypole? How do you think she would have looked, lad, in jacket and trowsers?"

The sailor squirted out the tobacco juice from his mouth, and eyeing me, with a look of contempt, answered drily—"Why, upon my faith! Mr. Raymond, much like

any milk-sop, or land-lubber, tricked out in the same honest garb."

"I'll lay you a pint of flip, Jack, that Moll would have cut the best figure of the two."

Nonsense of this nature went on between the mate and crew, till I lost all command of myself. I sprung forward, and aimed a blow at Raymond, which was instantly returned with double interest. Smarting from the pain, and more from the indignity, I flew on him, and soon extended him on the deck, from which he was raised by the men, who seemed a little astonished, and inclined to treat me with less contempt.

Raymond eyed me with a savage look. —"Young man, we shall settle this yet," said he.

"With all my heart, Mr. Raymond; the sooner the better."

My bad conduct was soon reported to captain Feversham. He took an early opportunity of speaking to me in private. —"Ra-

—" Radington, you are a very young man, and, I am afraid, a very hot-headed young man. I can feel that it is by no means easy for you, who have been brought up with other expectations, to conform yourself to the subordinate rank you now fill. Nevertheless, it is not a whit less necessary for you to do so. And, hark ye, my lad, you must unship a part of the lading you have taken on board, and lay in a more useful cargo. Tumble your pride overboard, and I will help you to something in its stead."

" Captain Feversham, I am accused of pride; your men, and above all, Mr. Raymond, your mate, make a merit of insulting me. When they have excited my just resentment, they complain that I am proud——"

" Stop, my lad, you are on a wrong tack; you have behaved to Mr. Raymond and the crew with great stiffness, not to say haughtiness, since you came among us. You came as a common sailor; you are very

very young, and as ignorant as a babe respecting the calling you have embraced. The lads may laugh a little, or crack a joke at your mistakes and awkwardness, and be very honest lads notwithstanding. You have embraced the life of a sailor; if you mean to persevere, you must learn the duties of your station; and if you mean to live happily, endeavour, above all, to be contented with your situation, and on good terms with your messmates; treat them with some kindness and familiarity—it will warm their hearts to you, and it will be for your advantage."

This worthy man often spoke to me on the same subject. Sorry am I to confess how little I profited by his advice; I neglected to throw overboard the arrogance and pride with which my upper works were stowed, and had therefore little room for the knowledge I so much needed to acquire. I continued my sullen haughtiness to every one on board, except my captain and the passengers.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XI.

The mountain-billows to the clouds,
In dreadful tumult, swell'd; surge above surge
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters. THOMSON.

ON the twentieth day of our voyage, a violent storm arose, the wind blowing with dreadful fury directly against us. All hands were employed, and the looks of the mariners became alarmed and anxious.

The sick young man came on deck; his sickness was gone; his looks calm, dignified, resigned; and he took a most active part in working the ship, encouraging the sailors, and giving the most proper and prudent orders in the captain's absence. I beheld him with astonishment.

ment. He appeared to be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. His form was emaciated, but commanding; his face wore the pale livery of disease and death, but beamed with an expression of peace within—of peace, the attendant of virtue. As I gazed on him, I felt abashed and humbled; while I, in the bloom of youth and strength, stood useless and inactive, this man, on the verge of an early grave, appeared the guardian angel of the ship, sent to succour and to save in the hour of danger and despair.

The storm still increasing, captain Feversham came on deck. The danger became appalling; the shadows of night were fast descending, while the struggling and groaning vessel plunged into yawning gulfs, or rose to the clouds on the liquid Alps. While the grey light yet gleamed faintly on the scene of desolation, I cast a gloomy look on the waves which seemed opening to devour me.—"To this," I exclaimed, "has my mother, without

out a sigh, consigned me. She hears the tempest roaring, but it disturbs her not. Oh, woman, woman!"

A night of horror and despair passed; the morning dawned, and the wind abated, but two of our mariners were buried in the deep, and we were all fast hastening to destruction. Our vessel had sprung a leak; she was filling with water, and the only chance which remained was to take to the boat. At this moment of distress a sail appeared.

"A sail a-head!" exclaimed one of the crew. "A sail a-head!" burst in joyful acclamations from the lips of all.

"God be praised!" cried captain Feversham.

The mild stranger raised his eyes to heaven with a look of heartfelt gratitude.

Signals of distress were made, and the vessel soon bore towards us. Fast, fast, in spite of the labour at the pumps, the water poured in, bearing us down to death,

death, and fast the vessel bore down upon us, to snatch us from destruction, while the soul hung suspended between hope and fear.

"She is an Algerine pirate!" cried Mr. Raymond.

"Good God!" I hastily exclaimed, "are we rescued from death only to become slaves?"

The stranger looked at me, and a slight frown disturbed his placid features.—"Young man, at such a moment the lips should utter thanksgiving only."

I sunk abashed from his severe dark eye. Some time of doubt and great anxiety prevailed. The waters gained on us every minute. The boat was preparing to be launched. At length the vessel came close to us: she was a British man of war.

Every thing was done for our relief, and for the preservation of the ship; but for her preservation in vain—the lives of all on board were saved, but the ship sunk soon

soon after we left her, captain Feversham almost losing his life at the same time; for force alone could make him quit his vessel.

I had not been long on board of this war vessel, which was in pursuit of the enemies of our country, until I felt an ardent desire to enter into his majesty's service. My heart swelled high with the hope of signalizing myself in the British navy.

A vessel, bound for England, falling in with us, by which we were to be sent home, I mentioned my wishes to captain Feversham.

"If you wish, Radington, to enter into the British navy, I don't doubt but captain sir Richard Torrington will permit you to remain in his ship. But I am afraid, young man, you are rather fickle; you veer, like the wind, to every point of the compass. What you intend to do, that do steadily, and keep to the point. Remember that mere courage never made a hero.

a hero. You have much to learn; but apply yourself steadily and perseveringly, and I don't doubt of your success. I shall speak to one of the officers about you. I owe you a trifle. Here it is. God bless you, young man, and send you fair weather, and a prosperous gale through life!"

He spoke to one of the officers in my behalf, and in a few hours I had the pleasure to find myself accepted by sir Richard, who promised to befriend me.

I now had to bid my companions adieu, who were to return to England. The sickly young man, I had learned, was a missionary going out to America, to preach the gospel of peace and salvation to a part of its savage population. He blessed me emphatically at parting, and he left on my mind deep feelings of veneration and respect for his character. The crew, one after another, shook me heartily by the hand, swearing that I was a tight honest lad, for all they had sometimes cracked a joke at my expence; and wishing

ing me well, we parted good friends on both sides. Captain Feversham affectionately bade me farewell.

"Are we friends, Harley Radington?" said Raymond, as he lingered a moment behind. His rough voice quivered, and his visage softened.

"Most assuredly, if Mr. Raymond wishes it," said I, extending my hand.

"That's a brave fellow. Then all's forgotten, and we are sworn friends. We have weathered one cursed blast of foul weather together, and may some more yet, before we come to Davy's locker. Keep up your heart, Harley—

> 'A light heart, and a pair of thin trowsers,
> Go through the world, brave boy.'

I have heard how you have been treated: I had a confounded witch of a stepmother of my own, who used me like a dog. But what then? I'm a man for all that. So never mind. Keep up your heart, Harley.

Harley. And so farewell, my boy! Farewell! God bless you!"

I did not much relish having my private affairs thus published; but his honest warmth affected me much the more, as it was so very unexpected. We parted with a hearty embrace, vowing to keep each other ever in remembrance. They went on board the vessel which was to carry them home, and we soon lost sight of her.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER XII.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy naval youth,
For every virtue, every worth renown'd,
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THOMSON.

I ENTERED with delight, and full of hope, upon my new station. In my hammock, or during the night watches, I fought a thousand battles, and gained as many victories. I ascended rapidly to the proud summit of my ambitious wishes, and became a British naval officer—a hero! I gained the love of the men, the esteem of the officers. Delightful visions! they fired my imagination; and with indefatigable ardour I laboured to become acquainted

quainted with the duties of my profession. Nor did I labour altogether in vain. My head and heart began to clear off some of the lumber which I carried with me to sea; I began to discover their emptiness, and was eager to new-furnish them. Nor were the means denied me. I had the good fortune to continue on board sir Richard's ship. Many exalted and noble characters were among the officers. Sir Richard was himself a man of the first character, both as an officer and a gentleman. The chaplain and schoolmaster were men of worth, and excellent scholars; they took particular notice of me, and were most willing to instruct me.

Behold me then, for the first time, truly at school. A new soul seemed to animate my body. I devoured the knowledge whose ample stores were now opened before me.

Amid the tumult of war and of storms,

I began

I began to wage war against my bad habits, and learned to conquer the stormy passions which raged in my own bosom.

Splendid victories were at this time gained by the British arms, both by land and water. I was in many engagements, and had the good fortune to signalize myself, and attract the particular attention of sir Richard Torrington. In process of time I attained the rank of midshipman; but my aspiring hopes rose still higher.

In that awful and bloody engagement which admiral Hawke had with the French in Quiberon Bay, I received many severe wounds. What pen can do justice to the horrors of that engagement? The very elements were at war, and joined their mighty thunders to the roaring of our cannon. We fought upon a dangerous and rocky shore. Impenetrable darkness surrounded us, and violent tempests agitated the air. But the

God of battles was with us, and we were victorious.

I had now attained the age of twenty-five. No one, who had a few years before beheld the puny, effeminate, spoiled child of a foolish mother, could again know me. My form had acquired its full proportion, and exercise and toil had braced up every sinew, and had given ease and vigour to every limb. The excellent discipline I had been under, and the noble examples which had been before me, had stamped my character, and confirmed my principles.

Fortunately for me, during the time in which I had been in the navy, I had never been one day idle; and in all that time I had hardly been a day in England. I was not, therefore, exposed to temptation, or placed in a situation where I was liable to fall into those follies which had nearly ruined me. Our ship was in constant employment, and it was our glorious lot to

to be in most engagements which were fought during that time, and to be victorious.

I often wrote to my mother, and made many inquiries after her; but all in vain —I could hear nothing of her.

## CHAPTER XIII.

How beautiful, amid the vault of night,
Hangs the pale crescent, and yon neighbouring star,
That, like a rival gem, hath set her light
In proud array beside her horned car !
.....
And while the pale moon, peering bright,
Soft glimmers o'er the sea,
To gaze upon her tranquil light,
And think of Heav'n and thee !
.....
——————Her keel hath struck—
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
——————At the vessel's sudden roll,
The rush of water is in his soul. WILSON.

WE had taken a considerable prize; lieutenant Campbell, myself, another midshipman, and some of the crew, were put on board of her, with orders to carry her into Yarmouth Roads. One very fine night we walked the deck together. The moon looked

looked at her own bright image reflected in the still ocean. One beautiful star disputed the dominion of the night with her; the star sunk behind the western waves—the moon rode on triumphant. I looked at her with admiration, and then directed my eyes to lieutenant Campbell. —"He is a lover," said I to myself; "his soul is wrapped up in the idea of his mistress; he sees neither moon nor star."

"May I presume," said I, aloud, "to ask the subject of your long meditation, lieutenant Campbell?"

"*Woman!*"

"Then the subjects of our meditations have been much alike. I admired the moon—the moon, like woman, beautiful, dazzling—like woman, fickle."

"I admired the moon also, Radington, and her bright rival, the beauteous star, whose green beams are just hid behind the western waves. I compared the star, in purity and brightness, to the fair spotless being who so often occupies my

thoughts. I looked on the moon, and thought she might be gazing on her at the same moment."

I smiled.—"Report has not erred for once in making Mr. Campbell a lover."

"No, my young friend, report has spoken the truth this time. I hope soon to exchange the name of lover for that of husband. It will add to my happiness if you are a witness to it."

I was ready with some commonplace raillery on the subject, but his seriousness at once disconcerted me. I remained silent.

"You are not a lover yet, Radington. I hope you will one day love as I do, and that you will soon meet with an object capable of inspiring such a passion. Jane Hamilton is fair in form, but still more beautiful in mind."

"Jane Hamilton!"

"Yes, Jane Hamilton. Why, do you know her?"

"I knew a young lady of that name."

Here

Here some explanation took place. We found Jane Hamilton and Miss Hamilton (my mother's red-haired Scotch girl) to be one and the same person. I congratulated my friend on his prospect of alliance with a family of so much worth; but I carefully evaded the subject of Miss Hamilton's beauty, not caring to dispute on that point with the man who was to lead her to the altar.

"Pleasant watch to you, Radington—good-night!" said Mr. Campbell, as he left me.

"And pleasant dreams to you, Campbell. May the fair Jane visit your slumbers!"

"All's well!" echoed cheerily through the still air—then all was silent. I gazed alternately on the unruffled ocean and the placid heavens. The name of Hamilton had awakened in my memory the remembrance of long-forgotten days. For six years past I had lived a life of continual bustle. Every energy of my soul

awakened and exerted, I had little time to bestow on the memory of the past; but oft, as now, in the still watches of the night, the scenes of early boyhood rushed on my mind. I thought on my parents: my father's memory I venerated with tender respect: of my mother, I would exclaim—" She is now the mother of other children—she remembers me not—unnatural woman!" At other times I would reflect with melancholy foreboding upon the too-great probability that my poor mother was suffering the effects of her own errors. Perhaps she was bewailing her fate, and calling on the son she had cast off and forsaken, to come to her aid and support. I thought too of Mr. Hamilton and his family. I thought of them with respect, as my father's friends. But of my mother, or of them, I had never heard a syllable since I had first quitted England to go to America.

My meditations were interrupted by my brother officer who came to relieve me.

me.—" The gale freshens, Radington. Faith, I am glad it blows up! Confound these calms! I have a mortal aversion to smooth water. If I have any skill in lady Weather's countenance, she will be blustering ere long. It looks devilish black in the south-west."

As he spoke, the moon became suddenly obscured, and the wind sung through the rigging. It increased every minute, and at sunrise it blew a violent storm. The vessel was heavily laden, and a bad sailer. The storm continued blowing with great fury all day, and night found us in a very shattered and unsafe condition.

The obstinacy of the sailing-master, who insisted, that, after nightfall, we had passed the Orkney and Zetland (7) Isles, in direct opposition to lieutenant Campbell's, Mr. Wilson's, and my own decided opinion, occasioned the loss of the vessel. The night was awfully dark; nor moon nor star were visible. The

storm was the most dreadful I had ever witnessed.

"I believe, Wilson," said I, "you would put up with a little smooth water and calm weather to-night, notwithstanding your aversion to them."

"By St. George, it's an ugly night! an ugly night to be sure! But what then? A snug port, a friend, and a bottle, will heal all again, before four-and-twenty hours are about. A British seaman, my friend, is in his element in the storm or in the battle."

As these words were uttered by this brave thoughtless young man, as he stood close by me, sounds of horror augmented the terrors of the night. We heard the wild roar and havoc of contending waves upon a rocky coast.

"We are lost! commend your souls to Heaven, my friends!" cried lieutenant Campbell. The vessel instantly struck. Her strong sides were torn asunder, and the howling waters rushed in. I heard the

the shriek of agony—the groan of death, as I clung to a fragment of the wreck. Now the mighty deep roared for its prey, mountainous billows rolled over me, and sense and feeling fled.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Think, oh, my soul! devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I found thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save! ANON.

.....

A people near the northern pole, that won—
FAIRFAX.

SENSATION slowly returned to my shattered frame. I opened my eyes, heaving at the same time deep sighs. Acute bodily pain aroused recollection, and by degrees I became sensible of my situation.

I attempted to rise from the ground, but my limbs refused their wonted office. I closed my eyes and groaned. I heard the

the angry ocean roaring close by me, as if in triumph at the desolation it had wrought. I again opened my eyes, and took a survey of the gloomy and savage scene around me. The day was dawning, but the sky lowered with black stormy clouds. On one hand rolled the ocean, on the other rose abruptly black rocks of the most frightful aspect, whose huge overhanging parts seemed ready to loosen themselves, and fall on my devoted head. The wild-fowl began to leave their airy nests, and the sun at length arose; but no voice of a human being gladdened my ear. I began to fear that I should die for want of assistance, even though the tempest and the deep had spared me. I was again making an attempt to move, when I beheld a figure suddenly appear in a cleft of the rocks, and heard a voice from a greater distance exclaim—"Loard (8) be var me, Mucky! (9) whar (10) are ye, man?"

Two figures now appeared, and at the same

same moment they observed me; but after an exclamation of surprise, they made the best of their way back the way they had come. Despair gave me strength—I raised myself, and called after them, but in vain. Hope died within me, and I sunk down again, resigned to die.

The sound of oars in the water, and of many voices, struck my ear, but I was not able to open my eyes, nor to move. I found myself lifted from the ground, but the excessive anguish I endured overcame me, and I fainted.

I lay in a state of utter helplessness for many days. When I began to observe what was going on about me, I found myself in a miserable cabin. Heaven forgive me, for the idea which has so often recurred! but a very wicked man, on recovering, in the situation in which I was, might well have imagined himself in the infernal regions. I lay in a horrible hole, enclosed with wood, resembling a press, which was so short, narrow,

and

and low, that I could neither turn myself, stretch out my limbs, nor sit upright, without knocking my head on the roof. The air I breathed was loaded with every odour which thick smoke, excessive filthiness, and total want of fresh air, could create. My bedclothes were——but, reader, spare me the relation! Enough to say, that your imagination can scarcely exaggerate their wretchedness. I was wrapped up in a large coarse woollen shirt, and an ample greasy nightcap of the same kind enclosed my head.

When I looked out from this delightful place of repose into the apartment, I cannot say I was much comforted. No light was admitted but from a hole in the roof, which was over the fire. The fire was directly in the middle of the room. I at first imagined I was thrown upon some coast inhabited by worshippers of fire. Their fire, fed by large pieces of light well-dried turf, blazed (11) night and day, and gave no remission to the heat

heat and smoke which consumed and suffocated me. Uncouth figures flitted through the smoke in strange dresses, talking what I first supposed to be a language entirely foreign, but which I afterwards discovered was English, or rather Scotch, mixed with words and phrases of which I knew not the meaning. The walls of the cabin, where visible, appeared to be composed of loose stones and mud; but they were almost quite concealed by the furniture of the dwelling. Large wooden chests were stowed in every direction, on which lay or rested rude implements of husbandry and fishing articles, with other things of which I could not imagine the use, and various parts of their strange habiliments. The mud floor, which exhibited fine diversities of hill and dale, land and water, was also decorated with three high-backed wooden chairs, a lame table, and divers utensils of various shapes and sizes. Between these things and the fire there was hardly room

to

to move; yet even that space was occupied by one large dog and three small ones, three cats and two kittens, a hen and her brood, and a pet lamb. I was able to hear and see what passed long before I was able to question the beings I was cast among; and the scenes that passed before me made a strange and lasting impression upon my mind.

I found myself one day alone in this poor dwelling. I had just awoke, free from the pain which had racked me, and also something cooler than I had yet been. With great difficulty I raised my head, and attempted to speak, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, and refused to utter a sound. I discovered, however, a withered old woman sitting in a corner, with a large wooden dish in her lap, out of which she kneaded something resembling dough, but of a very gloomy complexion, which she formed into large balls, and then flattened them a little out.—"These savages eat that for bread(12)," thought I.

A shrill

A shrill voice now saluted my ear.—"Gude day be here! Whar's the gude-wife, granny?" And a figure advanced to the fire.

"Eh! Gude (13) safe us, that's a sight for sair (14) een! Whar coms Ibbie (15) Tammison frae (16), this gate (17)?"

She was a tall figure. A scarlet petticoat reached to her knees. Her legs were covered with pieces of old worsted stockings from the ancle to the calf, and her bare feet were cased in mud. She had also on a blue petticoat over the scarlet one, the bottom of which was turned up over her shoulders, and pinned close round her throat, the loop serving for a wallet, into which she had stuffed her luggage, and which made her appear as if she had got a bolster rolled around her under her clothes. Two holes were left, through which her arms were poked out, and her fingers moved with great swiftness the large knitting (18) needles which she used; and she never left off her work, whether

whether standing, sitting, talking, or silent, only occasionally raising it up between herself and the hole in the roof, to examine it. A large coloured handkerchief, pinned close round her head, so that but a small part of the face was seen, completed the dress of this strange figure.

CHAP-

and the gude-wife's (48) awa (49) till the manse (50)."

"To the manse!" with a curious look.

"Yea (51), yea! Ye ken (52) and I wat! But haste ye, granny, Loard safe ye, and boil's (53) a drap (54) water to mask (55) this air (56) o' comfort afore (57) your folk comes in."

"Weel (58), weel, Ibbie, lass, it's a lang (59) time since I saw an air o' tae (60)," said the old woman.

The water was boiled in an old tea-kettle, the tea made in an old tea-pot, and down they sat to it. They drank it with much seeming relish, without milk or sugar. Ibbie then gave the old woman a very small quantity of snuff, and immediately they were the best friends in the world.

"Noo, Ibbie Tammison, I's (61) tell ye the true way, a' (62) about it, lamb. It wis (63) upo (64) Monanday (65)—na (66), it was Tiseday, the last ook (67), after the

the storm, the gudeman, and Mucky o' Easterness, an Willy Lesslie o' the Grind, gaed (68), Loard help us! what can puir (69) bodies do? till luke (70) if ony (71) bits o' trees (72), or rapes (73), or ony ither (74) wracks (75), wis kuest upo the shoar (76). Na, na, lamb, na ae (77) van-divle (78) o' (79) the t'aen (80) or the tither (81) wis t' be seen. Bit (82) Loard be var us! the dead body o' a man, nirded (83) hard and fast in atween (84) twa (85) rocks; the men could na weel win (86) at the body, and to tell the truth, they were na owr (87) keen set upo it, for he was bit an wan (88) earthy-lukin crater (89); and Mucky says, whan he first spied him, he raise (90) up in a grit black bouk (91), and skreeghed (92) and banned (93) at him: so the men tuke (94) the boaat (95), and gaed (96) roun (97) the voe (98), and whan they cam (99), the dead body was leeven (100), bit feint (101) ae wird it spak (102) fae (103) that gude till day this."

The

The old woman looked out at the door, to see if none of the family were near. Finding all safe, she returned, and drawing near to her companion, she spoke in a lower tone.—"I ken (104) na, lamb! They wiss (105) till mak folk believe that the man or jantleman wis mither (106) naked whan (107) they fand (108) him. Bit auld granny kens (109) better, silly and doited (110) as they think her. He had on a holland sark (111), the like o'it's (112) no upo the grandest laird in Zetland grund (113), wi (114) lace ruffles on it. And he had on a vest and cot (115), an mair forby (116). I ken weel he had a gowd (117) watch, and a lang (118) purse fou (119) o' siller (120), in his pouch (121); and a grand ring upo his finger. Yea, yea, and ye winna (122) hinder some folk till say that a great muckle kist (123), fou o' fine claise (124) and siller, was fand at the sam time. But as for that, auld Breda canna (125) tak' upo her till say.

The

The gudewife tells a' body, and the gudeman, and Mucky, and Willy, keeps till the sam' story, that no ae vandivle (126) wis fund, or seen, or heard o', bit the bare naked body, a' scarted (127) and clourèd (128); and muckle wark (129) they mak' about the trouble and the cost (130) the'ir (131) pitten (132) till. Bit, atween ye and me, the cost's no muckle; and as for the trouble, I hae the maist (133) o' that mysell (134). The minister (135), gude man! sent him a flannin (136) sark and a cap, and mony a vayage (137) shoe's (138) made till the manse, and gotten white bread, and wine, and spirits, and Gude (139) kens what a'! bit little o' it a' gangs (140) owr his craig (141)."

Ibbie listened very eagerly to this account, frequently uttering ejaculations, and holding up her hands and turning up her eyes, with every symptom of astonishment. When it was concluded, she looked suddenly and keenly around.—"Bit whar's the man, granny?"

" Yonder, i' the bed, lamb."

She started up, uttering a hideous cry. —" What say ye?—the dead man that cam' till life again, and that swalled (142) up into a grousome (143) bouk, and cursed and banned—is he lying i' the bed, sae (144) near till us?"

" Trath, an dat (145) he is, lass. And what dis (146) it signify?—he has nae mair (147) life in him than a divid (148)."

" For Heaven's sake, my good woman, give me something cooling to drink," said I, in a weak and imploring voice.

" The divid's gotten the gift o' speech vera (149) sudden (150), granny," said Ibbie, whose extreme terror seemed only a little affectation.

The old woman, though she must before have heard the sound of my voice, persisted in her falsehood, and declared I had never uttered a sound since I was carried into the house.

" Come, come, granny, the jantleman's no to dee (151) amang (152) Christians this

this gate. What wad (153) ye hae, sir, till drink?"

"Any thing you please, my good girl —any thing that can moisten my mouth."

"A vera civil-spoken man indeed!" said Ibbie, changing her tone and pronunciation to a ridiculous imitation of English. "Kent (154) at once: ye see, old granny, that I was a young *garl* (155), though I am in such a pickle after coming aff (156) the rod (157)."

"Yea, lamb, nae doubt; bit a year or twa gane by, ye'r twa score," muttered the old woman.

"And lat (158) me tell you," retorted Ibbie, "that ye'r (159) under a grit (160) mistak' (161), Breda Hanson; Isabel Tammison never saw twa score wi' her een yet; and ye'r no blate (162) till tell her sae."

"What the sorrow (163) means a' this halliepaloo (164) in a decent man's house?" exclaimed a rough voice; and immediately goodman William Hanson made his ap-

 pearance,

pearance, followed by his youngest son and his two daughters.

The *gudeman* was a short muscular man, with bushy yellow hair and grey whiskers, and a pleasant good-natured countenance. He was dressed in leather breeches and a lightish-blue coloured coarse cloth jacket; his head was decorated with a scarlet worsted cap, below which his yellow locks stuck out around his face, and hung down on his broad shoulders. A few rags, of various colours and qualities, were hung about the pretty, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed boy who accompanied him.—The eldest daughter was tall and well formed. She threw down the straw basket, or cashey (165), which she had carried in on her back, and sitting down on a stool by the fire, untied a large handkerchief which bound her head; a profusion of bright yellow hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders. Exercise had given to her lip and cheek the colour of the carnation,

and

and life and brilliancy to her full blue eye. Her sister was a deformed, little, disagreeable-looking creature, the picture of ill-nature and malice.

As I lay contemplating this motley group, the gudewife herself arrived. She was a tall comely-looking woman; a white handkerchief enveloped her head, and a dark-blue stuff mantle covered her from head to foot.

"Gudewife, whar hae ye been?" said her husband, angrily.

"Whar hae I been!—trath! ye might spier (166) wi' mair civility. Whar hae I been indeed!—I tell ye, I've been at the manse. Mony a weary fit (167) I've gaen (168) till it the last eight days; but sorrow sit i' the feet that gangs again!—ye may gang yoursell, and beg for yon crater that ye dreged (171) out o' the sea. If it had been ought that could hae benefitted the family, ye would na hae been sae ready fetching it in, I can tell ye."

Hanson slunk back, and nestled himself quietly by the fireside; while his wife, after putting off her mantle, and secretly disposing of some things which were concealed below it, turned to Ibbie.—"Ibbie, ye'r walcom (172) to Swinsness, lass. What news i' Leurick (173)?"

"No muckle, gudewife—no muckle. What news wi' yoursell? if a body may speir."

"Trath! no muckle gude. Willy gaed out the last ook, and brought in the body o' a man, wha had been shipwracked, na doubt, though feint a vistage (174) o' ship, or ony ither veesible (175), bit this man, was ever seen or heard o'. Whither or no', Willy brought him in, and (raising her eyes, and spreading her hand on her bosom) He kens, wha kens a' things, if me and mine hae na acted a Christian part till him; we've (176) spared neither cost nor trouble—but a' till little purpose—we'll (177) hae the expence o' pittin' (178) him in the kirkyard (179) at the last."

"Yea,

"Yea, gudewife; troth, a' body kens he wad be well wi' ye. Poor man! he would na hae been leevin sae lang, had he faen (180) intil ither haunds (181), I's warrant," said Ibbie, with a peculiar tone of voice and expression of countenance.

"Yea, yea, Ibbie Tammison; it's owr weel kent that I hurt mysell and family wi' my feeling heart. Bit I canna help it, lamb; every ane has their failings, and sae hae I—Lord help me!—Bit come, lass; ye'll taste our fish and patataes, will ye na?"

To this Ibbie had no objection. An immensely-large kettle was lifted from the fire, and set, piping hot, among them. As many as could surrounded the fire, the others squatted themselves behind them; the gudeman emphatically pronounced a short grace, and to work they fell, using their fingers in place of knives and forks, as our good kings and queens, lords and ladies, did perforce in the days of yore. The intolerable stench of the

fish, which was in a putrid (182) state, quite overcame me; I groaned in anguish; but the family were accustomed to my groans, and heeded them not. At length their meal was ended, and the family dispersed different ways, leaving the gudewife and Ibbie alone.

Ibbie now produced from her pinned-up garment, a bottle of spirits and a small parcel of tea, with some other little bundles. After a great deal of whispering and altercation, the woman of the house produced a shirt and waistcoat, which I knew to be my own, and exchanged them for the spirits, tea, and other articles, which Ibbie gave her. They then comforted themselves with a glass of spirits, and abused every individual in their neighbourhood. The arrival of Hanson, and other members of the family, put a stop to their conversation.

"Willy," said the gudewife, "here's puir Ibbie Tammison come tiggen (183) for a corn (184) o' oo (185), to be her twa

or

or three pair o' glives (186), or kellimuffs (187), afore the Hollanders (188) come. She's brought an air o' bacco (189), and a puckle (190) o' snuff. Think ye, gudeman, ye can let her get a perrie air o' oo, when we rue (191) the craters?"

"Why no, why no—ye ken best, gudewife—why no."

I was witness to this conscientious damsel's secret conference, alternately with the old woman, the goodman, the goodwife, the eldest daughter, and a servant girl, with each of whom she made a separate bargain, carrying something away from each unknown to the others. When she was ready to go, she watched an opportunity, and slipping to the bed where I was enthralled, softly whispered—"If ye want till send a message till the minister, or till the sherra (192) *himsell*, at Lerwick, I's be back in twa days, and I's do it, I's do it."

"For God's sake, where have I been thrown? upon what coast?" said I, faintly.

Ibbie put her finger on her lip, and, with a significant shake of the head, she disappeared.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XVI.

Compared to an impetuous woman, tempests and sea-breaches are nothing. L'Estrange.

.....

Scolding and cursing are her common conversation. Swift.

.....

Thou art not what thou seem'st. Shakespeare.

Upon the departure of Ibbie, I made the family sensible that I had the power of speech restored. The woman of the house was very sulky, but the rest of the family were tolerably civil. I spent a miserable night among filth and smoke, and resolved, if I should die in the attempt, not to lie there another day. In the morning, I called to me the first I heard moving.

"What became of the clothes I had on when found by the master of this house?"

"Claise!—Lord be about ye, sir! ye had na a rag on ye when my faither (193) fand ye."

Notwithstanding the disagreeable purport of these words, and the vulgar and strange tone, the voice was musical; and as I looked forth from my miserable bed, I beheld, through the smoke, a face beaming with beauty and joyous youth, the golden hair floating in luxuriance around the fair neck and shoulders.—"Can aught so beautiful inhabit this infernal place?" said I.

She blushed, and drew back, seeming to understand my exclamation. I called to her to return, and begged of her to tell me how I could be supplied with clothes, &c.

"My mother will tell ye, sir," said she, and modestly withdrew.

As soon as I heard the voice of the old lady, I begged of her to inform me how I could be supplied with clothes and other necessaries.

"Nae

"Nae doubt the sam' way that ither folk gets them. If ye hae siller, ye'll get that, and ony ither thing you need; ye'r in a Christian land, and no amang the barbarous savage folk."

"And where am I, my good woman?—in any part of the British dominions?"

"I'm no muckle 'quanted (194) wi' names o' places, and I ken naethin' (195) about British 'minions; ye'r i' Shetland, if ye've heard tell o' siekan (196) a part."

"Shetland!—Well, Shetland, or Zetland, is a part of Scotland."

"Ye'r a' mistaen (197), my lamb; Shetland was never a part o' Scotland i' the days o' it; Shetland stands alane by its sell, like a peerie air o' pottage in a kap (198) o' milk, and never touches Scotland, north or south, east or west: ye'll no mak' a fule o' me. I had a brither (199) wis a great travelled man, and kent every place in the world—ay, and degrees, and latitudes, and fauud out the longitude himsell."

"I by no means doubt your knowledge, nor

nor your brother's profound learning; but, for Heaven's sake! let me get out of this bed, and help me to get some kind of clothing."

"Did ever ony body hear the like?—Help ye out o' the bed!—faith, ye'r no blate, till bid a decent woman, like me, wait upo' the like o' ye!—Gie ye claise!—be me certie (200), it's no little that I'm gien ye—bed and bedding, meat and drink, and tendance forby. But now I maun (201) find ye in claise!—Bide (202) ye, what will be the niest (203) demand?"

I lost all patience—I raved; and as the woman raised her voice, and scolded louder than I could, for my life, the whole family were alarmed, and crowded round her.

"Catharin! Catharin! I beg o' ye, in the name o' Gude, no till mak' a' this din (204); the jantleman will pay a' costs, nae doubt."

"Pay you! how the devil am I to pay you, sir, when you and your family have robbed me of every thing I possessed?—

Where

Where are my clothes? where is my watch? where the ring I wore?—I know these things were about me when you found me."

"I tell ye, man, I can bring witnesses that ye had na on ae rag when the men faund ye."

"Haud (205) ye yeer (206) tongue, woman. A grand jantleman, like ye, sir, wad scorn to hurt puir folk like is; ye'll hae friends ye can send till, and maybe some o' the jantry i' Lerwick may ken o' them, and gie ye, till ye hear frae the south."

"Very good!—so I am to lie roasting in this infernal den till I can hear from my friends four or five hundred miles off! —And pray, sir, how did my naked body inform you that I was a grand gentleman? —But a truce with this folly! give me any thing I can wrap myself up in; and if you have such a thing, give me some ink, pens, and paper, that I may get a few lines sent to the gentleman you call your minister.

minister. Do you hear and understand me, sir goodman?—Hey! can you carry a message, or a letter, from me to your minister?"

"That sall (207) I, sir."

"That's a lie, sir!—confound the scoundrel, what does he mean? Why, sir, do you mean to say that I tell you a falsehood?"

"No I, sir, be my sang! (208)—I tald (209) ye I wis willing till do your bidding."

"Well, if you are willing to do my bidding, pray oblige me so far as to give me some of your clothes for a few hours, and either carry a message to the clergyman of this place, or conduct me to his house."

The goodman seemed willing to oblige me, and went about getting the things; but his wife prevented him, threatening to break his head if he attempted to touch them. He appeared in a sad dilemma between his wish to oblige me and his terror for

for his wife, whose shrill voice grew louder and louder, as her anger waxed hotter. The family stood around, open-mouthed, and staring wildly; immediately the dogs started from their recumbent postures, and set up a hideous howling and barking.

"Are the spirits of darkness let loose amang ye?" exclaimed some one at the door, in a broad Scotch voice.

The dogs came running back, with hanging ears and drooping tails; the tumult ceased, and in respectful silence and much confusion every one made way for the new visitor, who was no other than the clergyman of the parish.

Mr. Grantly was a tall spare man, about sixty years of age. His thin grey locks were covered by a greasy red worsted nightcap, and a large dark-green stuff dressing-gown, lined with black lambs' skins, was wrapped around his lank and bony person. He advanced directly towards my prison, and stretching out his hand, addressed me as follows:—"Gie me your

your haund, maun; I'm rejoiced to see you in a fair way of getting round again. Ah, maun! I tauld the gudewife there, she need na fear for you—a maun that could eat and drink sae voraciously did na appear to be in a deeing condition—na, na. Sae keep up your heart; I'll warrant we'll soon make a maun o' you."

During this strange address, I contemplated the speaker with astonishment; I then thanked him for the favours he had conferred, or rather had intended to confer, upon me, telling him at the same time that I was an officer in the British navy, and giving some account of my shipwreck. I then besought his assistance and advice, which were very frankly and kindly given. A messenger was dispatched to the manse for some of his own clothes; then, to my astonishment, he produced from his pocket a pair of cold roasted fowls, some thin oatmeal cakes, a small quantity of salt rolled up in a piece of paper, and a bottle of wine.

"Come,

"Come, sir, come—ye'll join me in my morning meal, I hope. This is my way; I go about amaung my flock this way, but carry my provisions in my pocket, no to pit the puir bit bodies to ony cost or trouble—they hae enough to do to fill their ain wames, puir, starved, hungry creatures! —I would hae seen ye mysell lang afore now, but I was laid up, no fit to stir haund or foot wi' the gout. I live by mysell—I canna abide the daughters o' Eve i' the house wi' me. I keep nane wi' me, in the servant way, bit ae puir lad, that's no fairly in his right wits. I could na come to ye mysell—it could do no good to send puir fule Brucy to ye; bit, ah, maun! I sent ye flour, and barley, and fowls, and flesh, and spirits, and ale, and wine; and I sent on purpose to that mart o' sin and corruption, Lerwick, for white bread to ye, maun; and I canna bit say ye'v dune muckle honour to them, as the gudewife says; bit I fear it's a' gane in an ill skin. Bit

Bit come, come—let's see what ye can do now."

He then called for a plate, and drew from his pocket a large folding-knife, which he termed a jocktaleg. He cut up one of the fowls, which he placed before me, on a dirty pewter dish, together with some bread and salt; he then pronounced a short emphatic blessing, and immediately tearing asunder the other fowl, began to eat, exhorting me to do the same. I felt very much inclined to follow his example, but the excessive dirt by which I was surrounded, and the weak state to which bad treatment and the want of proper nourishment had reduced me, quite overpowered me, and after attempting to swallow a morsel, I turned from it with disgust and loathing.

"Ah, maun! what's the matter now? Come, try a wee drap o' wine—wine, whilk nourishes the heart o' maun, and maketh his countenance joyful."

I saw

I saw the consternation into which my unkind hostess and her family were thrown, and resolved not to discover their nefarious practices to their pastor, considering that I owed the preservation of my life in some measure to William Hanson, and that the extreme poverty and wretchedness of their condition subjected them to temptations hard to be resisted. I took a small quantity of the wine; and as the messenger had returned from the manse, the good old man assisted me to leave my most miserable bed, and equipped me in his own old-fashioned, but best suit of rusty black. I was seated in the gudewife's armchair, which was of straw, and so contrived, that, when laid on the back, it did as a cradle. My spirits rose, my heart again beat with life and hope, and I thought myself quite strong, and quite happy. I was, as it was a fine sunny day in the month of January, to endeavour to sit a horse, and accompany Mr. Grantly to his own house; but I was not aware of my

my own debilitated state: when I attempted to walk, I fainted, and was carried back to mine hostess's easy chair, the bed very fortunately being of such a construction that it was no easy matter to pack me into it, particularly in the condition I was in.

I know not if any who may happen to open this book will have patience to follow me so far on my way; if any have, I must here address a few words to them. You are not, my kind reader, perhaps acquainted with many of the words and phrases which will make their appearance in this said history; I may therefore be expected to give long and learned definitions of these words; but being little acquainted with any language but my mother tongue, and, you may uncivilly say, or think, which is much the same, not over much with that either, I cannot gratify my readers by so doing. I was obliged to spend some time in Zetland, and as those islanders must act a conspicuous part

part on my little stage, it is proper I should endeavour to make their speech intelligible to the readers whose taste, or want of taste, or curiosity, or patience, or good-nature, may induce them to peruse these pages. For this purpose I shall give, at the end of each volume, a simple glossary of the words which I have used, or may use, which are not familiar to the southern inhabitants of king George's dominions.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XVII.

Ah! hapless they, whose doom is here to lie,
Exil'd from the green earth, and from the sky!—
It tortures ev'ry sense; compar'd to this,
The vile hyena's den were cleanliness.
Unheard-of curses, altercations loud,
Are ever ringing from th' unholy crowd.

*Edinburgh Magazine.*

On recovering, I was in despair to find that the manse was about a mile and a half from Swinsness, and that it was quite impossible for me to be conveyed there until I got a little stronger. I told Mr. Grantly, that the excessive dirtiness of the house, and the closeness and smallness of the bed allotted me, were intolerable; and that if there were no better place in the neighbourhood to which I could be conveyed, I was resolved to sit all night in the chair which I then occupied.

"Dirtiness!

"Dirtiness!—is that what ye complain o'?—Ah, maun! I fear ye would not be muckle better af at the manse o' Hallywick. Ye Englishmen make a wark about the cleanliness o' the outward maun; I wish ye may be heedful to keep the inward maun free o' pollution. I hae nae time to fash wi' a' ye'r fule coxcombical nic-nacs o' cleanliness or dress—not I; bit, for a' that, maun, dinna be cast down—ye'll get a' help that I can gie; my house, gin ye can abide to live in it, my purse, and my best counsel, are at ye'r service, maun."

"Thanks, my good sir—thanks a thousandfold," said I, warmly.

But he interrupted me.—"Ae fauld will do, lad; ever while ye live, avoid being twafald. Bit I ken ye mean weel, I ken ye mean weel. I've been thinking o' something will suit ye. About a mile frae hence staunds the wee town (210) o' Theasetter, and there dwall Eric Irvingson, and his spouse, Barbara Scott. Now, I

 believe,

believe, in a' the Zetland Isles—ye may tak' in the Orkneys too, and the north o' the continent o' Scotland, and that's making a lang spiel (211) o' it—ye'll no find cleanlier bodies. It happens that the maun has been lang abroad, and seen the warld, and has learned somewhat o' this cleanliness ye mak' sickan a wark about."

I was about to declare my eagerness to be better acquainted with this couple, when Mrs. Hanson, or, as they called her (the women of the lower order in Zetland seldom or never being called by the husband's name), Catherine Irvingson, set up a loud howling, wept profusely, wrung her hands, and declared herself the most unfortunate woman in the world. I could not conceive what was the matter with her, and Mr. Grantly seemed as much at a loss as myself.—"Woman, woman!—what in the name o' wonder ails ye, woman?" said he.

"What ails me! what ails me!—Oh, dule (212) for the day whan I was born!—Ye'r gaen

gaen till tak' awa' frae me this sweet young man. What has ony body till do wi' him? Did na Willy Hanson snatch him frae the blue deep, at the peril o' his ain (213) life? did na I and my bairns nurse him night and day? and dive (214) na I love and regard him an (215) if he wir (216) mine ain bairn that I suffered death for?"

"Heyday!" thought I, "she is certainly mad."

Mr. Grantly, good man, taking it all for the pure truth, soothed her, and hoped I would not distress the "puir gudewife by leaving her house. I will order some o' my ain blankets to be brought here for you, and ye'll do the best to mak' yoursell comfortable for twa or three days yet."

"Comfortable!—ah, my dear sir, that is impossible. I believe I will die if I go into that bed again," said I, with a rueful countenance.

"I've hit it," said Mr. Grantly. "We'll send for your sister-in-law Barbara, gudewife—I really forgot ye wir sae near o'

kin; she'll bring some o' her clean bedding here, and she'll help ye to tend and nurse the gentleman."

Catharine's face assumed the expression of ungovernable fury.—"Send for Barbara Scott till my house!—the deevil (217) himsell set his fit whar she shall come!—may a' that's evil light upo' hir and hir cursed generation!"

"What, what! what's a' this?" exclaimed the pastor. "How dare you, you wicked and graceless woman! how dare you blaspheme and curse in this fearful manner?"

"Weel, Mr. Grantly, I can na help it, I tell ye: that Barbara Scott's been the plague o' my life; never dis (218) ony gude come i' my way but she maun come in atween, wi' an ill helt (219) till her!—Bit I'll be revenged upo' her yet—I'll be revenged."

"Woman, woman, ye make me tremble to hear ye."

A great deal was said on the subject of Barbara

Barbara being sent for; and it was at length settled that I should have a temporary bed made up for me, on some deals of wood, with Mr. Grantly's bedding, and that I should be removed to Theasetter as soon as possible.

As soon as Mr. Grantly left me in the evening, I took Catharine aside, and told her, nothing of the past should be taken notice of; but requested she would restore the ring, which was of little intrinsic value, but being a family ring, was one I had a particular veneration for.

Catharine again wept, and wrung her hands; then, with much reluctance, confessed that all which she had done was in obedience to her husband's commands. She represented him as a tyrant, from whom her very life was in danger; nor could she dare to speak to him about the ring, but she would endeavour to get it from him before I left the place, and restore it to me.

A tempest of wind and rain, which con-

tinued for three days, joined to my own excessive weakness, confined me to the hovel at Swinsness for three days longer; during this time I was half-killed with smoke and dirt, while the meanness, rapacity, and extreme wretchedness of the inhabitants, presented to me the most gloomy and degrading picture of human life. I was often at a loss to know whether the man was the tyrant his wife represented him, or the wife herself the despot that ruled with a rod of iron; she certainly did all in her power to make it appear to me that her husband was the aggressor, and herself the sufferer; and at times they seemed to act in concert to deceive me.

They had three sons; the two elder of these were seldom at home, but at their meals; they were gloomy in their dispositions, rude in speech, and beastly in their manners. The youngest boy, Willie, was pretty, but as ragged, wild, and untaught, as the little native shelties of the islands, which he associated more with than with the

the human creatures around him. The youngest daughter had been *carried to the hills* (220) in her infancy, and certainly her appearance gave one a frightful idea of an unearthly being—a spirit of darkness. The eldest daughter, the fair-haired Elspeth, moved like a beam of light among this dark assemblage; nor did the charms of Elspeth make less impression on me, because I evidently saw myself the object of her tender care and attention; but this was attended with the strictest modesty.

The last day I spent at Swinsness was Sunday; the rain had ceased, but the wind continued to roar around the lowly dwelling with unabated fury. Most of the family went to church, leaving none at home but the grandmother, the youngest daughter, and the little boy, who was to wait upon me. Willie grew weary of his attendance, and made his escape; May, the youngest daughter, had to look about the cows; and the old woman also had something to see to; I was therefore left alone.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye—
Who but owns their magic sway—
Who but knows they all decay? BURNS.

.....

Siker, I am very sib to you. SPENCER.

I WAS up, and occupied Catharine's easy chair. I gazed on the eddies of smoke as they rolled over my head, and caught with delight a glimpse of the blue sky, through the hole which served for a chimney. I thought of Elspeth—"If she were only a few years younger," said I, "what a charming creature one might make of her!—But then, to be in any way connected with such a family—no, that could never do. However, Elspeth was very lovely, and I stood alone in the world; I would disgrace

disgrace no family by such an union, and displease no one, as I had none but myself to consult."

Thus I indulged my wild waking dreams. Now, as the wind blew aside the smoke, I again saw the blue of the heavens looking serene and beautiful above the storm; I was seized with an ardent desire to put out my head at some opening, to breathe the fresh air. I looked around, and discovered something like a small window, stuffed up with turf, rags, &c. in a little apartment off the one I was in, which served as a place to keep the milk in, and also for part of the family to sleep in. I found my way with some difficulty into it, and pulled out part of the rags. Language cannot do justice to my feelings, when I felt the pure breath of heaven again visit my face, and looked on the sky, the earth, and the ocean. But my attention was immediately diverted to two people who stood close to the house, near

the window, holding a whispering conversation.

"Trath, Sweetie (221), lass, till tell ye the truth o' it, I am no like till mak' muckle o' it; I dinna think he's a grand man ava (222), for a' his gowd watch and glistening ring. I'm sure I dinna care ae snuff for him, and I like Jamie Lawrenceson muckle better. But for a' that I'm sworn o'er and o'er again till be Jamie's wife, yet I wad think little o' leaving him, if I could bit be sure that this man had ony siller."

"Aye, bit, lass, are ye sure that he'll marry ye, and tak' ye awa' (223) wi' him?"

"Sure! aye, as sure as my name's Elspeth Hanson; he lukes after me wi' sickan a luke whenever I gang through the house, and speaks sae saftly till me."

"And yet thou dis na care a snuff for him!"

"No I, indeed; he's a fule, I think, and no to compare wi' Jamie, as till lukes. Bit

Bit never mind; if he'll marry me, I'll be an officer's lady; if he winna, gin he hae ae stiver, it will be hard if I dinna mak' something o' him ae way or anither; and then he may gang till the sorrow for me, and something follow Mansy (224)."

This elegant conversation threw me into some confusion, and, I confess, into some heat; I hastily retreated again to my station at the fireside; here I reflected upon the abominable deceit and wickedness of this family.—" I suppose," said I, " all the Zetlanders are the same. I wish to Heaven I was well out of these cursed islands!—it is assuredly the most shocking place on God's fair earth; the spirits of evil, in the shape of human beings, have taken possession of them. Thank Heaven that I was born far from it, that I have no connexion with it, and that I am not one of these." I uttered these last words aloud, and rather passionately.

On turning around, I discovered, seated at a little distance from me, May, quietly

reading a large Bible. The deformed being raised her eyes at my exclamation, looked at me for a moment, then resumed her reading.

"Do you often read the Bible?" said I, feeling myself a little out of countenance.

"Yea, sir," was the answer.

"Do you understand it?"

She raised her eyes, and again fixed them on my face.—"Sir, do ye believe in spirits?"

"That is a strange question, girl, and not an answer to the one I put to you."

"Weel, sir, ye winna answer my question, and maybe I'm no owr willin' till answer yours. Ye leave this house the morin (225)—ye'r gaen till Theasetter. Ye'll aft times think o' the dirt and ill usage ye've suffered here, and thank Gude ye'r no like ony o' is (226). A' (227) body has thir (228) ain fauts (229) and failings; ah, sir! hae ye nane? are ye free till fling the first stane at ye'r neighbour?"

I was not in the best humour, and did not

not relish this freedom, but actually felt at a loss what to say. I leaned on the old lame table at which the girl sat, and turned over the leaves of the book, with too little reverence, and too much of pride in my own infinite superiority to the beings I was cast among. Pride must have a fall, is a well-known adage. As I turned over the leaves of this carefully-preserved family Bible, I read, in the blank leaf in the beginning, as follows:—

"*Eric Irvingson, his book; the grace of God upon him look! Eric Irvingson and Johanna Bruce were married July* 1708. *Andrew Irvingson was born* 1709. *Hans Irvingson was born* 1711. *Eric Irvingson was born* 1712. *Catharine Irvingson was born* 1714. *John Irvingson was born* 1716. *Elizabeth Irvingson was born* 1718."

"A goodly family, upon my word! and pray what has become of them all?" said I.

"Andrew," said May, "gaed till sea; sae

sae did Hans. John was lost at the Haaf. My uncle Eric is married, and settled at Theasetter. Catharine is my mither.—Ye say we are a *goodly* family—I hope we are, or at least we wir, a *godly* family too; my youngest aunt was the only jaw (230) egg in my grandfather's family—a' the rest were God-fearing folk."

"And what, pray, was the matter with your youngest aunt?"

"She was aye (230) a graceless lass, and never heeded what my grandmither and grandfather said. At last she gaed awa' till tak' service. They did na hear o' her for some time; then they were tald she was married till a grand man in Lonnon. They wir owr proud-hearted till ask after her, since she did na ask after her ain parents. At last cam' a year o' great scarcity and want here in Zetland: my grandfather was dead, and my grandmither was pit till sair straits: then they writ awa' till her; bit she tuke nae heed till the letter. After that, my uncle Andrew was in Lonnon, and

and sought her out, and found her; but, graceless, hard-hearted woman! she spurned him frae her door; and though her ain bairn, a bonny boy, hung about him, and grat (231) for him, yet she turned him frae her house, and bade him never come back again."

"What was the name of the man your aunt was married to, do you recollect?"

"I mind fu' (232) weel, and winna readily forget it. His name was John Radington. He wis in the tobacco trade."

The reader may perhaps have some faint idea of my feelings at the conclusion of May's information. I found myself in the house of my mother's sister, and the people I had so much despised were my nearest relations. Here was a lesson for presumptive pride—an humbling one indeed!

"Ye'r name, sir, is Radington, or something like it?" said May, as I sat lost in thought.

"Yes."

"Ye'r

"Ye'r maybe some friend till Mr. John Radington?"

"What is it to you who or what I am?" said I, angrily.

I saw a tear drop on the Bible, as she, with great reverence, closed it. She wiped her eyes meekly, and with a sigh left the hut. My heart smote me, but my pride, my foolish pride, forbade me to call back the poor girl, and apologize for my rudeness. I could not bring myself to own them as relations—I could not stoop to the meanness of falsehood or evasion; therefore, when the family arrived, I sat in sullen silence, and, as I heard the old woman describe it, "ready till tuilly wi' my peerie finger or my muckle tae;" *i. e.* ready to quarrel with my little finger or my great toe.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XIX.

Far in a land a savage nation dwelt,
Who never tasted grace, nor goodness felt.

SPENCER.

.....

And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty clouds at once come pouring down.

DRYDEN.

ON Monday morning I was preparing to quit Swinsness, when a stranger made his appearance at the dwelling of goodman Hanson. This gentleman introduced himself in the following terms:—"Sir, your very humble servant. I am extremely sorry that I have not sooner had the pleasure of seeing you; the roughness of the weather has, for this fortnight past, prevented all ingress and egress from and to the little islands, in one of which—

my

my *own—a poor little place, poor little place*—I live. I insist upon it, sir, that you accompany me to-day—this very morning, sir—to breakfast, sir—to Grovely Island. I have given that name to it, sir: it had a savage name of its own when I purchased it, but I refined it, sir. This is a barbarous place, sir—mere savages the natives; but we shall endeavour to make you comfortable. We shall consider ourselves honoured, sir."

The person who addressed me, and who seemed so enamoured of the sound of his own voice (which, by-the-bye, was the most disagreeable I had ever heard), was a jolly-looking man. His dress was good—almost genteel, but his air and manner had something vulgar in them. Deep lines, expressive of sternness and bad humour, marked his features; yet his mouth was twisted into a smile, which seemed strangely at variance with the natural cast of his countenance.

I did not feel much inclined to cultivate an

an acquaintance with this man; but as he announced himself as a being far superior to the natives, I thought it would not be altogether prudent to decline it; I therefore told him I would avail myself of his polite invitation, as soon as I had gained a little strength at the house of Eric Irvingson. The gentleman would positively take no denial; Mrs. and Misses Lovegold waited breakfast, the barge lay at the beach, and I could be transported with the greatest ease. If not able to walk, the bargemen would carry me. To the barge then I was obliged to go the best way I could.—Shall I confess it? I felt quite like a fool at the idea of appearing before the ladies in the strange habiliments I wore. My ancient and almost-forgotten awkwardness and bashfulness were nearly coming on again; I reddened—I actually trembled as the boat approached the little island.

"Look, sir, look!—there is my island."

I looked, and the island lay before me, with its huge sentinels of primeval rocks.

—"Does

—"Does the whole of that island belong to you, sir?"

"Yes, sir—the whole—every bit—every inch, every inch," said Mr. Lovegold.

My terrors increased at the prospect of facing the lady who was queen of an island. At length the boat—I beg Mr. Lovegold's pardon—the *barge* reached the shore, and we landed. Mr. Lovegold's mansion was an old-fashioned building, which seemed to have weathered many a storm. I followed him to the room where the ladies were waiting breakfast for us. Mrs. Lovegold, a little, wan, sickly woman, received me with much kindness, though not of the most polished description; Miss Lovegold drew herself up, moved her lips, but uttered no sound; a ruddy arch-looking girl eyed me with astonishment, and seemed much inclined to divert herself at my expence, but the portentous brows of her *papa* prevented her.

Breakfast was now over, and Mr. Lovegold

gold conducted me to a chamber, where, to my great relief, I found basins, water, towels, shaving articles, &c.

"I imagine, Mr. Radington, you saved nothing from your shipwreck?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Then, my dear sir, you must be put to great inconveniency. Let me beg of you, sir, to look upon this house as your own; let me know what sum of money can supply your present necessities; nay, I will take no denial. We shall send to Lerwick for a tailor, and have you equipped in a short time. I am always provided, sir, against accidents of this nature; I keep an assortment of clothes, &c. in the house: you shall be at no loss, sir—none, none. In the meantime, you shall array yourself in one of my morning-gowns."

Washed, shaved, and supplied with clean linen, my matted locks combed and brushed into some order, and wrapped in a large dressing-gown of fine chintz, I felt myself quite another creature: those only who

who have been exposed to the miseries I had endured, can form any just notion of the delight which a restoration of these necessary comforts afforded me. With increased strength and spirits I followed my very kind host into his dining-parlour. I heard the youngest girl say, in a titter to her sister, as I approached—"Na, Ketty, luke, for Gude's sake!—our jantleman's got aff his black tweedy (233), and, as shure (234) as ony thing, he's got on pa's new goun!"

Miss Kitty darted a furious look at her sister.—"Be quiet, I command you, Miss Margaret Lovegold."

Dinner ended, Mr. Lovegold made an apology—a man of business had not a moment to himself. I was left alone with his wife and daughters.—"Is this island far from Lerwick, which I understand to be the only town in these isles, madam?" said I, addressing myself to Mrs. Lovegold.

She was on the eve of returning an answer,

swer, but was prevented by her youngest daughter.—"Haud (235), that's no true; we hae mair towns here in Grovely Island itsell."

"Fie, Peggy! haud (236) ye'r tongue; this strange gentleman must think ye very ill bred," said mamma Lovegold.

"La!—now, Margaret, how shocking you do talk! I'm morally certain, since I came from Edinburgh, I can't comprehend the one-half of what you say, child," simpered Miss Lovegold.

"I'm shure that's ill flitten (237). Wha kens ae wird that ye say since ye cam' frae Embro (238)?—pursing up your mooth (239) for a' the warld as if ye wir gaen to whistle a spring (240)!"

The altercation between the young ladies proceeded to rather a disagreeable length, while their mother made many awkward attempts to bring them to order. I sat, wishing myself anywhere rather than in Grovely Island, with the ladies of the Lovegold family. I hazarded several questions,

questions, but was answered by the eldest of the young ladies with so much ridiculous affectation, and by the youngest with so much rusticity, and total want of that blushing diffidence so lovely in woman, particularly young women, and in such a barbarous and unintelligible jargon, that I was quite worn out and disgusted before Mr. Lovegold and the tea-hour arrived.

"Have you any late papers, sir, in the house?" said I to Mr. Lovegold, as we sat at tea.

"Lard love you, sir!—late papers!—why we have had storms of north-east wind for nearly three weeks past. We have not had an arrival from the south in all that time."

"Do you hear regularly, sir, when not interrupted by contrary winds?"

"Oh no—we have no regular packet, but must get our letters the best way we can by our trading vessels. I have known us three months, or near it, in winter, without hearing from Scotland—that is, the

the continent of Scotland. We are out of the world, sir, quite out of the world here—a cursed climate, a sterile rock, and a damnable mongrel race the people, collected from all parts of the world."

"A frightful description indeed, sir! I wonder much you have settled here."

Mr. Lovegold was silent; an expression, disagreeable beyond description, passed quickly over his countenance, but was instantly displaced by his usual smile.—"I have my own reasons, sir, for living here. I don't allow my family to associate with the natives. No, no, that would be carrying the joke too far. The women, sir, are ugly and ignorant—*extremely* vulgar; the men all smugglers—brutes, sir, mere brutes. Why, Lord, sir, if you had fallen into some hands here, they would have thought nothing of knocking you on the head, and throwing you back into the ocean you had escaped from, for the sake of an old coat, or any piece of your dress."

"Have you no proprietors of the lands here, Mr. Lovegold in a less barbarous state?"

"Worse, sir, worse, a great deal! The *lairds*, as they are called, and their *ladies*, forsooth, are the most ridiculous creatures in the world. Here we have lairds possessing a few acres of barren land; their uneducated brats are half starved upon it, their tenants the most miserable slaves, yet his wife must be puffed up with pride; she must be *madam*, or *my lady*, or the devil's to pay. Ay, and the most profound respect must be paid to these madams, and their rustic daughters, as if they were the first nobility in the kingdom. We have one of the great lairds not far off—a fellow as proud as the devil, yet, over head and ears in debt, pretends to generosity and hospitality—generosity and hospitality with a vengeance! What he scrapes together by worrying his tenants, robbing those who are shipwrecked, and cheating the king by smuggling—what

he

he scrapes together by these means, he squanders away again in the most extravagant manner, to keep up the name and credit of his house, which he will gravely tell you has stood for ages. He will behave to you as haughtily as if he were a prince. In place of being called plain Mr. Eversley, or John Eversley, he must be titled after his beggarly estate, and called *Glensetter*. His wife must be my lady Glensetter, and so on. There again, we have a fellow, if possible, still worse, still prouder, and still poorer, the possessor of a rock, which he calls his island. He lives upon the produce of the fishing, robbing of wrecks, and smuggling, and fancies himself a gentleman. He too, with a vengeance—he must be Mora, and his wife my lady Mora, in place of plain Mr. and Mrs. Edenborg. This, sir, will serve for a picture of all the great lairds and little lairds here. The tenants are no better than the shelties or horned cattle of the islands, and are worse treated. They

are base creatures, and want only the power, and not the will, to retaliate upon their tyrants."

"Of strangers, sir, I suppose there are few or none settled in the country?"

"Oh, yes, from time to time strangers have settled here—the scum of the earth! they bring foreign vices to add to the flourishing stock already indigenous."

"I hope," thought I, "that Mr. Lovegold has added none to the stock."

A great deal more on this subject passed. I retired to rest, almost convinced that I was among a race of people the most wicked and detestable in the world. "I have descended from these," said I, with bitterness, as I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep in the comfortable bed—a blessing to which I had been for some time a stranger.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER XX.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come. POPE.

.....

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more. COWPER.

For five days it blew a continued storm of north wind, with showers of snow, hail, and rain. Every chimney in Mr. Lovegold's house smoked, owing to their awkward construction. The women were sufficiently disagreeable, Mr. Lovegold himself tiresome enough, and not a book to be had in the island. I began at last to think my situation little superior to what it had been at Swinsness. Mine

host possessed one talent in great perfection—that of worming himself imperceptibly into one's confidence. I did not like him, and was resolved to leave the island, and have no intercourse with him. Quitting the island the weather prevented, and I had not been three days in his house till he was acquainted with every circumstance of my situation, almost as well as I was myself. He advanced me a small sum of money, and received from me an order upon my agent, for some prize-money which I had left in his hands, being all I possessed in the world. The balance I was to receive from him as soon as the weather would allow him to visit Lerwick.

On the sixth day the storm abated, the heavens cleared, and the mountain-billows, which had roared and dashed around the island with such impetuous fury, were hushed to rest. Mr. Lovegold went to Lerwick, from whence he was to return the following day. In the evening a tailor

lor arrived, who took my measure, and orders for what was necessary.

Next day I walked around the island; it was bleak and uncultivated, but its rocky scenery wild, and in some places even grand. A few miserable huts, with small patches of cultivated ground, enclosed by low, broken, turf dikes, were scattered along the coast. Dogs of various sizes saluted me with loud barking and howling as I approached these habitations, and squalid half-naked children, and withered old women, came out to gaze at me as I passed. I reached a part of the island remote from the dwellings of both laird and tenants, and seated myself on a high projection of rock, which overhung a fine pebbly beach. I gazed on the adjacent land, which was not more than a mile off, and descried a very small boat, which left the shore, and soon reached the beach below the rocks where I was seated. One person alone was in the boat; I soon discovered it was the deformed little maiden,

May, from Swinsness. She was dressed in a red cloth petticoat, with a large blue cloth jacket, made exactly in the same form as the men's, and a yellow handkerchief was tied around her head.

In a situation such as mine was, shut up from society, and remote from all I had valued or been accustomed to, every little incident became interesting; I eagerly descended the precipice, delighted to see May, but in my hurry my foot slipped, and I fell from a considerable height.

"Alas, Mr. Radington! ye'r no hurt, are ye?" said May, as she hastened to my assistance.

The only injury I had sustained was a scratch on my left hand, which May very carefully bound up.

"And what, my good girl, has brought you to Grovely island? How are your mother and all the family?"

"A' weel, sir, thanks to ye. My errant to Grovely Island, Mr. Radington, is wi' yersell."

"With me, May! What is it? Can I do any thing for you?"

"Yea, sir, that ye can. Here," continued she, drawing a small parcel from her bosom, "here is ye'r ring. Tak it, and keep it; but speir naethin about it; say naethin about it to naebody. I've gotten it honestly till gie ye—it's naebody's business how."

"I am greatly obliged to you, May. I set a high value on the ring. Accept of this trifle, at present, my good girl; when I visit you to-morrow at Swinsness, I shall be able to make a more adequate return for your kindness."

May looked at the piece of gold, then returned it.—"Ye manna be offended, sir; I canna take ye'r gowd. I hae nae need o' siller. I hae had mony warnings. I ken weel, afore the flowers o' simmer wither in the meadows, I will be faded, and awa! I'll need neither gowd or siller in the quiet mansion. My winding-sheet is ready, and my grave will soon be made."

"Why do you indulge such melancholy thoughts, May, or what has put them into your head?"

"Aften and aften hae I heard the dead check (241), when I've been sitten my lane. I hae met the spirit in the hills; but I dare na tell to mortal ear what has been unfalded till me. I ken my days are numbered, and my race near till an end. But ye laugh at me, Mr. Radington; ye think me a fule."

"No, May, I do not think you a fool—far from it; but I am sorry to see you so weak as to put any faith in these idle fancies."

"Weel, weel, ye winna believe me; but ye'll see, ye'll see. Fareweel, Mr. Radington! fareweel! We'll a' be blythe till see ye at Swinsness. But, oh, sir, afore I gang awa, hear me, and dinna be angry. Come awa frae this place. Bide na in yon tiger's den!"

"What do you call a tiger's den, May?"

"Lovegold. Ha'. Beware o' Sanders Lovegold

Lovegold—beware o' him, I tell ye. Fareweel! My blessing, and His blessing that's aboon (242) a', be wi ye! Fareweel!"

May jumped into the boat, pushed it off, and plied her oars with great dexterity, leaving me on the beach, looking after her, and twirling the rejected piece of gold in my fingers.

I returned to the house. The day passed, and no less than four succeeded it, and no word of Mr. Lovegold. On the seventh day after his departure I grew impatient, and requested Mrs. Lovegold would allow me the use of a boat.

"Mr. Lovegold forbade his boats to leave the island till sick (243) time as he returned himsell, and I dar na disobey his commands," said Mrs. Lovegold.

"I should not wish *you* to do so, madam; but I suppose I may hire one from some of your tenants?"

"Sir, Mr. Lovegold would be unco angry if ony o' his folk was to hire out a

boat when he's awa. It's mair than they dare, sir."

"But, upon my honour, madam, I cannot submit to be kept a prisoner here. My interest demands my immediate presence at your little post-town. I shall abide the consequence of taking a boat from the island."

Mrs. Lovegold burst into tears. I was surprised, and begged to know the cause. —"I hope in Heaven," thought I, "that I have not again fallen in with a relation, who, by instinct, grows fond of me at parting!"

"Mr. Lovegold, sir, will lay all the blame at my door. He commanded me not to let you leave the island till his return. He will be mad, fairly mad! I dar na let ye go, sir; I dar na indeed."

"My dear madam, Mr. Lovegold might lay his commands upon you; upon me he never could. You are in no way responsible for my actions, therefore be under

no.

no uneasiness on that account. I will satisfy Mr. Lovegold."

"Weel, but, sir, ye ken—ye ken——" said the lady, hesitating.

"What, madam?"

"Poor Kitty, sir!"

"What is the matter with Miss Lovegold, madam?"

"Oh, Mr. Radington! ye ken weel enough young ladies have died for love afore now, and may again. Folk need na winder if young ladies fa(244) in love, when young gentlemen take sic pains to win them."

I was both astonished and alarmed; of all the dangers I had encountered for the last seven years, none seemed so formidable as Miss Kitty Lovegold. Neither politeness nor delicacy could force me for a moment to prevaricate. I therefore very earnestly and decidedly assured Mrs. Lovegold, that I had never made the most distant advances to either of the young ladies.

"Mr.

"Mr. Radington, I must believe my own daughter; she never told me a lie in her life; and she has told her *papa* too, and Mr. Lovegold's no a man to be trifled with, Mr. Radington."

"Nor will I trifle with him, madam, be assured. I am highly obliged to you and Mr. Lovegold for your hospitable attention and kindness, but I cannot remain here longer. I find it high time to take my departure. You have given me too good a reason for quitting Grovely Island immediately; I never can make good the expectations which have been formed, and therefore I cannot, with propriety or honour, remain here another hour."

I hastily gave a trifle to the servants, and leaving the house, proceeded to the beach, where I found a small boat afloat, threw myself into it, and rowed from the island, with the frightful idea of Miss Lovegold and matrimony haunting me like an evil spirit.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XXI.

How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty! THOMSON.

.....

Ye light coquettes, ye airy things,
How vain is all your art!
How seldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!

Oh, gather from my Ellen's charms
That sweet, that graceful ease;
That blushing modesty that warms,
That native art to please! RAMSAY.

I DIRECTED the boat at random to any part of the opposite shore, and speedily reached it. A few yards from the place at which I landed I found a hut, which I, without ceremony, entered. Three infants, half naked, were seated on the damp earthen floor. No other creature was to be

be seen. The poor things looked cold and wretched, and the youngest, a mere baby, held forth its little arms towards me, and began to cry.

"My poor little creatures, where is your mother?" said I.

The eldest child held down its head abashed; the second looked up in my face, and plaintively said, in the lisping accents of infancy—"Me starving wi' hungy and cold, mam's sleepin, and da's awa."

"Where is your mother sleeping, my little fellow?"

The child pointed to a bed-place of the same description as that in which I had been immured at Swinsness. I approached it, and found a poor woman confined to it, in the most deplorable condition. She appeared to be quite exhausted, from illness, want of proper care and nourishment.

While I was gazing on this miserable spectacle,

spectacle, an old woman came into the hut; she uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing me.

"How comes this poor woman to be alone in such a helpless condition?"

"Alas, sir! we canna help it; she's a puir wanless (245) body, as ever suffered sorrow and tribulation i' this warld o' sin and temptation. Her gudeman, her father, and her only brither that's now alive, for her eldest brither Samuel gaed till the wars and was killed; and her ither brither, Henry—nay, it wis Thamas—Lord help me! my memory's unco ill; weel, nae muckle winder, I've suffered as muckle mysell—weel, as I was saying, Tam was kuest awa ten years since syne (246), comes Beltan. Now this puir sinfu crater, born till sorrow, as the sparks flee upwards, she had bit ae brither t' the fore, Jamie, as fine a lad as ye could see. Weel, he, and her father, and her gudeman, gaed till Lerwick about three weeks gane, by the morn. Alak, sir! they never came hame

hame again—that's i' the body, for I canna bit say their spirits hae been seen mair than ance."

"Poor unfortunate men! you mean they were drowned?"

"Yea, sir, yea, what ither? Weary, weary, waefu(247) sea! mony's(248) the bonny lad and honest man lies i' thy cald and cruel bosom belanging till the isles of Zetland!"

"And have these poor children, and this unfortunate widow, no friend to assist them?"

"Lord be their friend, and sure staff o' support! for ither they hae nane. Na, sir, na; they sit upo Sanders Lovegold's land—ill fa(249) him! hard-hearted villain! he's dune(250) them every ill(251) turn he could since her misfortune. The boat they wir lost in wis his; and they wir due him a sma matter o' rent. Lord be merciful till them! Help they get nane, bit what their puir neighbours can gie, and that's little enough. Alas! no

for

for want o' will; bit what can puir starved bodies, wrought till death wi hard labour, do for them?"

I gave the old woman some money, and besought her to procure proper food and medicines for the widow and her children.

She looked at the money in great astonishment, then violently smote her breast, and raising her eyes to heaven, ejaculated a fervent prayer of gratitude to God, and called down as many blessings on my head as there were "starns (252) i' the lift (252), or sand puckles upo the sea-shore."

"Here is true misery, and here is true gratitude," said I to myself, as I reflected, with a pang of remorse, upon the large sums of money I had once squandered away.

While these reflections passed in my mind, and the old woman prepared to go and procure some necessaries for the family, the soft tones of a female voice, exquisitely sweet, struck my ear.

"Stay

"Stay here, if you please, Archibald. I will go in alone."

"I will, if you desire it."

The low crazy door of the hut was softly pushed open, and a creature, whose light and graceful footstep was scarcely heard, entered.

Here let me pause for a moment, to dwell upon the recollection of this beautiful being. Many years have passed since first I saw her; time has sprinkled upon my head the snows of age, yet the idea warms my heart, and delights my imagination even at this distant period. The young lady who stood before me, abashed at the unexpected appearance of a stranger, possessed a figure and face, a model of all which constitutes perfection in the form of woman. Her dress was simple, not quite fashionable perhaps, but the materials fine, the manner in which it was made, and put on, perfectly genteel, and beautifully becoming to the lovely wearer. Her air was graceful, and her manners

manners polished, though timid, and modest almost to bashfulness.—"Certainly," thought I, "she is not a native of Zetland?"

"Miss Ellen here! sae far frae hame!" exclaimed the old woman.

The lips of the beautiful stranger served to display a small regular set of teeth, of pearly whiteness, and to give utterance to accents of the softest melody.—"We have heard of poor Marion's great distress, and my mother sent me to see her. How is she, Nanny?"

"Unco ill, unco ill, Miss Ellen. Puir woman! she's in want o' a' thing needfu. Ah, Miss Ellen, there's a difference atween a rich sorrow and a puir sorrow. The rich loss their friends, nae doubt, and hae diseases and troubles, and a' that, as weel as the puir; but it maks an unco odds, when folks hae a gude house, a warm fireside, a weel-filled pantry, and friends and servants forby — it maks an unco odds. But, Gude be praised! this kind stranger jantleman

jantleman here, Lord poor his blessing upo him! has gi'en me as muckle siller, aye, and gowd, as will help puir Marion o'er a' her troubles, if it's the Lord's will till spare her."

"Oh, sir, you have done a good and charitable action," said the young lady, her lovely countenance brightening as she spoke.

"One word, one look of approbation from you, would be my richest reward," I *would* have said; but I was silent, and only bowed.

The person who had attended the young lady to the door now entered the hut. He was a very fine-looking boy, seemingly about sixteen. He carried a basket on his arm, loaded with food, wine, and medicines, for this poor family.

The young lady distributed food to the children, who eagerly devoured it, and gave directions how to administer the wine and medicine to the invalid.—"My father," said she, "will be here to-morrow to see

Marion.

Marion. Take care of her, good Nanny, and stay beside her. Do not leave her alone, poor creature, with these helpless bairns. Mamma will reward you for your trouble."

"Lord prosper her ladyship, and bless ye a'! there's nae fears o' that, Miss Ellen. Bit whoo(254) ave ye gotten here, and whoo are ye gaen hame?"

"Oh, my brother rowed the little boat up the voe, as far as Greesteen-Goe, where we landed, and walked here. Good-day! take care of Marion, Nanny. Good-day!"

The young lady looked at me as she turned to quit the cottage. Her brother took my hand with familiar kindness.—"Pray, sir, where do you live? Will you come with us?"

"Young gentleman, I scarcely know where I live. I would go with you with great pleasure, but must at present go to Eric Irvingson's, at Theasetter. Can you direct me to that place?"

"Oh, yes. Come, Ellen; come, we will

will shew the gentleman the road to Theasetter."

I offered my arm to the young lady, and we left the hut, followed by the blessings of the old woman.

This beautiful girl conversed, as we walked, with an artless ease, and modest diffidence, that quite enchanted me. Tho' only in the end of January, the weather was mild and warm, and the sky serene and blue. Every thing looked beautiful around me, as I gazed on the fair creature who hung upon my arm, and listened to the music of her voice, whose accents thrilled to my soul.

Her brother again inquired who I was, and where I lived; and I informed him that I was a shipwrecked stranger.

"Shipwrecked!" they both exclaimed; "and we have never heard of it! Surely, sir," said Archibald, "you are not the gentleman who lives at Lovegold Ha', who is to be married to Miss Lovegold?"

"I lived at Lovegold Hall; but as to Miss

Miss Lovegold, I will never be married to her, believe me."

"Indeed!—But I am very glad of that—I don't like the Lovegolds; but perhaps it is rude to say so before you."

"I have nothing to do with the Lovegolds," said I, hastily.—But may I ask a favour, lady? may I be permitted to know your name?"

"Ellen Edenborg, sir."

"And mine is Archibald Edenborg. Do you see that high headland, that rises behind these great black rocks? That is the island where we live; you will see it when we come a little further on, to a place called Greesteen-Goe, where our boat is lying. But I forgot—you *must* go to Theasetter; and then you have to cross up here, by the side of the burn, and go between these two hills: it is a great way, and wet, and full of peat banks; you will never find it out yourself, and I cannot go with you, and leave my sister to row home the boat herself. What shall I do?

—There, I declare, is Gibby Burley coming owr the shoulder o' the hill! He never could come at a luckier moment. Ho! hollo, Gibby!"

"Shall we not see you at Mora Lodge, sir?" said Miss Edenborg.

"Yes, Ellen—yes, certainly; papa shall call upon the gentleman. But, sir, if you please, tell me your name."

"Harley Radington. You do me much honour, and give me the greatest pleasure, by your expressing a wish for a further acquaintance; I should be miserable if I did not hope to see you both again."

The old man had at last weathered the shoulder of the hill, and came up to us.

"Here, Gibby; you must shew this gentleman the road to Eric Irvingson's: you must go the best and shortest road; and when you have done, come to Mora Lodge, and you shall get a good supper, and a bed in the out-kitchen, Gibby."

Gibby Burley was a tall, slender old man; his grey grizzly locks were partially covered

covered by a red worsted nightcap, and he was wrapped up in an old greatcoat, girded round his body by a horse-girth; his legs were even up and down, without the least shape; and his feet, of an enormous size, were covered with coarse worsted stockings. He had on rivlins (255). He was busily employed knitting a pair of worsted gloves. The expression of his countenance was satirical: his nose and chin almost met, and a broad grin of derision and contempt distended his mouth, and shewed his large teeth, crumbling and blackened with corruption. His dirty matted beard was covered with snuff and the juice of tobacco.

"Sae fa' (256) me, Mr. Archy, as ye hae nae compassion or Christian charity about ye ava; ye think a man's nae better nor a brute beast, till send him awa' owr a' the hills, bogs, and mines, atween this and Theasetter; and what for? Faith! it may be a warlock (257), for ought Gibby kens, and may sink into the bowels o' the

yerth (258) wi' me, or carry me whiff up to the moon, afore ane can say Jack Robinson (259). Na, na, Mr. Archy; the feint (260) ae fit shall Gibby Burley stir till he kens for what."

I held up a piece of money, and assured *Mr. Gibby* that I would neither carry him to the moon, nor otherwise put him in bodily danger, if he would conduct me to Theasetter.

"Oh, sir, ye speak now a universal language whilk a' mankind understand, baith Christian and Jew, Turk and Tartar. I wid be laith (261) till let sic a gentleman tine (262) himsell i' the hills o' Zetland, amang the bokies (263) and fairy folk."

I now bade adieu to Archibald and his lovely sister; they frankly shook hands with me; how did I wish to retain in mine, and to press, the small white hand of Ellen Edenborg! but, though entirely artless, frank, and even kind, her manner was such that it inspired the highest respect, and repelled the slightest freedom.

I parted

I parted from them with a sigh of regret, and continued gazing after them, till they descended the rocks, and I lost sight of the loveliest form my eyes had ever looked upon.

## CHAPTER XXII.

There all the bloomy flush of life is fled,
All but yon widow'd solitary thing. GOLDSMITH.

.....

"Far, far from hence he revels life away;
In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay."

"SHE's a bonny lass, yon," said Gibby, following the direction of my eye.

"What, sir?" said I, reddening.

"Ellen o' Mora, sir; bit she's out o' sight, sir, now. If you please, we had better no stand glowerin (264) at the craigs o' Blostar ony langer, bit proceed on our way to Theasetter."

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" thought I; but there was no help for it but patience; I therefore suppressed my *rising* choler, and desired him to proceed.

As

As we walked on by the side of the mountain stream, which, swelled by the winter rains, rushed down between two savage-looking hills, with a wild and melancholy noise, Gibby endeavoured to entertain me with the history of some of the Zetland gentry. I heard, without comprehending what he was saying, for my mind was agitated by feelings to which I had hitherto been a stranger; absorbed in my own reflections, I forgot the presence of my strange guide, and exclaimed aloud —"A native of Zetland!—the daughter of a Zetland laird!—impossible. What a scoundrel that fellow Lovegold must be!"

"A damned villain!" said Gibby.

I turned suddenly round, and looked him full in the face, both angry and surprised.

"Gude preserve us, sir! saw ye ony thing? Ye need na be feared, sir; Gude preserve us, baith (265) soul and body! I see naethin' but Eric's black bull yonder awa'."

"You are extremely impertinent, sir, and the greatest bugbear to be met with, in my opinion."

"Now, sir, I swear upo' the faith and honour of an honest man, and a gude Christian till boot, that ye do me muckle wrang. Lord save me, sir! I wis endeavouring till shorten the gate (266), and haud you out o' langer, wi' some entertaining anecdotes o' our jantry (267) here. I ca'd Sanders o' Otters' Isle a cursed villain, to which ye agreed; and now ye tell me I'm impertinent, and look at me as though ye wir gaen till mak' an end o' me."

"Who is Sanders of Otters' Isle?"

"Sanders Lovegold, to be sure. But, faith! I'll no open my mouth upo' the subject."

"Keep it shut then, pray."

We proceeded for some time in silence; I would have given a good deal to have heard more of my acquaintance, Mr. Lovegold, but Gibby had sealed up his lips.—

Through

Through a vista in the hills I now discovered a dreary-looking spot, and a dilapidated-looking mansion; an air of desolation and gloom overspread the place, and not a living creature was to be seen.—"That is not Theasetter, I hope?" said I, pointing to the place.

"No it, faith! Bit maybe, sir, ye'll loup (268) intil a passion again, if I tell ye the name o' the place?"

"Have the goodness, Mr. Gibby, when I ask you a question, to answer without more of this foolery, if you expect to be well paid."

"Oh, sir, I'll answer ten thousand, gin ye like till ask them, as carefully and pointedly as if I wir saying my categise (269). I' the first place, that's Gravesdale House, aince the dwalling o' peace and plenty, but now faen awa' till naethin'. The laird's lang deed; his only son's gane a waur (270) gate—he's a chap i' the army, wears a scarlet cot, a' covered owr wi' gowd, and a muckle cocked hat, and

ald biggin (271) and his ald mi-
gang till the sorrow; he never
ar the country, but spends his
Lonnon, and lets his mither
72) starve. Oh, sir, I wish ye
—she's my ald mistress; mony's
morsel and sap (273) o' drink's
r my craig (274) in her service.
blessings as I've eaten meal (275)
' the house light upo' her!"

ort day was drawing to a close,
wind rising, blew sharp and cold
north. I grew weary and spirit-
mechanically felt for my watch—
h I had none.—"Do you guess
of day?"

sir. He'll (276) be passing three.
sorry till see ye'v tint or forgot-
vatch; a watch is no that ill com-
they grewsome hills."

we far from Eric's?"

muckle, no muckle. I wiss ye
a fule's (277) advice for ance, sir,
and rest ye at my lady Graves-
dale's;

dale's; I'll mak' ye sure o' a hearty welcome. Puir woman! times are sair altered wi' her; but she winna turn an ald servant, or a weary stranger, frae her door ony how, though she hae naethin mair till gie them than a drap o' bland (278), or a sap (279) o' kirned milk."

I availed myself of my guide's advice, and we proceeded to Gravesdale House. The glass was broken in the windows, and the apertures filled up with rags, straw, and turf; a large gate, at the gable of the house, swung on one hinge, and made a melancholy noise as the wind flapped it to, which echoed through the unpeopled solitude; the narrow court was grown over with rank grass and nettles. We entered by a broken door, through a long dark passage, to a large kitchen: the walls were crumbling down, and in the ample chimney a scanty peat-fire only served to make the cheerless gloom of the apartment more visible.

After turning and winding about, Gib-

by reached the door of a small room, where he knocked.

"Come in," cried a shrill voice.

We opened the door, and entered. This apartment had once been handsomely furnished, but every thing in it was old-fashioned and decayed.

An old woman sat in the middle of the room, working with wool.—"Beenie, whar's my lady, madam Haeoson? I hoop (280) she's no ill."

A person, seated in an old arm-chair by the fireside, whom the darkness of the room had prevented us seeing, now spoke. —"Gibby Burley, is that you?—Whuse a' wi' you, Gibby?"

"Wissin (281) ye weel, madam Haeoson, as is weel my common till do."

"Wha's that ahint (282) ye, Gibby?"

"A jantleman that's travelling, and being unco weary, and maybe thirsty too, has made sae free as ca' (283) at Gravesdale House, madam."

"Heartily welcome, heartily welcome, Gibby.

Gibby. Come awa', sir—come awa' and sit down," said the old lady, rising, and hobbling to meet me.

I bowed respectfully. She beckoned to a seat on the other side of the fire, which I took possession of.

"Beenie, pit that awa'; it sudna (284) hae been here ava; pit it awa', I order ye, and haste ye and get something for the gentleman to take. Take Gibby to the kitchen wi' ye; and haste ye—I say, haste ye, Beenie."

I was left alone with the old lady, who put many questions to me concerning my shipwreck, &c.—"I'll warrant, sir, ye never happened to fa' in wi' ane (285) major Hacoson?" said she, her voice trembling.

"No, madam, I never did. A relation, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, my son—my only son—God bless him!"—*and forgive him!* her upraised eye expressively added, though her tongue was mute.

I felt with keen sympathy for this forlorn

lorn mother.—Mother!—dear sacred name! the holiest and tenderest of nature's ties! Can a son desert a mother? Can a mother abandon the child she has reared on her bosom? Alas! poor Mr. Hacoson was a living instance of the one, myself of the other.

Eggs, bread, butter, and milk, were set before me, on a table covered with a cloth of the finest texture, and as white as snow. My walk had given me a good appetite, and I ate heartily of her frugal cheer. The old lady made many apologies for its poorness; herself and her servant-woman used many finesses and expedients to conceal the too-evident poverty of the house, and the cruel neglect of its unnatural master. I parted from her with feelings of sorrow and respect, and with the earnest and secret hope that her declining years would yet meet with affection and tenderness to comfort and to cherish them.

When we had quitted Gravesdale House, Gibby exclaimed—"Ah, sir! puir madam Hacoson

Hacoson is a sair sight for me till see; she is dwining (286) awa' in dowey (287) ald age, wi' nane (288) till tak' care o' her, and little till comfort her—mair's the pitie, mair's the pitie!—Bit, sir, she's still the ruins o' a fine woman; and I canna forget what I've ance kent her, when the ald laird Gravesdale himsell was leevin, and the Hacoson family in a' its glory."

"I honour your feelings, Gibby, and find you can, upon occasion, express yourself in a manner superior to your situation."

"Gibby's no a' thigither (289) that fule; he wis na aye covered wi' rags, nor forced till wander about frae town till town, begging his bit bread. Bit every dog maun hae his day."

After a long and fatiguing walk, the shadows of night, and the whole host of stars sparkling in the heavens, found us at the door of Eric's cottage.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XXIII.

She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy. CAMPBELL.

.....

Attempt to draw
What nothing else than angel can exceed—
A maid on earth devoted to the skies. YOUNG.

EVERY thing in my uncle's cot was still and quiet—no sound was heard but a soft strain of melody, which fell sweetly on the ear; it was the voice of a youthful mother singing her babe to rest. As we entered, we saw her seated by the cradle, which she rocked with her foot, while her needlework occupied her hands.

The cottage was not much superior to the huts which I had seen in the island, but an air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort,

comfort, breathed around; I felt myself at home, and my heart acknowledged my humble relatives; nor was I disappointed, when the family returned from their several evening labours, and collected round the cheerful peat fire.

I have detained my reader long among the Zetlanders, but must now speed on with my narrative. I shall briefly relate, that Eric's family consisted of his wife, and an only daughter, who was married, and suckling her first child. Her husband had been pressed into the navy a few weeks after their marriage; he was in a foreign country, and had never seen his son. Eric was one of the noblest works of God—an honest man; Barbara was an excellent, pious woman; and their daughter Isabella a lovely, gentle creature. Nature, in my opinion, cannot display a more beautiful and interesting sight than that of a tender mother watching over the helplessness of infancy. Isabella watched over her little boy with a care and anxiety

which

which almost absorbed every other feeling; when she sung him to sleep, sometimes with the solemn psalmody of the church, at other times with plaintive notes of her own, a soothing softness was infused into her tones inexpressibly sweet, which often lulled me into a state of placid thoughtfulness, as tranquil as the slumbers of the little urchin they were intended for.

Eric had been on board a man of war, but he had the good fortune to be a particular favourite with his captain, who was a worthy man, and who made him his own servant—a situation which he retained all the time he was in the navy. This, with his early-acquired habits of piety and morality, preserved him from the vices common to the sailors in the navy. He possessed all the frank good-nature and disinterested generosity, courage and integrity, which characterize a British seaman, with much of his unsuspecting simplicity; but was almost entirely

tirely free of his coarseness, his addiction to his bottle, to quarrelling, &c. His natural understanding good, and his powers of observation acute, he had made the best use of his opportunities, and, both from reading and intercourse with his fellow-*man*, in many different countries and nations, he had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of men and things.

Barbara had been brought up in the family of the laird of Glensetter—a humble, but respected and affectionately-treated companion to his eldest daughter; she had often profited by the cares and instructions of Miss Eversley's governess; she had imbibed sentiments, and acquired manners, far above her rank in life. Eric had saved some money, and Barbara had received many handsome presents from Glensetter's family; their cottage, therefore, was much more comfortable, their farm better managed and more productive, and themselves and their daughter much more polished in their manners, and their

their minds better cultivated, than those of their poor neighbours in the same rank.

I discovered to these worthy people my relationship to them, which excited much surprise, and gave them sincere pleasure. I now procured some few necessary things, and settled myself, in tolerable comfort, for some time, at my uncle's. I got the necessary letters to the admiralty, my agent, &c. sent to Lerwick, from whence they were to be forwarded to some part of Scotland or England by the first opportunity.

I had been two days at Theasetter, and was both surprised and piqued at receiving no mark of attention from the neighbouring gentry, who, my uncle told me, were remarkable for their hospitality to strangers, of every description, who visited the islands; I was particularly so at hearing nothing further from my accidental young acquaintance, Mr. Archibald Edenborg, and his lovely and very interesting sister.

The third day, being Sunday, I accompanied

panied the family to church, to which we had to walk or ride over nine or ten miles of ground composed of barren hills and peat morasses, rendered almost impassable by having been cut in some places very deep for fuel. My friend Mr. Grantly was in the pulpit: he delivered, in broad Scotch, with much strange gesticulation, a very impressive and orthodox sermon; his language was strong and nervous, and I was really astonished at the power of intellect and deep learning which he displayed. I was afterwards informed that he never committed a sentence of his compositions to paper, all his preaching being extempore.

I could not command my eyes from wandering round the small dark church in search of Ellen Edenborg: in one of the front-gallery seats I discovered the object I was looking for. She was seated between a gentleman I supposed to be her father, and a tall, slender, elderly-looking lady, with a countenance particularly sour

sour and forbidding. Ellen looked most beautiful. She sat, with downcast eyes, devoutly attentive; during the whole service her eye wandered not vacantly or wantonly around, as, I am sorry to say, I have often seen those of young ladies do; her whole deportment spoke the peace and purity within, and shewed she was conscious of being in a temple dedicated to God. If woman, lovely woman! only knew how beautiful she looks under the influence of piety and unaffected religion, would she ever be otherwise? Even when reprobate and unholy ourselves, she has the power of convincing and converting us, when every other created thing speaks to our senses and our feelings in vain.

While I gazed on her placid countenance, my wandering thoughts collected and subdued, a feeling corresponding to her own pervaded my bosom, and I felt the impropriety of giving up my mind thus to the creature, in a place to which I had come to worship the Creator. But my

my feelings of devotion were not allowed to continue uninterrupted; the sudden flapping of a pew door near the Edenborgs, made me involuntarily raise my eyes, when I beheld, in a seat next to theirs, a young lady, whose sparkling eyes were fixed upon me, full of curiosity. Our eyes met; she blushed, and looked another way, but her eyes continued to wander around from object to object, totally inattentive to the preacher or the sacredness of the place she was in; she often stole a glance at me, and then would whisper to a young man who sat beside her. Her dress was rich and fashionable, and her whole appearance perfectly genteel and graceful.

Towards the conclusion of the service I was much startled by a low moaning, which soon increased to deep groans and sobs. I discovered my aunt Hanson, supported by several people, in strong convulsion or hysteric fits, her countenance dreadfully

dreadfully distorted, and her mouth foaming. Struck with horror, I was hastily rising to her assistance, but was prevented by a grey-headed old man, who assured me that if I had the nervy (290), I wid be sure till be infecked (291). "It's as true as I'm telling ye, sir, that ae half o' the congregation some Sabbaths taks 'stericks (292). It's wi' them as wi' the sheep—if ane drinks, a' maun drink; sae if ae ald wife taks a fit, every woman i' the kirk maun keep her company. Mr. Grantly, wirthy (293) man, sometimes losses (294) his patience; and I maun (295) say, thir no half sae ill since he cam' amang is."

The noise now increased to a most alarming degree; about a dozen females were carried out in fits, some of them shrieking dreadfully. Peace was at last restored; and the service being ended, the congregation began to disperse.

Mr. Grantly joined me in the church-yard,

yard, and introduced me to several gentlemen. I paid very little regard to the others, for the first I was introduced to was the father of Ellen. Mr. Edenborg did not appear to be much more than fifty, but his hair was silvery white, and hung in thick curls round a fine interesting countenance, to which the lovely face of Ellen bore a strong resemblance. He saluted me with courteous kindness, and expressed his regret that business, which unavoidably called him to Lerwick, had deprived him of the pleasure of waiting on me.—"To-morrow morning, sir, at ten o'clock, myself and Archibald shall wait on you, and I hope you will accompany us to Mora, and spend some time with us."

Eagerly did I accept of this invitation; and the hope of seeing her on the morrow cheered my heart, as I bade adieu to Ellen and her father.

About a mile from the church we met

two gentlemen on horseback, who checked their horses, and accosted Mr. Grantly.—"Your servant, Mr. Grantly. Have you seen my sister?"

"Good-day, Mr. Thomas Eversley. I saw your sister in the kirk."

The gentlemen were handsomely mounted and elegantly dressed, particularly the youngest, who was in the highest style of fashion. He did not appear to be more than twenty; his figure was fine, but rather too slender; and his face so effeminately delicate, that he might have passed, in female attire, for a pretty enough woman. The other gentleman, apparently about fifty, was very tall and uncommonly handsome; his appearance indeed was noble and commanding. Much of haughty pride was conspicuous even in the few words he addressed to Mr. Grantly; and when introduced to me, the extreme *hauteur* and freezing coldness of his manner astonished, and almost provoked me.—

"This

man, that your father dying worth money, and you his only child, that ye took to the sea?"

"My mother, sir, married again; and —and—and I—I believe I did not much like the gentleman. But——"

"Married again!—ho! ho!—Weel, weel, ye see, sir, though the Hansons poisoned ye wi' dirt, and did ither things forby that I've heard o', ye see they are decent folk in Zetland for a' that—ye'r ain uncle Eric, for instance. If that man, sir, had been born a nobleman or a prince, he would hae carried that dignity better than some in Europe. There's an ald proverb here—'Nane named, nane shamed.'—But what way are ye frae Otters' Isle, or, as they ca' it now, Grovely Island? I was tald ye would soon need a cast o' my calling there. I canna but say, young man, ye'v no been that lang out o' ae danger, that ye'r wise to push ye'r head into another. Matrimony, sir—matrimony is a dangerous sea to embark upon."

I smiled,

I smiled, but very readily agreed, and assured him that nothing was further from my intention or my wishes.

By this time we reached Theasetter, where Mr. Grantly, of his own accord, had proposed to accompany me to dinner.—"When I dinna intend to dine at ony o' the gentlemen's houses on a Sunday, I generally mak' Brucy, my lad, or Jamie Groat, the grave-digger, carry me a couple o' roasted fowls, which I eat at some puir bodie's house, without pitting them to ony trouble, as ye yersell hae been ocular witness to. But this day I expected to see Glensetter at the kirk, and to gang hame wi' him; but he was not at the kirk, and at ony rate did na seem to be muckle inclined for my company."

"For my company, sir, you mean."

"Weel, weel; peradventure he was no inclined for either the taen or the tither."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

But view them closer; craft and fraud appear—
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies—
The needy sell it and the rich man buys:
A hateful tyrant and a den of slaves. GOLDSMITH.

. . . . . .

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their virtuous wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. GRAY.

AT dinner my uncle discovered to me the cause of Glensetter's coolness: Lovegold was his deadly enemy, and that family had been most industrious in spreading a report that I was to be married to Miss Lovegold. Of Lovegold my uncle gave the following account:—

Sanders Lovegold was the son of a servant-girl in the family of the present Glensetter's

Glensetter's father: his father, a man who had been brought from Edinburgh to paint the house, deserted the poor girl, who having been a good and faithful servant, the laird and lady Glensetter, although they turned her from the house, still took an interest in her fate, and supported herself and child. The boy, who appeared to be clever, was taken into the family, and brought up with Glensetter's sons. The present Glensetter had been a very wild and extravagant young man; he had ever found Sanders a ready aider and abettor of all his follies. His father died while he was in London, entering deeply into every fashionable extravagance; Lovegold found means to prevail upon the young laird to make him steward, or, as they called him, *factor*, upon the estate; the consequence was, that by covering his own designs and depredations, and encouraging his master's extravagance, with the most consummate hypocrisy, he, in a few years, enriched himself, while Glensetter was on the brink

of ruin. When too late, he found what a serpent he had cherished, and dismissed him. He then brought his lady, a Scotch-woman of fortune and family, to the islands, and settled there; but such depredations had his own folly, and the dishonesty of his factor, committed upon his paternal estates, that he was obliged to sell more than one-half of his property. Mrs. Eversley had brought him a handsome fortune, but this he had settled on herself and daughters, and no consideration could induce him to apply one farthing of it to the removing of the embarrassments he laboured under. The property was sold, but the most galling part of the matter was, when he found that Sanders Lovegold had employed a person to purchase the greatest part of it, particularly an island, which he was much grieved to part with.

Mr. Lovegold now brought home a wife, after being absent from Zetland for three or four years, and settled at Otters' Isle,

Isle, to which he gave the ridiculous name of Grovely Island; he made at the same time some preposterous alterations in the house and gardens, under the name of improvements. His character soon became as black and infamous as every species of villainy could make it—a tyrant in his own family, and a most cruel and unjust landlord to his unfortunate tenants. Nor did he scruple to practise the most shameful impositions upon those strangers who were so unlucky as to fall into his hands.

He carried on an illicit trade with Holland to a great extent; at this time smuggling was not considered so shameful and lawless a practice; many who, in every other respect, bore a fair and honourable character, embarked in it in Zetland.—Lovegold was known to be the greatest smuggler in the island, and to have many vessels employed; but such was his superior cunning and address, that he contrived to escape detection himself, while he became an informer upon his less-guilty

neighbours: he brought many families to ruin, by being the cause of their goods being seized. He once contrived to bring in a new factor of Mr. Eversley's into a smuggling affair, in such a manner that Glensetter himself was nearly being implicated in his guilt. This high-spirited and lofty-minded man could never forgive this atrocious trick, and to be on friendly terms with Lovegold's family was a certain means of incurring his mortal hatred and indignant scorn.

Mr. Lovegold had, besides his two fair daughters, a son—the being, besides his beloved self, for whom he seemed truly to feel affection. This son had been indulged in every thing from his cradle to manhood; he had given full proofs of his being 'a chip of the old block'—a son worthy of his father.

Gladly do I quit this disgusting subject. At ten o'clock next morning Mr. Edenberg arrived, with his son, at Theasetter. They were much astonished and pleased with

with my story, particularly with my being so strangely shipwrecked among my own relations. Eric and Barbara were particular favourites of theirs; they breakfasted at Eric's, and we then set out to the romantic craigs of Blostar. Here their boat was afloat: we embarked, and soon reached Mora Isle,

Mora Isle is a little gem of the northern deep. Its gently-swelling hills, the lofty mountain that rises in the middle, and its little fairy vales, are beautifully green, while the surrounding isles are clothed in sober brown. A number of little streams, or burns, gush out from the hills, and flow, in many a maze, through the island to the sea; their banks, for several months every year, are clothed with vernal green, and studded with primroses. In the deep-sheltered vale the first daisy of the spring peeps forth, and there the latest violet loves to linger; many a wild flower, to whom the botanist never gave a name,

perfumes with its gentle fragrance the sea-born zephyrs that sport in its meadows.

On the south, where stands Mora Lodge, it slopes with a gentle declivity to the sea, whose green waves murmur upon a beach of silvery sand. Nothing can equal the beauty of this scene on a calm moonlight night. Suppose yourself in a boat upon the water; the sea around is perfectly still, unless, at intervals, a deep and heavy swell, which makes the surrounding islands rise and sink upon your view, but breaks not the placid surface of the water. Before you lies Mora Isle, forming a half-circle: you first observe the smooth sandy beach, then the gently-rising bank of green; a little up stands the venerable-looking mansion-house of Mora Lodge, with its gardens and office-houses; on the right is a cluster of peaceful cots, with their small patches of cultivated ground; on the left lie the meadows and fields, neatly laid out, belonging to the Lodge; behind rises a very

a very lofty hill, and behind this hill you now mark the full moon, first shewing her silver rim, then rising in all her splendour; you see the hill, the Lodge, and every object, distinctly reflected on the ocean, as far as the shadow of the island falls; beyond that, the moon silvers with her beams the tranquil waters—your little bark floats in a sea of light—the waves murmur around you, sparkling with their borrowed splendour, and the dark, beautiful landscape before you looks like a scene of fairy enchantment. While all on this side of the island is slumbering in perfect stillness and repose, you hear the deep roar of the currents which run among the distant islands, and tumultuous uproar of the angry waves upon the eastern part of Mora.

On the north and east the tremendous rocky bulwarks of the isle have for ages withstood the buffeting of the tempestuous waves; their ancient summits are smooth and green; here and there pinnacles

nacles of the stone-shattered rocks rise in many fantastic shapes above the others. Here the island was exposed to the unbroken fury and dreadful swell of the mighty deep; the shattered fragments of rock, as they had fallen, were thrown back by the billows, and were piled up in horrible confusion, in pieces of rock of every shape and size, which appalled the eye, and made the head turn dizzy; it presented to the imagination the apppearance of a world destroyed by some terrible convulsion of nature, and crumbled into ruin. Innumerable flocks of seafowl darkened the air, and deafened the ear with their cries.

To this part of the island, where the waves were constantly agitated, there was no approach by water, nor any place where it was possible to land. On the summit of one of the little hills stood the ruins of a building which had been erected by people of other days; the rest of the island, which was not above four miles in length,

was

was agreeably diversified by swelling hills and fairy valleys; and here and there a little hut, with its kale-yard and corn-yard, was scattered, giving life and beauty to the romantic scenery of the whole.

Mrs. Edenborg, on whose fine features and placid brow sat conscious purity and quiet dignity, gave me a kind and smiling welcome; her old aunt, Miss Martha Saint Clair, curtseyed graciously; Ellen smiled, and looked more beautiful than ever. Three happy weeks flew swiftly away in the society of this charming family; in Ellen, artless and perfectly unaffected, I every hour discovered some new grace and beauty of mind or person. To them I frankly related the whole of my history, and received in return the following detail:—

The old laird of Mora had been a man of reserved manners, and of a proud and stern temper: his children feared rather than loved him. The first wish of his soul was to aggrandize his eldest son; to do this,

this, he scrupled not to sacrifice the hopes and rights of his other children. Mrs. Edenborg died while her children were very young: her two daughters, inheriting from her consumptive complaints, soon followed her to the grave. Mora provided for his three youngest sons, when they were very young, in the navy: of these three, the present Mr. Edenborg was the eldest, and he was soon the only survivor. In the meantime the eldest son had the best education, and made the tour of Europe, more in the style of a nobleman than the son of an obscure islander; his fond father spared no expence; and the uncommonly-fine figure and highly-polished address of young Edenborg gave him reason to hope that an union with some young lady of rank and fashion would soon raise him to the summit of his ambitious wishes.

The ambition of the father, however, had not touched the heart of the son. He had been home on a visit, and had then seen Christina Eversley, a lovely young girl,

girl, who lived with her aged mother at Otters' Isle. Christina was a relation, but she had no fortune but what nature had bestowed: young Edenborg knew his own income was sufficient to satisfy every wish of a contented mind—and such was his; but his father was inexorable—he did not even confine his anger to his son, but the innocent Christina and her unoffending mother felt the effects of his wrath. The young man, thus harshly and unjustly treated, was driven to desperation: in an evil hour Christina listened to his proposals; she left her mother, and fled with Edenborg. For many years they were not heard of; at last the following letter was received by the repentant and unhappy father:—

"*To Gideon Edenborg, esquire, of Mora.*

"MY FATHER,

"Seven years ago I quitted you in the most shameful and disobedient manner; but the curse of disobedience has followed

lowed me even to the grave. I am on my deathbed; the complaint hereditary in our family has seized upon me, and I shall soon be numbered with those who have been. On our arrival in London, after leaving Zetland, I married poor Christina, who has ever since been the fond, faithful, and patient partner of my sorrows: my joys have been but few. We went out to the East Indies, and struggled with hard fortune for five years, oppressed by poverty and remorse. During the last two years, fortune has a little relented—I have made a little money; but this complaint puts a stop to my endeavours, and deprives Christina and her children of a protector. I had sworn never to return home unless I became independent—I have kept my rash and disobedient vow; for, when this reaches you, I will be in my grave. I send to your forgiveness and protection my poor wife and children, with the little money I have saved; they will embark by the first opportunity, when all is over.

"If

"If my brothers are alive, remember me to them, with all the love which warmed our hearts in infancy, *ere cold interested views* separated us. By that love, now revived in a heart which must soon be cold, warn them to shun my errors and avoid my fate.

"Farewell, my father!—forgive me!—and, oh! curse not my memory. Cherish and love Christina. May my children prove to you more obedient, and may they be more fortunate, than your ill-fated son,

"ARTHUR EDENBORG!"

---

Christina and her children never reached England; the East-Indiaman in which they embarked was cast away.

The broken-hearted laird had now only one child remaining, and to him he looked forward for comfort and consolation. He too appeared to be lost: he had been, while on a dangerous excursion, to which he volunteered his services, taken prisoner, and

and carried into Algiers; for the long term of thirteen years he continued in slavery, and endured the most bitter misery; Heaven at last had compassion on him—he was restored to his friends and to his country.

After an absence of twenty-one years he returned to Zetland, to close the eyes of his unhappy father, and to take possession of his paternal estate. The object of his early love, the beautiful Jessie Wallace, had continued faithful to her vows, and had refused many offers of marriage. They were united; and though the bloom of youth had faded on Jessie's cheek, and though Edenborg had numbered his fortieth year, yet a happier or more tenderly-attached couple never existed. Ellen and Archibald were their only children. Ellen was every thing the fondest parents could wish for, both in mind and person; Archibald was a beautiful boy, but of a wild and rather-mischievous disposition: he was frank, generous, and warm-hearted.

Miss

Miss Martha, Mrs. Edenborg's aunt, was a sensible and worthy woman, but her temper not remarkably good, which her lovely niece, and still more her wild nephew, sometimes experienced.

Mr. Edenborg had greatly improved the natural beauties of his romantic isle. After the labours and dangers of a sailor's life, he enjoyed, with the keenest relish, the quiet of home. A home like his was seldom to be met with; it appeared to me a paradise on earth, and I looked forward with dread to the hour when I should be obliged to quit it. Mr. Edenborg assured me it might be some weeks before I received answers to my letters from England; he advised me to make myself comfortable and easy, and would not hear of me quitting them, till such time as I was ready to quit the country altogether.

Behold me then for three weeks the constant companion of the dangerous Ellen! I found myself fast entangling in a passion which, in all probability, would be a hopeless

a hopeless one; I was far from being in a situation to think of marrying, and Mr. Edenborg might well indulge much higher views for so perfect a creature as his daughter, particularly when he could give her the best fortune in Zetland.

GLOS-

# GLOSSARY.

(1) *BAIRN*, child.

(2) *Deel*, devil.

(3) *Foula*, one of the Zetland Isles.

(4) *Fair-Isle*, a small island which lies between Orkney and Zetland.

(5 and 6) *Otters* and *Seals*—abound on the shores of the Zetland Isles.

(7) *Zetland Isles.* The Zetland Isles have been very dangerous to navigators; yet no lighthouse has been erected until the present year: there is now one building on the southern extremity of the isles, at Sumburgh Head.

(8) *Loard*, Lord. *Loard be var me.* Lord preserve me.

(9) *Mucky* and *Nucky*, for Malcolm and Nicol.

(10) *Whar*, where.

(11) *Turf.* In most of the Zetland Isles the people have abundance of turf *(peats)* for fuel. In order to preserve live coals for lighting up their fires in the morning, they keep a large quantity of brands covered over with ashes during the night, which

which makes the heat in their huts, in the summer nights, quite intolerable.

(12) *Bread.* The grain cultivated in Zetland, viz. black oats and beer, makes very coarse and dark-coloured bread. Both of these they endeavour to improve, by preparing the grain in a manner different from the common *aitmeal* and *beermeal*, to which they give the name of *burstan;* but it wastes the grain, and is therefore made only as a delicacy. It is also troublesome to make, being ground in a hand-mill. They form it into small cakes, almost as round as a ball, a little flattened, which they call *broonies.*

(13) *Gude safe us!* Lord save us!

(14) *Sair een*, sore eyes.

(15) *Ibbie*—for Isabella. *Tammison*—for Thomson.

(16) *Frae*, from.

(17) *This gate*, this way.

(18) *Knitting.* Woollen gloves, stockings, &c. the staple articles of manufacture in Zetland, are knit upon wires by the women. When travelling from one part of the country to another, with heavy burdens on their backs, which often bend their bodies, these poor creatures are scarcely ever to be seen without their stocking or glove. On all occasions, when the hands are not otherwise employed, they are occupied with their knitting wires: very young children are taught to use them; and old men, very frequently, both spin and knit.

(19)

(19) *Noo*, now.

(20) *Unca*, strange.

(21) *Hae*, have.

(22) *Whar's?* where is?

(23) *Gude folk.* The fairies.

(24) *Loard safe us!* Lord save us!

(25) *Kuest*, did cast or throw.

(26) *Amang*, among.

(27) *Wha*, who.

(28) *Tald*, told.

(29) *Truth*, troth.

(30) *They're*, they are.

(31) *Muckle*, much.

(32) *Till*, to.

(33) *Tak*, take.

(34) *Gie*, give.

(35) *Wi'*, with.

(36) *Nae*, no.

(37) *Ferry-folk*, fairies.

(38) *Weel*, well. *I weel trow*, I well guess, or I'll warrant.

(39) *Graand*, grand, great, or rich.

(40) *Lang*, long.

(41) *No*, not.

(42) *Lamb*, a familiar term, sometimes of endearment, but more frequently used in a cold, even in an ironical manner.

(43) *To the sea*—means to the fishing.

(44) *To the hill*—means sometimes going to the

place where the *peat-stacks* are placed and sometimes means looking after the cattle.

(45) *Gude-man*, master of the house.

(46) *Peerie*, little. *Peerie weerie*, very little. *Peerie weerie, currie trow*, a neat, pretty, little creature.

(47) *Luken*, looking.

(48) *Gude-wife*, mistress of the house.

(49) *Awa*, away.

(50) *Manse*, parsonage house.

(51) *Yea*, yes.

(52) *Ken*, know. *Ye ken, and I wat*, you know, and I can draw a guess.

(53) *Boil's*, boil for us.

(54) *Drap*, drop.

(55) *Mask*, to infuse, or mix.

(56) *Air*, a very small quantity of a thing is called *an air o' it*. *An air o' comfort* means a little tea, of which the lower orders of people in Zetland, particularly the women, are very fond. Great part of the profits of their knitting are devoted to this. They have been known to want bread in their houses for weeks at a time, while they laid out the little money they could procure upon tea. They often term tea the *balm or balsam o' life*.

(57) *Afore*, before.

(58) *Weel*, well.

(59) *Lang*, long

(60) *Tae*, tea.

(61)

(61) *I's*, I will.

(62) *A'*, all.

(63) *Wis*, was

(64) *Upo*, upon.

(65) *Monanday*, Monday.

(66) *Na*, no.

(67) *Tiseday*, Tuesday. The *hely*, or holy day. *Monanday*, *Tiseday*, *Wadenesday*, *Fuersday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*, the days of the week. *Ook*, week.

(68) *Gaed*, went.

(69) *Puir*, poor.

(70) *Luke*, look.

(71) *Ony*, any.

(72) *Trees*. The present inhabitants of Zetland are unacquainted with trees; they apply the term to wood. *A piece o' tree*, a piece of wood. A Zetland man, going to Scotland, and seeing trees, exclaimed—"*Siccan hick girss!*" such high grass. Another said—"*Siccan muckle dockens!*"

(73) *Rapes*, ropes.

(74) *Ither*, other.

(75) *Wracks*, articles cast on shore from wrecks.

(76) *Shoar*, shore.

(77) *Ae*, one.

(78) *Vandivle*, *no ae vandivle*—means not one trifling article or thing.

(79) *O'*, of.

(80) *T'aen*, the one.

(81) *Tither*, the other.

(82) *Bit* or *bot*, but.

(83) *Nirded*, wedged.
(84) *Atween*, between.
(85) *Twa*, two.
(86) *Win at*, get at.
(87) *Owr*, over, or much.
(88) *Wan-earthy*, unearthly, wan, ghastly, frightful.
(89) *Crater*, creature.
(90) *Raise*, rose.
(91) *Bouk*, bulk, or shape, sometimes body.
(92) *Skreighed*, shrieked.
(93) *Banned*, cursed.
(94) *Tuke*, took.
(95) *Boaat*, boat.
(96) *Gaed*, went.
(97) *Roun*, around.
(98) *Voe*, an arm or inlet of the sea.
(99) *Cam*, came.
(100) *Leeven*, living.
(101) *Feint ae wird*, not one word.
(102) *Spak*, spoke.
(103) *Fae*, from.
(104) *Ken na*, don't know.
(105) *Wiss*, wish.
(106) *Mither nakid*, mother naked.
(107) *Whan*, when.
(108) *Fand*, found.
(109) *Kens*, knows.
(110) *Doited*, to be in a state of dotage.
(111) *Sark*, shirt.

(112)

(112) *O'it*, of it.
(113) *Grund*, ground.
(114) *Wi'*, with.
(115) *Cot*, coat.
(116) *Forby*, besides.
(117) *Gowd*, gold.
(118) *Lang*, long.
(119) *Fou*, full.
(120) *Siller*, money.
(121) *Pouch*, pocket.
(122) *Winna*, will not.
(123) *Kist*, chest.
(124) *Claise*, clothes.
(125) *Canna*, cannot.
(126) *Vandivle*, see (78).
(127) *Scarted* and (128) *Cloured*, scratched.
(129) *Wark*, work.
(130) *Cost*, expence.
(131) *The'ir*, they are.
(132) *Pitten*, put.
(133) *Maist*, most.
(134) *Mysell*, myself.
(135) *Minister*, clergyman, or parson.
(136) *Flannin*, flannel.
(137) *Vayage*, voyage, often applied to going a distance of only a few yards.
(138) *Shoe's*, she is.
(139) *Gude kens what a'!* the Lord knows what all.
(140) *Gangs*, goes.

(141) *Craig*, throat.

(142) *Swalled*, swelled.

(143) *Grousome*, frightful, unnatural.

(144) *Sae*, so.

(145) *Dat*, that.

(146) *Dis*, does.

(147) *Mair*, more.

(148) *Divid*. When cutting the turf for peats, the part first cut off, which operation they call *flayin the muir*, is kept for divits or divids. They have various uses for these divids; they roof their office-houses and cover their peat-stacks with them, besides many other purposes to which they are put.

(149) *Vera*, very.

(150) *Sudden*, suddenly.

(151) *Dee*, die.

(152) *Amang*, among.

(153) *Wad*, would.

(154) *Kent*, knew.

(155) *Garl*, girl.

(156) *Aff*, off.

(157) *Rod*, road.

(158) *Lat*, let.

(159) *Ye'r*, you are.

(160) *Grit*, great.

(161) *Mistak*, mistake.

(162) *Blate*, not over nice or delicate. Sometimes used as bashful.

(163) *Sorrow*, devil.

(164) *Hallie-paloo*, confusion.

(165)

(165) *Cashey*, a kind of coarse basket of straw.

(166) *Spier*, inquire.

(167) *Fit*, foot.

(168) *Gaen*, went.

(171) *Dregged.* To take up muscles for bait, with an iron instrument called a *dreg*, from which they say—"a thing dregged out of the sea."

(172) *Walcom*, welcome.

(173) *Leurick*, Lerwick.

(174) *Vistage*, vestige.

(175) *Veesible*, thing.

(176) *We've*, we have.

(177) *We'll*, we will.

(178) *Pittin*, putting.

(179) *Kirkyard*, churchyard.

(180) *Faen*, fallen.

(181) *Haunds*, hands.

(182) *Putrid state.* The Zetlanders eat their fish almost always in a putrid state: the common people hang out the large fish, without salt, till it is quite red at the bone, and the stench intolerable. They call this *souked fish.* Their small fish they put in parcels, very ill cleaned, and without salt, into holes, in order to sour it. It is not unfrequently full of worms before it is eaten.

(183) *Tiggen.* Women, who have no sheep of their own, go about at certain times of the year, generally in the month of May, among the people who have flocks, to exchange snuff, tea, &c. for wool. This they call tiggen.

(184) *Corn*, small quantity.

(185) *Oo*, wool.

(186) *Glives*, gloves.

(187) *Kellimuffs*, a kind of glove, which covers two of the fingers only, used by the Dutch herring fishermen when gutting the herring.

(188) *Hollanders*. When peace subsists between great Britain and Holland, the Dutch busses who go out to prosecute the herring fishery make Brassa Sound the rendezvous of the fleet; and at that time the people from the several islands flock into Lerwick with their hosiery articles to sell to the Dutchmen.

(189) *Bacco*, tobacco.

(190) *A puckle*, a little.

(191) *Rue*. Synonymous with the English word shear, but performed in a very cruel manner. The poor harmless and highly-useful sheep have great reason to rue the day when they are *rued* or *rooed*. The wool is not cut off with sheers, but pulled up by the roots, and the animal left quite naked; that too in the month of May, when the weather is often extremely cold and stormy in Zetland. It is supposed that the wool gets coarse from being cut, and this barbarous practice is continued for the sake of preserving the wool very fine.

(192) *Sherra*, sheriff.

(193) *Faither*, father.

(194) *Quanted*, acquainted.

(195) *Naethen*, nothing.

(196) *Siccan*, or *sicken*, such.

(197)

(197) *Mistaen*, mistaken.

(198) *Kap*, wooden vessels which are brought from Norway.

(199) *Brither*, brother.

(200) *Certie be my certie!* much the same meaning as, by my faith!

(201) *Maun*, must.

(202) *Bide*, stay or stop.

(203) *Neist*, next.

(204) *Din*, noise.

(205) *Haud*, hold.

(206) *Yeer*, your.

(207) *Sall*, shall.

(208) *Be my sang!* by my faith!

(209) *Tald*, told.

(210) *Town*. Every little farm or labouring is called a town or *room* in Zetland.

(211) *Speil*. To have a long speil of a thing, means, to have a long time of it, or a long tract of it.

(212) *Dule*, care or sorrow.

(213) *Ain*, own.

(214) *Dive*, do.

(215) *An*, as.

(216) *Wir*, were.

(217) *Deevil*, devil.

(218) *Dis*, does.

(219) *Ill helt*, probably ill health, a malediction.

(220) *Carried to the hills*. The Zetlanders have many superstitions, much the same, I believe, as those

those common to the Scottish Highlanders. They imagine that lying-in women, young children, and indeed people of all ages, are carried to the hills by the fairies. They believe, when this happens, that the persons who are carried away do not disappear bodily, but are bewitched, and obliged to carry on a private correspondence with the fairies, that they fade and waste away, and die, if means are not taken to deliver them from the unearthly bondage under which they groan. They have many absurd methods of preserving and rescuing people from the fairies. Being carried to the hills, signifies being carried away by the fairies.

(221) *Sweetie*, woman's Christian name.

(222) *Ava*, at all.

(223) *Awa*, away.

(224) *Deel follow Manty!* devil follow Magnus. This is used in a contemptuous manner.

(225) *Morin*, to-morrow.

(226) *O' is*, of us.

(227) *A' body*, every one.

(228) *Thir*, their.

(229) *Fauts*, faults.

(230) *Jaw egg*, the egg which has no chicken. Applied to any one of a family who does not turn well out.

(231) *Grat*, wept.

(232) *Fu weel*, full well.

(233) *Tweedy*, a garment.

(234) *Shure*, sure.

(235)

(235) *Haud!* a kind of minced oath, or exclamation.

(236) *Haud*, hold.

(237) *Ill fitten.* As much as to say, that is ill cast up of you who have the same fault or infirmity, even to a greater degree.

(238) *Embro*, Edinburgh.

(239) *Mooth*, mouth.

(240) *A spring*, a tune.

(241) *Dead check*, death watch. In Zetland they have their *marriage check*, or *watch*, and their *fittin check*. Whenever this little creature is heard, it is most anxiously listened to, to ascertain, by the sound, whether it prognosticates death or marriage, or a removal to another house or place.

(242) *Aboon*, above.

(243) *Sick*, such.

(244) *Fa*, fall.

(245) *Wanless*, friendless, helpless, and wretched.

(246) *Since syne*, since that time. *Beltan*, Whitsunday. *Sinfu*, sinful.* *Aluk!* alas!

(247) *Waefu*, woeful.

(248) *Mony's*, many is.

(249) *Ill fa him!* Ill luck befall him.

(250) *He's dune*, he has done.

(251) *Ill turn*, ill service, or a mischief.

(252) *Starns*, stars.

(253) *The lift*, the heavens.

(254) *Whoo*, how.

(255) *Rivlins*, a covering for the feet, made in a very simple manner. A piece of hide, with the hair on

on it, is cut out and fitted to the foot, in the most rude and simple manner. It is perforated round the edge with holes, and tied on the foot with ropes, or thongs of leather. They are always worn by the common people in Zetland, except on Sunday, when they give place to shoes. They are very commodious, and light and suitable for these poor people, when travelling over the pathless hills, and deep morasses of the Zetland Isles. There are no roads in Zetland, but government has at last taken into consideration the necessities of this distant and neglected part of his majesty's dominions. The next generation may perhaps enjoy good roads, and the numerous benefits which will follow that first step to improvement.

(256) *Sae fa' me!* may so befall me.

(257) *Warlock*, wizard.

(258) *Yerth*, earth.

(259) *Afore ye can say Jack Robinson*, one of those numerous expressions which creep in among the vulgar, to which it is difficult to give any meaning. Here Gibby means he might be snatched away in as short a time as would be required to pronounce the name.

(260) *Feint a step*, not one step.

(261) *Laith*, loath.

(262) *Tine*, lose.

(263) *Bokies*, hobgoblins.

(264) *Glowerin*, staring.

(265) *Baith*, both.

(266) *Gate*, road.
(267) *Jantry*, gentry.
(268) *Loup*, jump.
(269) *Categise*, catechism.
(270) *Waur gate*, worse road.
(271) *Biggen*, building.
(272) *Maist*, most.
(273) *Sap*, sop, or drop.
(274) *Craig*, throat.
(275) *As mony blessings as I've eaten meal-puckles i' the house light upo hir!* This emphatic blessing is very common among the Zetland servants. As many blessings as I have eaten particles or grains of meal in the house light upon her.
(276) *He'll*, he will.
(277) *Fule's*, fool's.
(278) *Drap o' bland*—(279) *Sap o' kirned milk.* The race of small horned cattle which the Zetlanders possess, thriving well, and multiplying very fast, they often have more milk than meat. It was therefore natural that they should contrive some means of converting the milk into as solid food as possible, to supply the want of bread. The butter is generally reserved for the laird and the *minister;* sometimes a small portion for sale. Into the butter-milk, *blethoc*, they pour a certain proportion of boiling water; the whey is poured clear off, and casked up for winter drink. Sometimes it is kept till next summer, and carried out by the men when they go to the summer fishing. They are very fond of it in this state.

state. This whey they call *bland*. The curds which fall to the bottom of the churn are pressed very dry, as dry and heavy as new cheese. This is eaten with sweet or warm milk, in place of bread, for breakfast. Among the very poor families, or in the case of a bad crop, it is an established rule to have meal only three times in the week for breakfast, this *kirned milk* supplying its place during the other mornings.

(280) *Hoop*, hope.

(281) *Wissin*, wishing.

(282) *Ahint*, behind.

(283) *Ca*, call.

(284) *Sudna*, should not.

(285) *Ane*, one.

(286) *Dwining*, fading, withering, or wasting away.

(287) *Dowey*, doleful, sad.

(288) *Nane*, none.

(289) *Thigither*, together.

(290) *Nervy*. To have the nervy, means to be nervous.

(291) *Infeked*, infected.

(292) *Stericks*, hysterics.

(293) *Wirthy*, worthy.

(294) *Losses*, loses.

(295) *Mawn*, must.

(296) *Claith*, cloth.

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# HARLEY RADINGTON.

A TALE.

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# HARLEY RADINGTON.

## A TALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By MISS D. P. CAMPBELL.

Scribimus indocti doctique. HORACE.

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# HARLEY RADINGTON.

## CHAPTER I.

I'll win by craft what fate denies the bold,
And work pre-eminence by dint of gold—
My growing wealth shall rule each coming hour,
And bliss be mine in plenitude of power.

ABDALLAH, *a Tale.*

.....

When wealth to virtuous hands is given,
It blesses like the dews from heaven.

SOON after I went to the delightful Island of Mora, I wrote to Mr. Lovegold, expressing my thanks for his hospitality, and requesting a further sum of money upon the bill which I had given to him upon my agent, to which I received the following answer:—

"*Grovely Island.*

"SIR,

"As you are an entire stranger to me, I must beg leave to decline making any further advance till I receive further advice, the more particularly as you thought proper to leave Lovegold Hall in such an odd way, after *me*, and Mrs. and the Miss Lovegolds, had *showed* you so much kindness. When I get an answer to the bill, I shall send in your account with the balance. So, Mr. Radington,

"Your very humble servant,

"ALEXANDER LOVEGOLD."

---

"*So*, Mr. Lovegold," said I angrily, as I folded up his billet.

"Mr. Lovegold's epistle does not seem to afford you much pleasure, my friend," said Mr. Edenborg, as he entered the room.—"To look gloomy is often the consequence of an intercourse with the Lovegolds. I hope he does not insist upon your marrying his daughter?"

"No,

"No, sir, God forbid! of all misfortunes, that would be the heaviest."

"Well then, may I be pardoned for asking if Lovegold has found means to get hold of your purse? if so, his hold, I can assure you, will be most tenacious."

"No, Mr. Edenborg, not exactly that either. The gentleman is only sadly afraid that I should cheat him; he delicately hints that I may be an impostor."

"Curse the fellow's impudence! he is one of the greatest rogues in Great Britain. Mr. Radington, I know you must, in your present situation, be in want of cash; I will be your banker till you are supplied; here is a pocketbook, which I have kept about me, for some days past, for you, but could not find a fit opportunity to offer it."

"Most readily, dear sir, would I embrace your generous offer, but you must hear me patiently; I had eight hundred pounds in my agent's hands, for which sum Mr. Lovegold has contrived to get a bill

from me: that bill must soon be answered, and Mr. Lovegold's fears removed, and in the meantime I can be at no loss; I must therefore de——"

"Upon my honour, though, you must not, that is, if you wish to call Edenborg your friend, lad. Radington, I take an interest, a warm interest, in your fate; short as our acquaintance has been, I feel attached to you. The caprice of a father sent me to sea at a very early age, and exposed me to many hardships; the folly (pardon the expression) of your mother has marked out the same rugged path for you: this similarity may be the cause of my attachment, for I will spare your modesty the supposition, that it can be your own merit that has done it; but let the cause be what it may, I do feel a very sincere friendship for you, and shall grieve to find it so poorly returned, that you will not accept this trifling favour at my hands."

"I will not refuse, on condition that you

you allow me to return it, when Mr. Lovegold has got the money."

"I will not refuse it, Radington, whenever I find you have the means of returning it; in the meantime, be under no uneasiness; there is not a man in Zetland in such easy circumstances as I am; my poor father, disappointed in his fond hopes with regard to my brother Arthur, and left in his old age almost childless, grew sick of society, and, as is too often the case in a similar situation, turned all his attention to the accumulation of money. He bequeathed me a fair unencumbered estate, and well-replenished coffers, to which I added a large sum of prize-money. I am rich, like Job, in all the good things of this world. God grant, my young friend, that I may make a good use of my riches, and that I may not be too proud of my richest treasure—my children, above all, my Ellen! If, like Job, I am to lose my wealth, may Heaven preserve to me my children! for the loss

of these I could not bear." A tear glittered in his eye, and he turned aside to conceal it; deeply moved, I fervently, but mentally, joined in his petition for the preservation of his children.—"You must not, Harley Radington, refuse me," said he, putting the pocketbook into my hand, which he shut upon it with a friendly squeeze, and left the room. The pocketbook contained notes to the amount of one hundred pounds.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER II.

He speaks poniards, and every word stabs.

SHAKESPEARE.

. . . . . .

——————————— Death himself
Shall wear the form of beauty———
And when at last commission'd angels blow
That awful trumpet, at whose thunders now,
In fancy heard, thou trembl'est; guardian saints
Shall hover o'er thy tomb, and beckon up
Thy wond'ring spirit to their cloudless skies
Of everlasting peace.

ON the twenty-second day which I spent at Mora, with the assistance of Archibald, I rowed to Blostar, and from thence proceeded to my uncle's; here I fell in with a Mr. Charles Rendall; he was a little old gentleman, with a countenance of peculiar cast; the very spirit of irony sat enthroned on his little wrinkled brow, and every word he uttered was a bitter sarcasm.

"Lord confound that thirteenth cousin of yours, Archy Edenborg, that creature in the feminine gender with a masculine name, that Thomas Eversley! he promised to meet me here to-day, for the purpose of visiting Mora; it's now past two o'clock, and by all the devils in Otters Isle, I'll lose my dinner!"

"Gude bless ye, Mr. Charley, and dinna swear at sic (1) a fearfu rate!" said Barbara.

"Haud (2) ye'r tongue, woman, that sharpest of all weapons, offensive and defensive, sharper than steel, nimble as the wind, destructive as fire, more boisterous than the ocean, louder than the tempest, poisonous as the viper; in short, there's nothing in the creation like a woman's tongue; from Eve down to the present time, a pack of——But where is my blossom of Theasetter? There are just two women in the world fit to be looked at, or listened to, and that's Ellen Edenborg, and your daughter Isabella."

"Isabella

"Isabella is in muckle distress on account o' her cousin, May Hanson; she's very ill, poor thing! Jillie Banks is casting (3) her heart, and Isabella's gane o'er to see the operation performed."

"Casting her heart, my dear aunt; pray what is that?"

"I'll tell ye what it is, sir," exclaimed Mr. Rendall, in great wrath; "it's an infernal incantation, a piece of witchcraft inspired by the very devil himself, and only practised by his imps. I was very ill some time ago; they made me believe, like a damned fool as I was, that I had lost my heart, and an horrid old witch of a woman was brought me to cast it up, that is, to cast it back; the abominable hag poured molten lead upon my head, and left such a sore, that I was in a burning fever for months after, for nothing could heal it; and I was convinced it was a mark the devil himself had put there to know me by."

"Upon my word, sir, that was a very strange cure for love," said I.

"Love, sir! love! love! who the confusion said I was in love?"

"You said you had lost your heart, Mr. Rendall; I understood that to be the import of your words."

"Sir, you understood a——but, sir, you are a stranger; therefore——Why, sir, we mean by losing our hearts here, that we are in the hills; in other words, we are consumptive, our hearts and lungs are consumed away, not by love, I assure you, but by hatred, supposed to be the work of malignant beings that live in the hills, and have the power of afflicting poor mortals in this manner; and we have men and old women who cure this disease by a devilish operation, which I will not describe, for it puts me in a heat to speak of it."

"I thank you, sir, for your information, but must confess, I but half understand it yet."

"Who,

"Who the mischief can help that, sir? When I endeavour to describe a thing to a man, am I obliged to furnish him with an understanding too?"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Charley," said my uncle, coming forward; "ye ken it was your ain impatient restlessness that made poor old Girsy burn you with the lead; it will be very foolish of you to get your head broken before the burning be well healed; therefore take my advice, and never leet (4)."

To my astonishment the little gentleman coolly took my uncle's advice, and we proceeded quietly to the boat, and from Blostar cliffs, embarked on our return to Mora.

"Do row Mr. Rendall to the east side of the island with me," whispered Archibald; "we shall have rare sport." I felt much inclined to humour him, and we proceeded accordingly.

"Where, in the name of consternation, are you going to, Archy Edenborg?" he

 exclaimed,

exclaimed, as we approached the frowning bulwarks of the island, at whose shattered feet the angry ocean roared, dashing its foamy billows over the opposing rocks, and pouring its rushing waters into its numerous cavities, with a hollow sound resembling distant thunder. The surrounding ocean was perfectly calm, the sky serene and blue, with here and there a dark cloud, with its edges silvered in the sunbeams; hundreds, I may say thousands, of sea-fowl were seated on the rocks, or hovering over our heads.

"We are going, sir, to explore a famous cavern here," said Archibald, gravely.

"Explore the devil! are you mad, you ——sir, I shall complain of you to your father; you shall be flogged, sir, you shall. you——"

"You invoke his black majesty so often, Mr. Charley, he may perhaps favour you with an interview. The cavern is the haunt of otters, and selkies, and fearful monsters of the deep."

Mr.

Mr. Rendall grew pale.—"Now, for the love of Heaven! Mr. what-do-they-call-you, make this young madman turn the boat. Why, sir, you might as well explore the Gulf of Charybdis, or sail into the whirlpool off the Ferro Isles. Another dip of the oar, and we are lost. For the love of Heaven, sir, turn!"

"I will turn the boat, Mr. Charles, on condition you tell no more wonderful stories of your hairbreadth escapes, and daring exploits, among rocks and precipices. Now, tell me truly, did you take the eggs last year, you brought to Ellen, from the Coningburg Cliffs, or not? Now do tell me truly?"

"No, no, I did not, I did not; now turn the boat, turn the boat."

"How did you get them then?"

"From a daring fellow, one Haco Duncan. Now turn the boat, dear Archy, turn the boat."

Mr. Rendall's extreme terror, though a source

a source of amusement to my young companion, was by no means so to me; the boat was therefore turned, and we landed, but not before the shadows of evening were fast falling, and the dinner-hour long passed. Mr. Edenborg chid his son for venturing so near to the east side of the island, but laughed heartily at his account of poor Rendall's terror. Mr. Rendall eat voraciously of the dinner provided for us, and in silence swallowed glass after glass of good port; he then composedly wiped his mouth, settled himself in his chair, and, with great deliberation, poured forth a torrent of abuse on Archibald and me. Archibald and his father laughed at him, while I was as heartily tired of him. I left them, and went to join the ladies.

"You have alarmed us all by your stay, Mr. Radington," said Mrs. Edenborg.

"Ay, these are some of Archibald's pranks," said Miss Martha, throwing more vinegar into her aspect; "that boy will not

not give up till some fatal occurrence will be the result, and his father seems resolved not to punish him."

"He did wrong, certainly, by venturing so near to a place of danger," said Mrs. Edenborg, mildly. I felt vexed and abashed, but frankly confessed to Mrs. Edenborg, that I had acted very improperly. While I spoke, I stole a glance at Ellen, expecting to meet her mild, but reproachful looks; I was mistaken—Ellen's eyes were cast down, and her face suffused with deep blushes.

"I will speak to you, my ingenuous young friend, as I would to one of my own children; you have indeed done wrong, but this frank confession fully atones for it; and Archibald was much more to blame, as he was well aware of the danger, and you were not: to shew how fully I forgive you, and how much confidence I place in you, here, take Ellen into the garden till tea is ready;

you

you will there behold a beautiful sight in the heavens, which I have heard you express a wish to see; the Aurora Borealis is just now uncommonly brilliant."

I respectfully kissed the hand of Mrs. Edenborg, and, for the first time, tenderly pressed that of Ellen, which she had placed in mine. My heart was too full for words. I know not how I got to the garden. I recalled too well the scene there; I shall never forget it. It was a hard frost; not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the ocean, or disturbed the air; the moon's silver crescent glowed in the east, and hosts of bright stars shone through the deep, clear, blue atmosphere. That mysterious and harmless firework, the Aurora Borealis, called by some Northern Lights, in Norway the Holy Light, and in Zetland Merry-dancers, illumined the western and northern sky with quick and repeated flashes of pale flame. Ellen hung on my arm, her soft hand locked in mine, as we slowly

slowly paced up and down the garden walks, while she gazed with rapture on the silent grandeur of majestic night.

"See," said she, "how brightly the stars twinkle through that bright silver vapour; I love to call it the Holy Light; do you not think it a most appropriate name?"

"I do, indeed."

"What do you think can be the cause of that beautiful appearance in the heavens?"

"I cannot, my dear Miss Edenborg, hazard a conjecture, where the most learned confess themselves in the dark. You will smile at my idle fancies; I imagine to myself celestial beings, blessed and pure, sporting in that immeasurable space, amidst blazing suns and rolling systems, playing with harmless fires. I imagine my soul freed from its earthy prison, and winging its way, fearful, yet delighted, among these glittering worlds; wonders, and mysterious secrets of nature, now shut from mortal view, I suppose then unfolded to my admiring

miring and enraptured sight. I venture even to the boundaries of heaven, to the eternal and everlasting gates of paradise. But beyond, all is too sacred, too awful, too holy! I tremble at my daring flight—I stop—I descend to earth again.—Ellen, beloved Ellen," I passionately exclaimed, while I gazed on her animated and beautiful countenance, "stop, indeed, your soaring flight; you are too pure, too good, for earth; but could you wish to leave parents who dote upon you, and friends who dearly love you?"

"No, indeed; I wish not to leave them: but if it pleases God to call me from the world, I am convinced, firmly convinced, that I will be reunited to these beloved friends. Death is very awful; when I think of heaven, I seldom think of the pains, the terrors of death—of the horrors of the grave. I look beyond: perhaps this is not right; I should accustom myself to look on both sides of the picture. But even in that case, how consoling, how cheering is the thought,

thought, nay, the certainty of meeting those I loved, at no distant period, on the other side of the dark valley of death! Do you not think as I do?"

"Ellen, the hope of meeting you in heaven would certainly wean me from every sin, and would sweeten the most painful death."

"Oh! fy, Mr. Radington; love for an earthly object will never wean you from sin. You must learn to think and to speak more seriously, and more justly, on this most important subject."

"Were you, dearest Ellen, my teacher and my guide, I might——"

"I am much too young and too ignorant myself, to pretend to be the teacher and guide of others."

"But would Ellen undertake the task, if convinced that she would succeed?"

She hesitated, blushed, and seemed anxious to change the subject.—"Is it not extremely cold? See how changed is the appearance of the sky! It has become obscured

obscured by clouds, and the wind blows cold and sharp on my face. Hear how the waves, lately so tranquil, dash sullenly on the beach."

I looked on the altered sky; the heavy clouds hurriedly floated by, now shewing the brightness of the stars, now involving all in gloom. Columns of the Northern Lights now broke through the clouds, and rushed with the utmost rapidity in horizontal lines, displaying all the tints of the rainbow; we gazed for some moments in silence.

"Like the calm and beautiful scene which we witnessed a few minutes since, would my life be with you, Ellen. Like the storm which is gathering will it be when I leave you—for ever."

"Why for ever?" said the expressive glance of Ellen, but she quickly withdrew it.

"Ellen, ever-beloved Ellen!" said I, tenderly pressing the hand which now trembled in mine; "Ellen, dearest Ellen, hear me."

"I will

"I will not hear you, Mr. Radington," said Ellen, withdrawing her hand; "my father and mother were the proper persons to speak to; you should not, without their knowledge and consent, address me in this manner."

"Have I your permission to speak to your father? Say, dearest Ellen—speak to me!"

"Oh, Radington, Radington! the question should have been—have I your permission, sir, to speak to your daughter? I cannot listen to you—I will not answer you."

She left me, and fearful of meeting any one, I rushed from the garden, and directed my steps to the beach, hoping to gain some composure before I returned to Mora Lodge.

I paced the beach with hurried steps and confused thoughts. To think of Ellen was madness. It was worse than madness to speak to her as I had done. The rain began to fall, when the servants came in search

search of me; I followed them to the Lodge, and entered the parlour, where the family had been waiting tea for some time. I heard confused questions, and returned still more confused answers. I sat for a few minutes in a state of the most violent emotion, and then complaining of illness, suddenly left the room.

Mr. Edenborg followed me, and tenderly and anxiously inquired into the cause of my illness. I assured him, that a good sleep would be the most effectual cure, and my generous host left me—not to repose, for my slumbers were short and disturbed; and I passed almost a sleepless night, listening to the storm, which now raged with awful fury.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER III.

The stone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning still—
Is Love. GRANVILLE.

.....

For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
Hence ostentation too, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart.
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
GOLDSMITH.

I AROSE early in the morning, long before the family were stirring, and stealing softly from the house, I went into the garden. The wind had abated, and had shifted from the north to the south-east. A drizzly shower darkened the air, and made every thing appear damp and uncomfortable. Mr. Edenborg's garden had some trees in it of a considerable height, which were

were considered great curiosities, being almost the only thing of the kind in Zetland. Yet, from the circumstance of large roots and trunks of trees having been dug out of the peat mosses, it is generally believed that these islands were, at some remote period of time, well wooded.

The leafless branches of these trees waved mournfully in the wind, and as I walked below them, they shook off their clustering drops of rain upon me, and plentifully bedewed me.—"When these trees put forth their green leaves," said I, sighing, "and when these flowers open their fragrant bosoms to the summer sun, Ellen will wander here, to enjoy their sweets, but I shall have left them for ever."

Indulging melancholy reflections, I wandered round a great part of the island; my situation was not an enviable one. Without friends, and without fortune, I was nursing a most violent and romantic passion, for one whose rank in life taught her to look for a higher union. I felt a painful

painful and mingled sensation of pride and gratitude, when I considered myself her father's debtor, though but for a time. I was aroused from my reverie by Archibald. —" My father and mother are losing their patience for breakfast, and Ellen looks as if she thought the fairies had gone off with you."

I returned to the house with Archibald, and found that the breakfast-hour was long past.

" Fine cure, Radington, you have taken this morning for last night's indisposition," said Mr. Edenborg, laughing.

" Upon my soul, sir, Mr. What-do-you-call-him has been descending the rocks, to explore the famous cavern this morning. He looks as if he had been favoured with an interview by his majesty," said Mr. Rendall.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Thomas Eversley arrived at Mora, where he was to spend a few days.

" That fine young man is my bright

star of Mora's intended husband," said Mr. Rendall, fixing his eyes maliciously on me while he spoke; "will they not make a charming couple, Mr. *Haddockton*?"

"I am not acquainted with the young man, sir," said I.

"He is the very pink of perfection, sir; and he need not care the pairing of a nail who is acquainted with him, sir."

"I say again, Mr. Rendall, I am not acquainted with Mr. Eversley. You, sir, are; and you have changed the opinion you entertained of him yesterday."

"Oh! yesterday I was in a passion, and in danger of losing my dinner, and that altered the case," returned Mr. Rendall, hurrying away to meet the young laird.

Mr. Eversley, his servant, and things, being conducted to a chamber, he arrayed his fair form, and then joined us in the dining-room. Mrs. Edenborg and Ellen received their dashing young relation in their usual plain, but handsome, style of dress; but the young gentleman was dressed

even

even beyond the extravagance of fashion. Thus attired, and breathing all the perfumes of Arabia, he entered the room with a graceful air, and presented a hand, almost as white as their own, to the ladies, spoke kindly to Mr. Rendall, and made me a most profound bow.

During dinner, Mr. Eversley was alternately pleased by his lively and sensible conversation, and disgusted by his effeminate folly, and evident high opinion of himself.

"'Tis a pity," thought I; "but I trust he will never be the husband of Ellen."

We sat but a short time after the ladies left us, and soon joined them in the drawing-room. Eversley threw himself familiarly into a sofa beside Ellen—"My divine cousin! how do you contrive to exist in this dismal place?"

"The place has never been dismal to me," said Ellen, looking affectionately at her mother.

"Well, upon my honour, that is wonderful!

derful! I detest Zetland. I have told my father I am resolved to buy a commission in the army. By Heaven! nothing could induce me to stay here; no, nothing. Poor Clementina, too, she is buried alive!" looking round the room in astonishment. "But, good God! Mrs. Edenborg, have you no musical instrument in the house? Does not my cousin play?"

"No," returned Mrs. Edenborg, "nor sing, very little."

"*Mon Dieu!* my dear madam, you quite astonish me; I cannot conceive how you live without music. 'Music the fiercest grief can charm!' 'Music has charms to bend the knotted oak'—no, that is not right—'Music has charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak!' and again—'The man that hath no music in himself, and is not charmed with concord of sweet sounds,' is a brute—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ellen has never had any instructors but her father and me; that fashionable part

part of education I had not acquired, therefore was not able to instruct her; and Ellen has attained her seventeenth year without learning to perform on any musical instrument, nor does she seem to regret it."

"You speak French, my lovely cousin," said Mr. Eversley, laying his hand on Ellen's, while a sparkling brilliant shone on one of his taper fingers.

"I do not speak French," said Ellen, smiling with perfect good humour, neither hurt norabashed by her cousin's astonishment at her ignorance of music. Oh! how utterly ignorant was he of the heavenly harmony of Ellen's mind!—"I understand most of the French authors in the library, but papa does not approve of me attempting to speak it, unless I had the advantage of conversing frequently with a native of France."

"But, my charming Ellen, you must really begin to converse in that delightful language. Every body of any fashion speaks French now. There are Clementina

and her governess, Miss Abbot; they both speak French—why do you not converse with them?"

"Her father has forbidden her, as he does not approve of Miss Abbot's pronunciation."

"Does Miss Edenborg draw?"

"Yes, a little; Mr. Radington has not seen your attempts that way; my love, favour me so far as to bring your portfolio here."

"They are not worth looking at," said Ellen, smiling, and instantly obeying her mother.

"Well, Heaven be praised! I have fallen on something that my cousin *can* do. Good God! what an education have they given that lovely girl!" said Mr. Eversley, in a half-whisper, to me.

"Miss Edenborg, sir, has been, in the best sense of the word, well and properly educated."

He looked rather abashed. Ellen returned with her drawings; they were far superior

uperior to what young ladies' drawings enerally are, and evinced a natural talent or the science. I spoke my admiration y my looks, while young Eversley was rofusely eloquent upon their merits, and ie genius of the beautiful artist.

## CHAPTER IV.

——————— The master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home.
— — — — — — —
Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care,
And half they welcome in the shivering pair.
No cheerful faggot lights the naked walls.
PARNELL.

.....

—— In his head there lies
A register of treacheries. KLOFA.

NEXT morning I accompanied Mr. Eversley on a visit to some gentlemen in the neighbouring islands and mainland, which would detain us for some days.

Our first visit was to Mr. Mordaunt, the laird of Olladale, who was a near relation of Mrs. Edenborg's. It was evening when we arrived, daylight was gone, but cheerful fires, and blazing candles and lamps, chased the darkness and the cold away; and the enlivening notes of the violin, and loud

loud peals of laughter, banished dull care from Mordaunt Lodge. We were, without ceremony, ushered into a large, but comfortable room, where we found the family assembled. Mr. Mordaunt was the musician; a group of lovely children, of which he was the happy father, danced and played around, and were joined in their sports by their youthful mother. Mr. Mordaunt laid aside his violin, and gave us a hearty welcome. We begged him to resume it, and Eversley joined the children in their dance. I contemplated this delightful circle with saddened pleasure. Such a home with Ellen would be a paradise on earth; alas! it was beyond my hopes. We spent the next day with this charming family, and on the following morning left them with regret, and proceeded to the house of Mr. Harold, of Haroldwick.

The day was very cold. We were shewn into a handsome drawing-room, without fire, by a barefooted girl.

"Is the laird at home?" said Eversley.

"Yea," said the girl.

"Inform him that we are here; and for God's sake, girl, get some fire."

We sat shivering for half an hour, and heard a strange commotion in the house; people running here and there, and scolding at a sad rate. At length the girl brought in some fire, which she carried in a pair of tongs, and she dropped it on the carpet, midway between the fireplace and the door.

"Oh, dulefu'(5) day! Miss Harold will ding(6) aff mi(7) head," exclaimed the girl, as she attempted to gather up the smoking brands. This she did not accomplish till I took pity on her distress, and assisted her, while Eversley indulged in a hearty laugh. A large hole in the carpet was the consequence.

We sat about an hour longer, when at length the laird made his appearance. He was a tall, thin, awkward-looking man; in his hurry he had shaved one side of his face,

and

and had left a long black beard, plastered with soap suds, on the other. His wig was awry, and his clothes huddled on in a very strange manner. He approached us with an air of much consequence, and spoke in a very ridiculous style; to hear him, one might have supposed himself in the presence of some mighty monarch. The fair helpmate of this gentleman, and his sister, made their appearance in about an hour after, dressed out in a very extravagant style, while their soiled faces and disordered hair bore evident marks of the state in which these ladies kept their persons at home, when visitors were not expected. We waited another hour for dinner, and then had it half boiled, half roasted, &c. and not over clean; while the ladies gave themselves airs of great dignity, at which I was highly disgusted, while my lively young companion was much amused. After being frozen with cold, and half starved for want of any thing fit to eat, we were shewn to a cold damp room, with

two beds in it. On examining the beds, we found the linens of one bed very foul, while that of the other seemed newly wrung out of the wash-tub.

"By all that is abominable, we cannot sleep here!" exclaimed Eversley, drawing back in horror; "come, Radington, follow me; for, upon my honour, I would not stay here all night, even if old Pomposity was to make me heir to his estate, which, by-the-bye, is not a bad one; and the old wretch has a very lovely daughter, to whom I was introduced at Edinburgh, and danced down a country-dance with her at a dancing-school ball." I very willingly left the bed-room, and followed Mr. Eversley to the kitchen. Here we found a strange group of dirty-looking servants, eating fish out of a large kettle for their supper. Eversley ordered our horses, desiring the servants to make our best respects to the family in the morning, and inform them, that business, which we had forgotten, hurried us to Lerwick. We soon mounted

our

our horses, and bade adieu to Haroldwick House. The night was very dark, and after an unpleasant ride, over pathless morasses and steep stony hills, we arrived by daylight at Lerwick.

The town of Lerwick, the capital of the Zetland Isles, consisted of a few houses scattered along the foot of a hill, close on the sea-shore, which being much like a half-crescent, and the opposite island of Brassa, of the same shape, it formed a safe and commodious harbour. On the north stood the ruinous remains of a fort, erected in the days of Cromwell; and in the middle of the town, the tolbooth and a very shabby-looking church. In this poor place I was astonished to find an agreeable and polished society, and was introduced to several fine-looking and very sensible women. Though passionately attached to Ellen Edenborg, and most anxious to return to Mora, I allowed Eversley to detain me for some time. In this time we visited the laird of Gardie, in the island of Brassa,

Brassa, and several other families in different parts of the isles, and, last of all, Glensetter.

I had discovered that Thomas Eversley was possessed of many good qualities, and of a kind and warm heart, although much of the coxcomb; and had I not looked upon him as a rival, I should have liked him more and more upon further acquaintance. He did all in his power to make our excursion agreeable to me. I found his father a man of a very lofty turn of mind, but he had laid entirely aside that haughtiness of manner, which had been occasioned by my supposed connexion with the Lovegolds; and, with his lady, treated me with marked attention.

Thomas was their only son, and might perhaps be termed a spoiled child. They had four daughters well married, and settled through the islands; their youngest, Clementina, was a charming lively girl, and honoured me with particular attention. But Ellen, the gentle, modest Ellen, had

had thrown a spell upon my heart, that nothing could remove but death.

I left Glensetter's hospitable mansion, and, accompanied by young Eversley, set out on my return to Mora. Our road lay near Swinsness; overtaken by a storm, we were forced to take shelter in the house of William Hanson.

We found the family seated around a cheerful peat-fire. I involuntarily shuddered as I cast a look around me, particularly at the bed which I had occupied. The family appeared much astonished to see me.

"Aye, aye! we may thank the ill (8) weather that's driven sic a grand jentleman till a puir hoose (9) like Swinsness," said Catharine. Poor May was seated in her mother's easy-chair, supported by pillows; she was evidently dying. She looked at me with a faint smile.

"My poor cousin, May, I am grieved to see you so ill," said I, taking her emaciated hand.

"*Cousin!*" she exclaimed, pressing my hand

hand on her heart; "and do you ca' me cousin, ye'r ain cousin? oh, Mr. Radington, may God bless ye! When death comes to you, may he come a gentle and sweet messenger, lang, lang after this, when age has bent ye, and turned ye'r hair white like the snaw (10). I winna see ye mair, for I'm gaen hame, and manna tarry here. Ye'v sent my father and mither a hantle (11) o' siller; it's mair than we deserved frae ye; but God will ever bless ye." Here the poor girl sunk back exhausted.

"Have you had a doctor?" said I to her father.

"A doctor! yea, that ir (12) we. But what gude can a doctor do for ane like her, bewitched by the fairy-folk? Sir, they torment her night and day, and place afore her een the appearance o' twa coffins, and o' twa winding-sheets, ane for hersel, and the ither for ane wha's name she winna mention."

"Aye," said May, waving her hand slowly,

slowly, "aye, the same year ga'e us breath—the same breast ga'e us nurishment—and this year ye will sune lay us in the same grave! See ye na the lily begins to fade—the flower turns pale?"

"Who does she mean?"

"That, sir, naebody can tell."

Here we were interrupted by a stranger, who rode furiously up to the door, and alighting from his horse, entered the hut.

A young man, who might have been called handsome, but for an expression in his countenance particularly disagreeable, now advanced.

"Mr. James Lovegold," exclaimed William Hanson.

"Goodman Hanson, I want your sons to put me across to Grovely Island," said he.

"Wi' sic a day as is coming on? Deil sit i' the feet that pits ye ower this turn(13)!"

"You shall be paid fourfold if you put me over," said the fellow, strutting about; "is not that an offer enough to go to the devil for, Mr. Eversley?—he, he, he!"

"The

"The men would very likely choose to go in better company, sir," said Eversley, drawing himself coldly and haughtily back.

"Now, upon my honour, that is too severe—ha, ha, ha!" said Mr. Lovegold, colouring deeply, while a hellish expression marked his countenance. He drew close to the fire, to have the advantage of the light from the hole in the roof, and pulled out his watch; ere he could mention the hour, I sprung upon him, and strongly grasping his arm, exclaimed—"Where did you get that? tell me, I command you!"

The dark blood retreated from his cheek, giving place to the pallid hue of guilt and fear—"Get this, sir! I—I—I——"

"No prevarication, sir. Speak out at once to the point! That watch was on the person of Mr. Campbell the night he was drowned—his body has been found, or, horrible idea!——"

"I did not do it!—who says I did it?" said he, in a hollow voice.

Mr. Eversley stood before him, and sternly

sternly demanded how he became possessed of Mr. Campbell's watch? He evidently made a strong exertion to overcome his feelings, and assuming a fierce air, exclaimed—"Who dares to interrogate me in this manner? Of what am I accused? If you, Mr. Tom, or your friend, who ran off so courteously from Lovegold Hall, have any thing to say against me, I will be found at my father's."

"Impudent scoundrel! this bravado will not do. You are known, Mr. Lovegold—well known. You have robbed the body of the unfortunate Campbell. Mr. Radington cannot be mistaken."

"I am under no mistake; on the back is a very small portrait of a lady. It is the very watch which was worn by my poor friend on the day of our shipwreck."

"Very well, sir, very well; but this very watch I bought lately at a high price. I might part with it again for good profit. As for your suspicions respecting the body of your friend, which are very whimsical indeed,

deed, sir, I will be found at my father's to-morrow; or, if you would rather, I will come with you to Lerwick."

"Will you sell the watch now, this very day? I have money in your father's hand."

"Yes, sir, no doubt; but my father is a very prudent cautious sort of a man. If you give an order, perhaps——"

"What is the price of the watch?"

"Two hundred pounds!"

"Two hundred pounds! sir, the watch did not originally cost the fourth part of that sum."

"Very well, sir, I can keep the watch. If I am wanted, I will be found at Lovegold Hall to-morrow."

I felt an ardent desire to have the watch; and procuring a piece of paper, pen and ink, from the goodman, I wrote out an order for the two hundred pounds, and gave it to Lovegold.

"Are you mad, Radington?" said Eversley, drawing back my arm, but too late;

late; Lovegold had pocketed the order, and, with an air of mingled contempt and malicious joy, he presented the watch.—"If you find you have made a dear bargain, the fault lies at your own door, Mr. Radington."

"*Twa hunner* (14) *pund!* and for yon ting (15)! oh Loard! oh Loard!" groaned goodman Hanson; Catharine gave a deep response.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER V.

Oh Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh;
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame!
Earth's grateful son, all trembling prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

YOUNG.

I FELT that I had done a very foolish action; and as I put the watch of poor Campbell in my fob, and quitted Swinsness, I felt a rising blush suffuse my cheek. Mr. Eversley looked serious. We rode on some time in silence. He at length spoke.

"Mr. Radington, you must pardon me, but I must advise you to be on your guard with these Lovegolds. My father has suffered deeply by them. I can never see one of the family with patience. But from

from some observations which I have made to-day, I suspect Mr. James has business on hand he does not wish all the world to know about. I observed a strange sail to the eastward this morning. Mr. James, I suppose, has landed a valuable cargo of smuggled goods, and he is anxious to get them, notwithstanding the rising storm, conveyed to his father's, to a place of security. The devil is in that family, I believe. Upon my honour, you have made a pretty bargain with him! But if money is to be made or had, they seem to have the power of charming it into their own hands."

Here he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Elspeth Hanson, weeping and wringing her hands, her beautiful hair floating dishevelled on the wind.

"What is the matter, my beautiful maid?" said Eversley, stopping his horse.

"Oh, sir! oh, Mr. Radington!" sobbed Elspeth, "I manna tell the cause o' my sorrow, though my heart is breaking!"

Elspeth

Elspeth recalled most forcibly to my mind my mother, whom she much resembled. I alighted and took her hand.

"My poor Elspeth, tell me the cause of your sorrow. I will remove it if I can."

"That fause-hearted wratch, James Laurenceson, was to be married to me at Lammas, but he's ta'en anither (16) fancy noo; he's after a lass in Grovely Island. They wir contracted on Saturday, and they are to be married the day after the morn. He's awa yonder, ahint (17) the rocks o' Scorrywick, with some ither graceless wratches, about some black business o' the Lovegolds. Now I dinna care a doit (18) for the fellow himsell, but he has a goud watch o' mine; and when I heard he wis down here, on his way to Grovely Island till be married, I watched him, and bade him restore me my watch; but he abused me, and ca'ed me names afore a' the men. He's on his way to his bride; but let him bewar! let him bewar! the wind may rise, and the wave may swall, and black death may

may be afore him; the bottom o' the sea may be his bridal bed; and I'll sing a blithe funeral sang till him, when I hear the joyfu' news."

Nothing on earth is so unnatural, so disgusting, as a furious woman; their loveliest charms are modesty and gentleness. I dropped Elspeth's hand.—"Elspeth, you are distracted; go home and compose yourself." She was going to reply, but I stopped her, and bidding her adieu, turned to Eversley; but he was nowhere to be seen; I spurred my horse in search of him, and left the forsaken fair one wringing her hands, and beating her snowy bosom.

After riding forward a few yards, I suddenly turned round a high headland, or cape, and supposing that Eversley had taken that road, I rode down a sloping pathway that winded down the hill to the shore. I found it so steep, that I could not sit my horse; I therefore alighted, and was leading the animal cautiously along, when I came at once upon a group of

strange-looking men, whose voices the roar of the wind and waves had drowned, and whose figures the overhanging rocks had concealed from my view. On looking at them, I was at no loss to discover that they were Dutchmen, and from their wild and savage appearance, I supposed them to be smugglers. I felt myself rather in an awkward predicament, and did not well know whether to advance or retreat, when I was saved the trouble of doing either by Mr. James Lovegold, who sprung from the midst of them, and flew on me like a beast of prey.—"He is here, he is here!" I took the liberty to let the gentleman measure his length on the ground, but was quickly surrounded by his associates, and overpowered by numbers. They bound me with ropes, and forced me into a boat, into which Mr. Lovegold also came, and with much difficulty they cleared the rocks, and left the shore, the sea running extremely high.

"Curse me, sir, but you shall repent this.

this. You have spoiled the best face in Zetland, crushed my nose flat on my face, and sent some of my teeth into my stomach. Blast your arm! its strength, I'll warrant you, we will find the means of lessening."

I found myself completely in the power of these ruffians. Murder, I had no doubt, was their intention, and I had little hopes of escaping. Complaint or remonstrance was alike weak and useless. I gnashed my teeth with rage, and closed my eyes, to shut out the hideous countenances of the men, and the more hateful one of Lovegold, which was rendered frightful by the blood and bruises which were the consequence of his fall.

I soon found they were making towards a-dogger, which was anchored a short way off from them. The storm increased every moment, and I began to hope that the ocean would open its bosom for me, and give me a death less revolting to nature than that which was designed for me by the savages in whose custody I was. But

they reached the vessel, and got safely on board; I was bound with additional ropes, and thrown into the hold. There, notwithstanding the anguish of mind and bodily uneasiness which I endured, I found my attention excited by the following words, which I overheard:—

"I want him away, I tell you, captain Van Cassell, because the fellow stands in my way—that's enough. I'll give you a pretty round sum if you send him speedily out of the way—why not to-night?"

"Nain, nain, dat vont do; we go out far to sea, den cut his troat, and fall him overboard; den dere be no fear."

"He is a damned, silly, idle, intermeddling fool! if we don't silence him, he'll blab, that's all. We must put to sea immediately. He has made a discovery not much in my favour, and now that he has so kindly put himself into our hands, he will be missed, and searched for, and if we lie here, we cannot fail being seen; at all events, we are in greater danger here, in this

this confounded gale, than if we were in the open sea; therefore, Van Cassell, I say, we must to sea."

The Dutchman assented, and Lovegold's face being bathed and dressed, they went on deck; there they soon got something to employ them, and to occupy their whole attention. The storm raged every moment with increased fury, and rendered all their efforts fruitless. They could neither get to sea, nor could they keep the vessel at anchor where she was.—"Shall I lie here, fettered and helpless?" I exclaimed, with bitterness. Night came on, and the vessel broke from her moorings; I heard a cry of horror and consternation on deck.—"Good God! must I die thus? If so, let thy will be done. But, oh, omnipotent God, relieve me!" As I spoke, I heard a loud shriek—I knew the vessel was hastening to destruction. With wild despair, I made dreadful efforts to release myself; the ropes which bound me burst asunder; I rushed upon deck, and plunged

into the foaming billows. The God of mercy sent his angels to save me. I buffeted the roaring waves, and reached the shore. Here I lay for a few minutes exhausted, and without feeling, but soon recovered, and was able to climb the rocks which frowned above me. I reached the top, and sat down on the ground. My first feelings were those of devotion and ardent gratitude. I then looked on the stormy element from which I had escaped. No vestige of the dogger or her crew remained; they had gone to make their awful reckoning. The last gleam of daylight now faded from the sky, but the stars began to brighten. I looked around, and found myself among wild hills and rocks, where there was no appearance of a human habitation. I arose, and endeavoured to walk, but the effort was excessively painful, for my whole body was swollen and bruised. As I proceeded slowly along, I discerned a faint light glimmering at a distance; on drawing nearer, I saw a strange figure

figure arise as from out of the earth, and the light which it appeared to carry was suddenly extinguished. I remained quiet, to observe its motions. It slowly approached, and exhibited the appearance of a monstrous ram walking on its hind legs. I confess I was a little startled by this strange apparition, and was still more astonished when I heard the creature utter some words in a low hollow voice.

"So, so! Hanson winna hae me till cure his dochter (19); weel, weel, he may do as he lists, but if he winna gie me a sheep to tak his dochter out o' the hills, I'll even help mysell, and tak ane without his leave, and she may bide there for ever, and a day after it, for Nick Luggie."

The creature stalked past me, and on narrowly observing it, I found it was a man so artfully disguised by sheep-skins, that, when going on all-fours, in a dusky night, the sight might easily be deceived. I followed him, and accosted him—"Friend, I am very much in need of rest and re-

freshment—can you tell me where I can procure either?" The man started, and paused for a moment.

"Be my sang!" said he, in a threatening posture, "if ye'r a spy upo' me, ye'll no hae lang time for repentance, I can tell ye, nor will ye tell mony tales upo' me."

"My intentions are very different; I have been carried by force on board a Dutch smuggler, and in danger of my life. The vessel has been wrecked, but I have miraculously escaped. I come with no hostile design, but, weary and exhausted, crave your friendly aid."

"And faith ye sall na want it!—I ken whar ye are now—let Nick Luggie alane. Ye'r the young jantleman that was wracked on the tither side about twa months gane by sinsyne; I heard that dog, Lovegold, and that brute, Van Cassell, and his mate, Cowheeler, speaking about ye this very blessed afternoon, and wishing their friend, the muckle deil, wid rin awa' wi'

wi' you, or pit you into their hands; I wished to hae in my power till warn ye o' your danger, but that wis impossible; just about gloaming (20), an hour sinsyne, I heard that young spark, Eversley o' Glensetter, seeking ye up and doon; I wished till tell him what I heard, bit it was na owr convenient at the time. But I see ye are faint and weary—I'll tell ye what it is—come wi' me, I'll gie ye the best cheer I hae; but this I expect, that ye'll speir naethen about me nor my calling—it's nae business o' yours—I depend upon ye'r honour that ye'll say naethen about me in thir Isles o' Zetland; because for why, it wad be muckle till my scaith (21) and wrang (22), and can do ye little gude—so come awa." I followed in silence. We came to the spot from which I observed the figure emerge; he removed a light covering of deals and turf, and I saw a kind of den, into which he invited me to descend.—"If ye'r feared, young man, ye can seek refreshment and rest

elsewhere. I ken ae thing—Nick Luggie is the maist in danger o' the twa; never did I take mortal flesh and blude (23) into this hoose o' mine afore—but I ken ye hae the character o' being an honourable kind-hearted young man—so I'll even trust ye."

"Your secret, whatever it is, is safe with me; descend, and I shall follow you."

CHAP-

## CHAPTER VI.

Deep in a cave dug by no mortal hand. HOME.

.....

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet. SCOTT.

.....

Soft be your bed, and sweet your rest,
Ye luckless tenants of the deep;
And o'er each cold and shroudless breast,
May spirits of the water's weep! BANNERMAN.

I DESCENDED into Luggie's den; it was a natural excavation in the earth, which he had modelled into a kind of rude apartment, not much worse than the common hovels in the islands. He spread a cloth on the large stone, which served for a table, and set before me cold mutton, fowls, and eggs, with some bread, and gin and water —I swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then addressed my entertainer.—" Your ap-

pearance and manner of life are certainly very strange, and something mysterious; but I have promised to ask no questions—I will therefore be silent. But will you allow me to rest here till morning?"

"I's tell ye what it is, ye may rest here for twa or three hoors (24) and welcome, but afore the day daws (25), I maun tak ye out, and pit ye a mile on ye'r gate; in the meantime, gude rest. I'm gaen down till the shore, to see if there is no appearance o' ony part o' the smuggler to the fore."

I laid myself to rest on Luggie's straw and rug, and soon fell into a profound sleep; I dreamed of Ellen—I saw her clothed in a robe like the morning sunbeams, with wings of celestial brightness, floating between me and the dark azure of a midnight sky; I stretched out my arms towards her, when suddenly the hoarse voice of Luggie broke my slumbers, and the vision fled—"Will you direct me the road to Theasetter?" said I to him.

"Yea,

"Yea, that sall I, but it's a gude way aff."

My purse was luckily still about me; I therefore paid my strange host, who helped me to ascend from his cave, and saw me part of the way to Eric Irvingson's. The morning was very cold and wet, but the wind had abated. I missed the road to Theasetter, and after wandering about for a considerable time, I at last reached a decent-looking house, which stood in a lonely situation on the seashore. I knocked loudly at the door, and was answered by a person from within, who demanded what I wanted. I had got my clothes but very imperfectly dried in Luggie's den. I now felt quite worn out with fatigue and pain; faint and spiritless, I rested my aching head against the door, and, in a low voice, entreated permission to repose my wearied frame for a few hours.

"We tak in nae strangers here; gang on

on about a mile farther, till the manse o' Hollywick."

"By Heavens, it is Mr. Radington himself! open the door immediately." The door was opened by no other than young Eversley himself, attended by Archibald Edenborg, when I was just sinking to the ground. Eversley supposing, from the tender manner in which I had addressed Elspeth, that I would wish to have no witnesses to our conference, had gone on without me. He met a young lad who had overheard Lovegold, when he left Swinsness, threaten to carry me, on board the smuggler, to Holland, if he could possibly lay hold on me. He had immediately rode back, and had come to Scornywick, to which place the lad had directed him. He found many traces of the men having been lately there, and was greatly alarmed to see many bloody marks on the beach, little suspecting it to be Lovegold's blood, (the dogger had got to

to some distance, and the haze concealed her from his view). He did all in his power, aided by Archibald, whom he had met, to get a boat well manned with armed men, to go in quest of the smuggler, but the storm rendered it impossible for any boat to leave the shore. They had spent the whole of the afternoon and part of the night in a fruitless search, and had at last, spent with fatigue, thrown themselves upon a bed, in the house to which I had fortunately come. The comforts of a clean bed, and a few hours quiet repose, restored me entirely; and in the morning, Eversley, Archibald, and myself, walked to Hollywick, to the house of my good friend, Mr. Grantly. Not a soul was to be found in the house, and we went a little further on to a cluster of huts, about a quarter of a mile from the manse; here an old woman gave us the following detail:—

"Och, sirs! his grace be about us a', and keep us frae the wiles o' the evil ane!

Yestrean

Yestreen (26) he wis a night! Sanders Lovegold's graceless son had some black drink to brew, and he employed Willy Hanson and his twa sons, and Jamie Laurenson, and three men forby, to gang wi' a boat's load o' smuggled gudes till Grovely Island. Now Elspeth Hanson, Lord keep us! had a spite at Jamie, for he had courted her; but some say he faund out that ane Mr. Radington and she were owr thrang (27), so he left her till seek for anither jo (28). Now a' (29) body kens that ald Breda Hanson is no canny (30), and Elspeth's nae grit things hirsell. So ye see, lambs, Elspeth hearing that her fause-hearted wooer (31), was gane till Grovely Island till be married till Nanny Humphrey; and no kenin (32) that her father and her brithers wir till gang wi' the boat, she ran till her granny; and, Lord be about a body! they tuke a kap (33) and pit it in a daffick (34) o' water; noo the mair that they jammelled (35) the water, and blew upon it, the mair the storm raise—

and

and louder and louder it raired (36), and at last the kap whummelled (37); then they gae a loud laugh, like twa evil spirits; and that very hour and minute, some o' our men at the craigs, and the lad at the manse there, saw the awfu' sight o' the boat wi' the six men upsetten (38). They a' sank (39) bit poor Jamie; he keepit upo' the keel o' the boat, but Breda and her oy (40) came like twa black craws (41), and picked at him, till he and boat disappeared, never to be seen mair. Early this morning, when the wind fell, a' our boats, wi' the men, and Mr. Grantly, gaed till seek for the bodies, and they haena come back again. Och! there's an awfu' wark at Swinsness; ald Breda sits laughin (42), and callin on William and her bonny bairns. Catharine is out (43) o' a' case, and Elspeth is fairly distracted—weel she may! weel she may!"

I was much shocked at this dreadful account, notwithstanding the ridiculous manner in which it was related.

In

In the evening the boats returned with four of the bodies, which had been found.

Mr. Eversley dispatched a messenger to Glensetter, and one to Mora, to inform them of our safety; and we then went to Mr. Grantly's, where we intended to remain all night.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER VII.

A whole crew lying side by side,
Death dashed at once in all their pride.
— — — — —
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue swollen lip! ERASMUS.

AT Hollywick a very distressing scene awaited us. The unhappy woman whom I am obliged to call aunt, Catharine Irvingson, was there, clinging to the body of her favourite son; dreadful was her calamity! Her husband and her two sons suddenly snatched away by an awful death, one daughter in a state of derangement, and the other dying; my heart bled for her, but vain was all consolation or assistance. Catharine, ever unaccustomed to curb her violent temper, and little endowed

dowed with Christian resignation, gave herself up to the most terrible despair; an interesting young woman, who had lost her husband, was also there, with many other relatives of the sufferers; this poor young thing stood gazing on the lifeless form of her husband, in mute and most affecting sorrow; the bodies were laid decently out till next day, that they should be interred in the churchyard of Hollywick.

Eversley, Archibald, and myself, retired, very much fatigued, to bed, at an early hour; I fell into a heavy and disturbed slumber; I imagined that I was struggling in the waves for life; I saw above me the angelic form of Ellen, stretching out her arms towards me; the more I struggled for life, the more the mountain billows rose against me: at last I thought I saw Lovegold, with a confused group of horrible-looking beings about him, and they attempted to overwhelm me in the deep. The horror I felt, worse than that I had actually

actually experienced when I jumped from the smuggler, broke my sleep; I awoke, parched with intolerable thirst, and burning with fever. Eversley and Archibald, who reposed in the same room, were in a profound sleep. I arose, and through impenetrable darkness groped my way out of the room, and down stairs, with the hope of being able to procure a draught of water; on reaching the ground story, I put my hand on the handle of a door, which I found locked; I recollected it was the room in which the bodies were laid, and turning from it, I went into an adjoining apartment; on coming into the room, I must, with a blush, confess that I experienced, for a few seconds, a feeling which should never enter the breast of a British sailor—fear: the cause of my momentary alarm had really a very formidable appearance. In the upper part of the room stood four tall human figures, surrounded by a pale lambent light; except this light, all was total obscurity, and all

was

of a sister. A cold, and violent fever, were the consequence of my adventures; I was confined in a dangerous state to bed for twelve days, and was unable to leave the house for nearly three weeks; during this time I experienced all the care and tenderness of a mother and sister from Mrs. Edenborg and Ellen, and the most delicate attention from Mr. Edenborg and Archibald; indeed, I had now every reason to flatter myself, that none of the family would be averse to an union, on which rested all my hopes of earthly happiness; even Miss Martha, whose temper was none of the sweetest, and who looked something sour at first, now treated me with marked attention, and during my illness was my kind and constant nurse. I awaited an answer to my letters, with great anxiety, from England, resolving, as soon as I could arrange my affairs, to make proposals to Mr. Edenborg. In the meantime, my friends were very urgent with me to take some notice, to old Lovegold,

gold, of his son's base intentions; but this I positively declined doing, hearing that the family were in great distress, both on account of his son's death, and also by a very extensive seizure which had been made of a large quantity of smuggled goods, which had been concealed in Grovely Island; I justly judged that these losses and misfortunes were hard enough to bear, without any additional trouble from me. Mr. Edenborg, Mr. Eversley, and other generous people, made a large subscription for the relief of the widows and children, who suffered by the loss of their friends, that eventful and awful night.

I found out also, that the seizure of Lovegold's property had been made by the information of my friend, Nick Luggie, who had artfully contrived to make his peace with the guardians of the laws, by becoming an informer upon his fellow-delinquent; the one cheated the king, the other cheated his neighbours; but

Luggie, I very believe, was the least guilty of the two. Luggie, though an arrant thief, and a great rogue to boot, who proceeded upon the old plan—

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

was yet known to have done many rudely-generous actions; and his word, once given, might be firmly relied upon; nothing would tempt him to break it, neither the prospect of gain, nor the fear of punishment. He had amassed some money, by imposing upon the credulity and superstition of his neighbours; if a person was ill, Luggie was their physician; if the hill folk, or fairies, carried off any one, Luggie restored them; and if a browny, or boky, or trow (44), or evil spirit, haunted the house, Luggie banished the disagreeable intruder, (some had discovered that Luggie was the browny, the boky, the trow, and the evil spirit, himself). Luggie was also a surgeon; he practised phlebotomy

botomy and bone-setting, and he was a horse-doctor and cow-doctor. If any thing was lost, Luggie conjured it back again, and he was universally believed to be deeply skilled in the black art. He lived, nobody knew where; he was believed to dwell in a splendid palace, in the bowels of a certain hill, with the fairies; to this place the credulous people carried him their offerings of money, and the various productions of their farms and fisheries. Luggie kept up the reign of terror and superstition with much address, and if any suspected, few or none had the hardihood to watch and detect him; he continued to carry on his impositions, and to help himself to his neighbours' flocks, by clothing himself in sheep-skins, and imitating the particular sound made by these useful and harmless animals; and this he continued to do till he informed upon Mr. Lovegold, when, thinking he would try his dexterity on a wider stage, he bade adieu to Zetland; and it was not till some years after

he left the country that his den was discovered, or the extent of his depredations suspected. Lovegold, on the other hand, was well known to be a rascal, whom no promises could bind; he would sell his soul for a penny.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER VIII.

The savage, all wild in his den,
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow.

I HAD now been about three months in Zetland; it was the middle of March, the weather very fine, and the spring much farther advanced than is generally the case at this season in the Zetland Isles.

Several vessels had arrived with mails, but, to the astonishment of myself and friends, no letters for me. In the papers were an account of the loss of the prize taken by sir Richard Torrington, with the names of the officers and men who had perished on board of her, or who were supposed to have perished, no account of her fate having ever reached England.

At last the enigma was solved; the vessel with which my letters were sent, had gone to Holland, though the captain left Zetland with an intention of going to some part of Scotland. On their return, the vessel had been cast away, in the same storm which had nearly proved fatal to me on board the smuggler; every soul on board perished, and pieces of the wreck, which drifted in upon some of the islands, first announced her melancholy fate. I immediately sent off the necessary dispatches again to the admiralty, and resolved not to leave Zetland till I had answers.

About this time I received the following letter from Mr. Lovegold:—

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"*To Captain Radington.*

"HONOURED SIR,

"Since I had the great happiness of seeing you at my poor house, sad changes

changes have taken place in my circumstances: my beloved son is gone for ever: on the same night I lost property to great amount, in the boat which was cast away; and a few days after, my own lawful property and goods were unjustly and unlawfully carried away, upon the information of a wretch who should have been hanged; but there is neither law nor justice in this country. All this has gone well nigh to ruin me; and to crown the whole, my eldest daughter is dying, and my youngest has run off with a servant lad. Now, good sir, the reason of my troubling you is this: you got twenty pounds from me, and some sundries, and you gave me an order upon your agent for eight hundred pounds: now all the letters (among which were mine) were, by some strange oversight, sent to Holland, instead of Scotland, at that time, and the vessel on her return has been cast away; and I suppose the letters and said order

have been lost: now, as I well know you to be a most honourable kind-hearted young gentleman, I beg you will give me a fresh order, to the former amount, upon your agent; it will be a conveniency to me in my present distress, and I will come with you to Lerwick, and raise you any sum you may want upon the order.

"Expecting your answer, I am, noble captain, your

"Very obedient, humble, devoted
Servant to command,
"A. LOVEGOLD.

"*Grovely Island.*"

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"*To Mr. Lovegold.*

"SIR,

"Have the goodness to send me in your account against me, and an order for the amount shall immediately be given. I must beg leave to decline giving an order for the former sum. I am sorry to hear of your misfortunes, and wish you every

every alleviation, comfort, and consolation, under such painful circumstances.

"I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

"HARLEY RADINGTON.

"*Mora Lodge.*"

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Mr. Lovegold had failed in his purpose; therefore the next epistle which I had from him was not couched in the honeyed phrases of "honoured sir!" and "noble captain!" It contained a long account. Cash, £20. Bed and board, with many various little things which I had seen, and others which I had not seen, with clothes, &c. £35 : 19 : 10¾. Boat hire, and other sundries, £2 : 18 : 11½. And, above all, a watch of great value, sold by the late Mr. James Lovegold, of Grovely Island, £200. Total being £258 : 18 : 10¼, sterling money. I immediately sent Mr. Lovegold an order on my agent for £300, requesting Mrs

Lovegold's acceptance of the balance to purchase a ring.

I was told some time after, that Lovegold was heard to say—"That he would not part with a mouldy biscuit to save that fool, Radington, from starving. He was the greatest simpleton living, and knew no more how to keep his money, than he did how to catch the wind."

The more I saw of Ellen, the longer I was in her society, the more I became the slave of a passion, which seemed interwoven with my very existence. I would gaze on this lovely and beloved object, as she sat quietly, between me and her mother, at work, unconscious of the feelings she excited, till my eyes grew dim. I would imagine that she looked paler and thinner than when first I saw her, and the idea gave me torture. The thought of quitting the country without knowing the sentiments of Ellen, and of the family, towards me, was dreadful; I therefore came to a resolution to speak to Mr. Edenborg on the

the subject. After uttering a very passionate and very incoherent speech, I tremblingly awaited his answer.

"My dear fellow! I have expected this, and am much pleased and flattered by your attachment to my beloved girl; I hope it is mutual. You are the only man I know that I would resign her to; I pay you no mean compliment when I say so."

I shall not detain my reader longer on this subject, than to say, that I considered myself the happiest of men, when Mr. Edenborg put the hand of the blushing, consenting Ellen, into mine, and assured me she should never be another's. He raised his hands over us, and fondly blessed us. Mrs. Edenborg wept, Miss Martha smiled through her tears, and Archibald capered around the room, wild with joy.

It was settled that I should proceed to England immediately on receiving answers to my letters. Mr. Edenborg had powerful friends there, through whose interest he expected to procure my promotion. I

was to inquire after my mother, settle my affairs, and, if possible, obtain leave of absence in the month of August, or sooner, when I was to return to Zetland, and to receive my beloved Ellen's hand. If I could not obtain leave of absence, the family were to join me in London, and our marriage to take place there.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER IX.

What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the Thulian tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The listener held his breath to hear. SCOTT.

"MAMMA, Mr. Radington, and Archibald, are going to Theasetter and Swinsness this forenoon; the day is delightful—may I not accompany them?"

"Yes, Ellen, go my love, and take something with you to poor May. Radington, take care of Ellen, and beware of Archibald's pranks."

"I hope, my dear madam, I shall never transgress in that way again."

"I beg, since you are going, Ellen, that you

you wont stay late. Had my consent been asked, it would not have been so readily granted; but your mother may do as she likes," said Miss Martha.

"Oh, never fear, my dear aunt, we shall not be late."

Behold us in the boat; Ellen laughing and chatting, in high spirits, beautiful as mortal thing could be; and Archibald and myself pulling at the oar, and wafting this beloved object across to the crags of Blostar. I wished to lift Ellen out of the boat, but, with the lightness and grace of an aerial being, she rested her white hand for a second on my shoulder, and sprung from the boat upon the pebbly strand. She went on before us; and as we had to fasten the boat, it was some minutes before we overtook her.

"Ellen! cruel Ellen! you fly from me."

"No," said Ellen, smiling affectionately in my face, and placing her hand in mine, "no, that I am sure I will never do, nor wish to do."

We

We found my uncle just going to Swinshess, to assist his poor widowed sister with the labouring of her land.—"Oh!" said Barbara, as we seated ourselves round her cleanly fireside, "oh, it wrings my heart to see that poor family! May is dying—she has held out muckle langer than was expected; poor Elspeth will never come to her right wits again; the auld wife is in a state o' dotage, and as helpless as an infant; and Catharine, alas, alas! Catharine is the warst o' a'! poor unfortunate woman! she was owr fond, before this misfortune, o' fleeing for relief to strong liquors. This is now becoming a confirmed habit. Eric has laid out the subscription-money raised amang the gentry, which fell to her share, to the best advantage. But what o' that? she destroys it as fast as he gies it. They aye had a graceless way wi' them, and wasted faster than they could win. Eric thought it best to try to keep them together on the land; he therefore took the farm for

for anither year, in his ain, and Catharine's, and the little boy Willy's name; but I fear he'll hae cause to repent it; the whole labour and expence lies upon him, and forces him to hire servants to labour his own ground. Willy is a very fine boy, and does all he can, indeed beyond his strength; but what can a bairn like him do to the support of four women, in sic a helpless state? My heart is sair on their account. William Hanson, poor man, was still working and winning, and had plenty in his house; now, sic a change, they look sae hoken (45) and wretched; it's a very heart-brak (46) to Eric, and Bell, and me, to see them."

I sighed deeply over this melancholy account of my wretched relations, and my beloved Ellen dropped a compassionate tear. It fell on her hand, and lay glittering, like a precious gem, on its snowy whiteness, till I gently raised it to my lips, and kissed it off.

We were just mounting our horses to proceed

proceed to Swinsness, when Mr. Rendall made his appearance.—"Oh ho! Mr. Archy, what cavern are you going to explore now? may I presume to inquire, eh? My beautiful northern star, good-day! is it true they are going to pluck you down from the firmament? Your servant, Mr. Radington."

"What do you mean by plucking Ellen down from the firmament, Mr. Charley?"

"What do I mean! upon my soul, Mr. Archibald, if you don't know my meaning, I cannot help your want of penetration. If my meaning is a riddle to you, you may cast about, and find out the interpretation thereof, sir, that's all."

"If you'll ride my horse to Swinsness, I'll read your riddle, sir."

"Ride, sir! ride that devil in the shape of a horse! I'll be hanged, and drowned, and burned first; you may mount him yourself, sir, and let him carry you to——. Do you think I'll go to that place of abomination, Swinsness? Is not that bewitched

ed young damsel, May Hanson, there? and that old witch, and that young witch, who leagued with the powers of darkness to raise a storm, and drown so many poor fellows, are they not all convened there together? I would as leif, sir, go to Pandemonium!"

"Mr. Rendall, I must request you will speak with a little more lenity and compassion of these unfortunate women—they are my relations."

"Your relations!" said Mr. Rendall, much confused; "why, sir, I confess I knew something of that; but, upon my soul, sir, it is very noble of you to own them. I wish my tongue blistered—I do upon my honour! But I see you forgive me. Come, I'll not pluck this star from the firmament, but place you there beside her, where you shall blaze together, and eclipse the midday sun. Good-day, good-day! I'll make Barbara have a comfortable dinner ready for you on your return; you'll be back again by two of the clock."

We

We mounted our horses, and soon reached Swinsness. At a little distance from the house we met Elspeth. The colour on her cheek was gone, and her looks were haggard and wretched; her clothes neglected and dirty; and her fine hair matted about her head and shoulders. She shrieked on seeing us, and flew into the house. There we followed her, and found the family together, expecting us. Old Breda sat in a corner, a moving picture of human imbecility; she sat picking a piece of straw to pieces, and muttering to herself. May was supported in her mother's chair, a mere shadow. Her countenance had lost much of its deformity, and its expression was pleasing, placid, and resigned. The unhappy mother stood weeping over her. Poor little William's lately rosy cheek was pale and hollow; and the poor fellow looked grotesque enough in a suit of his father's clothes. Poverty and squalid misery seemed to have marked the mud-walled dwelling for their

their own. May fainted, and I was astonished to see my dear Ellen so deeply affected; she wept over May, and seemed to take a warm interest in her fate. She looked herself so pale and ill, as she hung over the inanimate form of the poor sufferer, that I became alarmed, and besought her to leave the house.

"Not now; but when she recovers and speaks to me, then I will come, if you wish it, Mr. Radington."

May slowly opened her eyes—"Dear, dear Miss Ellen! you, too, kind—good Mr. Radington! God bless ye baith! God bless ye!"

She could say no more. I took her hand, and pressed it in mine. I spoke in the most soothing manner to her. I had a double incentive, to gratify my own feelings, and, above all, to please Ellen. Ellen looked gratefully on me through the tears which glistened in her beautiful blue eyes. I said all I could to comfort Catharine, but she would not be comfort-

ed;

ed; hers was sorrow of the deadliest kind. It looked not to a merciful God for alleviation. She indeed 'sorrowed without hope."

"Cannot May be removed to Theasetter, or to Mora? This is a miserable place," said Ellen.

"That is impossible, my dear young lady," said my uncle Eric. Ellen sighed, and clasping her white hands together, sat gazing sadly on the various distressing objects around her.

"Come, my dearest Ellen, let us go," said I, gently rousing her. She arose, stooped over May, and kissed her cheek; then gave a basket, which Archibald carried, to Catharine, begging her to take care of May. After bestowing all we could, to comfort and relieve, we quitted Swinsness. Elspeth followed us. I was walking by Ellen, who had mounted, and leading my own horse, when she came close up to me, and laid her hand on mine

"Yea, yea! Mr. Radington, that wis the very

very wedding ring I coft (47) for Jamie, bit ye cam and stealed it awa. Na, that wis na the way; my mither hocket (48) it out o' ye'r grave; and then yon fule (49) thing, May, sat up every night, when decent folk gaed till their beds, and wirked stockings fine enough for a queen, till she got siller enough till pay my mither for the ring; and then that wis the way that I got nae wedding ring either frae the tane nor the tither."

"Poor May! noble young creature, perhaps she has injured her health, and hurried on her dissolution, from the too generous wish of restoring this ring, on which she knew I set a high value."

"Hush, hush! I'll tell ye: my father sleeps sae sound, and the blue deep is sae mony fathoms ower him, he winna hear, I'll tell ye. They gaed till the fishing—no till the Haaf—na, na, na! Ye ken they could na gang till the Haaf in a winter day. Weel, they fished up a grand man—no ye though; he had a thing on his shouther,

a' gowd, and sic a watch in his pocket; loshens (50), ye never saw the like o' it! Weel, my brither Andrew got the gowd aff o' his shouthers, and (lout (51) down, and I'll hark intil ye'r ain lug (52) Jamie Lovegold got the watch. Then they hockit a hole awa yonder, at Ildawick, and there they laid him, cauld and naked; for they took every steek (53) aff o' him; and his sark, o' hollands fine, wis till hae been my Jamie's bridal sark. Weel, weel, they hae nae winding sheets whar they lie themsells—ha, ha, ha! I think Nanny Humphrey met wi' a foresmore (54) yon time."

I saw Ellen grow pale, and immediately mounting, set spurs to my horse, and we left the unhappy creature far behind. I said nothing at the time, but I had marked her words.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER X.

Here they who perished on the deep,
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For ocean from his wrathful breast
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie. EREMUS.

WE found dinner ready at Theasetter, and Mr. Rendall rather impatient.

"Come, good people, come, here is as good a dinner waiting you, as you will get in the first laird's house in Zetland; salt fish and sour (56) fish, smoked beef, and vivda (57), roasted fowls, and pancakes, which I myself have helped the goodwife to toss up; and as to vegetables, we have a few of that rare vegetable, potatoes, and some excellent kale (59). We have ale of Eric's brewing, and gin of Lovegold's smuggling. The goodwife promises me a cup of good tea, and a burstan (60) brooney,

brooney, of her own baking, with plenty of butter, and good cream to boot. Now, with all these dainties, will you say that Zetland here is a poor place? I'll challenge the first that says a disrespectful word of Zetland—upon my soul, I will! Well," continued Mr. Rendall, as he eat voraciously of Eric's good cheer, "well, we want nothing to make this quite a banquet, but Haaf(61) fish: upon my life and honour, Mr. Radington, you must not think of leaving Zetland till you have tasted of some of our summer fishing. You have never known the use of your palate before. It's not worth a man's while to have a palate at all, unless he comes to Zetland to eat fish. I wish I was a poet, (provided a condition was made, that I was not to be a hungry or a poor one, which you know would be a wonder), I would immortalize these islands of the northern deep. I have heard old Gravesdale, when he was alive, say—

(61) Leek

'Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear;
Of Irish swains potatoes is the cheer—
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
But fish, dear savoury fish, in Zetland you will find.'

Now, Mr. Radington, pledge me in a deep cup of real geneva to this bright star of the northern hemisphere—'I learnt it in England, where they are most potent in potting!' says Shakespeare; so don't belie your country, sir."

The dinner ended, I drew Archibald aside, and we went out together, promising to Ellen to be back within an hour, to return to Mora.

"Do you know a place called Ildawick?"

"Yes; I know why you ask; I marked Elspeth's words. The distance is nothing. I will get two spades. We can go and be back in an hour."

Archibald procured two spades, and we slipped away unperceived. We soon reached Ildawick, or, as Archibald called it, the Holm of Ildawick. It was a piece of detached

detached rock, about half-a-mile in circumference, the top of which was covered with a smooth green sward. The tide was out, and we reached the Holm without the aid of a boat, which would have taken up a long time to get, as the place was solitary, and far from any of the huts of the islanders.

With trembling impatience, and a feeling of horror, I searched every spot which had the slightest appearance of having been lately dug up. At length we found a spot, covered over with rotten seaweed, and without grass, which bore a suspicious appearance. I cannot describe my feelings as I removed the stones and stuff, and cautiously dug the ground. We did not work long in vain; but I will not shock my reader by attempting to describe the sight of horror which met our eyes. The body, which I doubted not was that of my poor friend Campbell, had been thrown, without coffin or shroud, into this hole, from whence it could not now be removed. —"Gallant and excellent young man!

you deserved a better fate," I exclaimed, as I covered up the unconsecrated grave.

Here we were suddenly interrupted by voices from the rocks of the Holm, adjoining to the place where we were at our mournful and disgusting work.

"Och, feigh (62), Gibby, find ye yon ill air (63)?"

"Be my sang, I canna say but what I am war (64) o' it; but I's gang round and see what's the occasion o' it."

Here Gibby Burley came suddenly in sight, accompanied by a young lad. He started, and grew pale, for he immediately saw how we were employed.

"His presence be about us! Mr. Archy —Mr. Radington!"

I explained to him the cause of our strange work, and my suspicions. He assisted us to cover up the grave, though with evident reluctance and dread.—"A' that's gude be about us! Hoo has it come to pass, that I've never seen ony (65) thing warse (66) than mysell, a' the times that I've been

been here getting wilks(67) and lempuks(68) for sillic(69) bait. No, the verra(70) king himsell, wi' his crown upo' his head, widna mak Gibby Burley come here again. Come, Hendry(71) lad, tak up ye'r budy(72) and let's gang—but what's this? Oh! be my faith, it's something belanging till the dead! I winna lay a finger on it."

I lifted from among the pebbles and sea-ware the object which had attracted Gibby; it was a silver pencil-case, with a small cut seal on the end of it, on which was engraved—"Campbell!" Sad confirmation of poor Campbell's destiny.—"Loard, sir," said Gibby, "why need ye tak sae muckle till heart, that the young man was buried yon gates upon the shore? What warse is that than rotting in the bottom o' the sea?"

Gibby accompanied us to Theasetter. The terrified young lad, with his budy full of bait, we left at one of the huts as we came along. We had been absent two hours, and found Ellen very anxious about

us. She had Isabella's little boy in her arms, and was softly warbling a melancholy air, both to soothe the infant, and to beguile her own anxiety. She stopped and blushed when I entered. Her voice was enchantingly sweet. I was both astonished and delighted—"Dear Ellen, why conceal this charming talent? Nothing on earth could so contribute to lull every stormy passion, and every sorrow in my bosom, to rest, than such strains of simple melody as I just now overheard; then why, beloved Ellen, refuse me this gratification?"

"I cannot sing even to papa. I never can acquire sufficient confidence to enable me to sing tolerably. If I ever can take courage, *after this*, happy shall I be to add to your happiness by every means in my power."

My heart was too full to answer her. I told Ellen that I had discovered where poor Campbell had been buried, without shocking her by particulars.

I took Mr. Rendall and my uncle out, and

and earnestly requested that they would take upon themselves the trouble of seeing the grave enclosed by a strong low wall, and covered with a large freestone tablet, an inscription for which I left with them; also, an order for a sum sufficient to defray the expence, as I would not, most probably, be long enough in Zetland to see it done. My uncle told me it would be long before it could be done, as it would, in the first instance, be difficult to procure masons; and, in the second place, he would be obliged to send to Leith or Aberdeen for the monumental stone. He promised, however, to attend to my wishes in the most particular manner, and to hurry the work as much as possible.

We bade adieu to the worthy family at Theasetter, and proceeded to the Craigs of Blostar. We found a woman sitting beside the boat, waiting, as she said, to ask permission to go over to Mora. I soon found her to be no other than my old acquaintance, Ibbie Tammison.

"Miss Edenborg, please ye'r ladyship, madam, is that gentleman the gentleman that the gudeman o' Swinsness had in his house?"

"The same."

"Oh, sir! I'm ever sae happy to see ye lukin sae weel; I've been unca ill, or I wid hae been here afore till hae speired after ye; but now that I've had the gude luck till meet ye here, I needna gang across the water till Mora. If ye please, sir, I wid be glad till speak just twa (73) wirds till ye'rsell."

"You may speak where you are; there are none but friends present."

"Oh, very weel, sir, lang may ye be freends (74), and near freends, and dear freends. I'll tell ye what it is, I saw ye wis a grand man frae the first, as I said till Catharine Irvingson; so when that graceless woman sald a' yer fine claes, and yer gowd watch, I thought wi mysell this gentleman maybe wid like till hae back his ain things again; so, sir, I'm come till tell ye that I ken whar a' yer claes

and

and yer watch is till be gotten, and I can get them back for the same money which was gien for them, that is as a favour."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Ibbie, but I have no wish to purchase back the things, which must have been much spoiled. But here is something for your trouble."

Ibbie seemed at first rather mortified; but on looking at the money, she cleared up, and, with many professions of gratitude and thanks, went her way, pouring blessings upon our heads, in the strange, but emphatic manner common to these islanders.

## CHAPTER XI.

I stood as one on tow'ring hill,
Whose dazzled eyes behold
The streaky orient bright'ning still,
And blushing into gold:
An unearthly form was flitting by,
Like a wandering spirit of the sky;
As near my path the radiant vision stole,
I bared my bosom wide, and gave her all my soul.

Now for a storm! aunty will scold us all
or a month to come," said Archibald, as
we landed on Mora beach.

"I fear we have given much uneasiness
by being so long away."

"Yes, and nothing will give that ill-
natured old woman so much satisfaction
as an opportunity of scolding."

"Fie, fie, Archibald! speak with more
respect

respect of your aunt; if she should be angry, it proceeds from her affection."

"To be sure; but you are always making excuses for her, though you know she is glad to make mischief."

"I will not hear another word against aunt Martha," said Ellen; and passing her arm under mine, we proceeded to the house, and left Archibald behind.

I had often seen instances of Miss Martha Saint Clair's bad temper, but I confess she now quite astonished me. She would not listen to the cause of our delay, explained in the mildest and most respectful manner by her gentle niece, but continued railing and abusing in the most indecorous manner, until my beloved Ellen, who had tried every means of softening her, burst into tears and left the room. This was a sight I could ill brook, and I warmly remonstrated with Miss Martha on her unreasonableness; but she grew more furious, and I was obliged to quit the field.

Mr. and Mrs. Edenborg's good humour, however, soon restored its wonted serenity to the lovely face of Ellen; and after spending an evening of unalloyed happiness in such valued society, I retired to bed to dream of Ellen.

Finer weather never beautified nature than that which the next morning displayed. Before breakfast, Ellen, her brother, and myself, had a long and delightful walk round the island. How shall I find language to describe the beauties of the romantic scenes by which we were surrounded! we stood on the summit of the highest hill in the island, and took in at one glance the whole of its little territory, now smiling with the enlivening green of infant vegetation; the surrounding ocean was unruffled by the softest breath of wind, and on the east a long line of silver radiance shone on its placid bosom from the rising sun. As the morning mists rolled away, and the gloom which hung over the west and north-west receded

ceded before his brightness, we discovered, one after another, the several islets of Zetland, sleeping in silence on the bosom of their parent ocean. Now the stillness of the scene was broken, the cattle lowed on the adjacent isles, and the noisy curs barked in the several huts; boats shot out from every little creek and bay, a sloop in full sail passed near our island, and two large ships were seen on the distant waves, seemingly immoveable; sunny gladness shone on the azure sky, on the earth, and on the sea, and all nature rejoiced in strength and beauty—rejoiced in emancipation from winter and from night; I too rejoiced, and my full heart inwardly praised the Giver of all good; the beloved being, who hung on my arm, was, amongst all the beautiful works of God, the most beautiful, the most perfect; she was to be my own—to be with me for life; I felt myself the happiest of the happy.

We descended the hill, and directed our steps to a sandy beach, almost immediately

in Zetland all your life?" said Ellen, after a long silence.

"With you, Ellen, I could live any where; but I am partial to Zetland, and hope to spend at least the evening of my days here."

"But your native country, fair, merry England, is so very different—so very different! Will you not regret its luxuriant landscapes, its groves, its forests, its broad rivers, its wide-spreading cultivated fields, and splendid cities? will you not often be led to contrast in your mind England, fair, fertile England, with this poor barren island? will you not repent——"

"Stop, Ellen; I cannot allow you to go further; there is a homely, but impressive adage—"Home is home, however homely;" my future home, the home to which all my wishes point, where all my hopes are centered, must be in Zetland, unless you, my beloved Ellen, wish it should be otherwise."

"No, that I do not," said Ellen blushing;

ing; "I only fear that you will regret the sacrifice you make, and it is some way strangely impressed upon my mind, that you will not settle in this country."

"Banish these thoughts for ever from your mind, my ever dear Ellen; it is my own wish to settle here for life; but in this I shall be entirely guided by your wishes, and the wishes of your parents."

Here we were interrupted by Mr. Edenborg, and went in with him to breakfast. When seated at this social meal, which our long walk rendered doubly pleasant, Mr. Edenborg thus addressed me—"I expect here, in a few days hence, Mr. M'Craften, a worthy limb of the law, and I wish, my dear Radington, to make such arrangements as I hope will be pleasing to you and Ellen. I intend to divide my property and money equally between Archibald and Ellen; Ellen's part is made over to you and her the day she becomes your wife. I wish to build a new house for you, either in this island, or on any other part

Harley Radington, you will be my own brother! you shall never—never leave us more!"

Our happy party had scarcely regained a little composure, ere visitors were announced.

Thomas Eversley, with some young fellows of his acquaintance, joined us.

"Good people, what, in the name of mystery, may be the matter? and my charming cousin here, with tears on her cheek, like morning dew upon the fragrant mossrose!"

"That's a monstrous simile, Eversley," said Mr. Henderson; "the mossrose has, you know, a very rough envelope, a hairy-looking exterior, as I take it——"

"As you take it, no doubt! Do you know you are talking downright pure nonsense? (No great wonder by-the-bye.) I'll bet you any thing you never saw a mossrose in your life—you would not distinguish one from red cabbage. But, my dear

dear Miss Martha, are you going to be married, that these worthy people look so odd?"

"And why, sir, look odd on that account?" said Miss Martha, more than half angry.

"Because, my dear madam, you would be the greatest loss the family could sustain; upon my honour, I know not what they would do without you! for my part, I should never come near the house again." Miss Martha smiled.

We sat down to the breakfast-table with the new guests, and tranquillity was restored to us all.

"Radington," said Eversley, "I have come to carry you away again from this enchanted hall; the laird of Fetler has fitted up a handsome pleasure-boat; we are to make a trial of her in an excursion, first to Noss, and then to Fetler; from thence we are to proceed to the laird's own residence. I have promised for you, Radington: I see you are framing an excuse; but, upon

nnot listen to it—

refuse your invita-
o England in a fort-

t take up five days.
ton, that's a good fel-
pany us?"

hard; Mr. Edenborg
o; he would visit the
wait at his house for
ack to Mora. Very re-
d to this arrangement,
nbark with them. Mrs.
me aside, and begged I
that Archibald should wait
at the laird's for us, as she
t in a constant state of alarm
nt, if he we us; this,
difficulty, I complished,
ld was ve to go with

quite re I went into
our; Ell re alone.

"Adieu,

"Adieu, my ever dear Ellen, for a little time. Even this short separation gives me great uneasiness; I have been forced against my inclination to accompany these young men; I am sorry and surprised that your father wished me to go." I hung over Ellen, and pressed her hand to my heart; she looked very pale.—"Are you ill?" said I, greatly alarmed.

"No, no," said Ellen, smiling and looking cheerful. "Adieu, dear Mr. Radington! take care of yourself;" her paleness gave place to a deep blush, and she averted her face.

"Oh, Ellen! if my life is worth your care, how precious must it be to me!"

The blush on Ellen's cheek became still deeper, and spread over the lily of her neck and forehead.

"I am always uneasy when Mr. Thomas Eversley goes on an excursion by sea; sailing and boating are with him quite a passion, and he is extremely rash; you have besides to go a great way round to Fetler,

Fetler, and this early season, so inconstant, so stormy, all considered, I am very ——I take the liberty to suggest that you should be careful."

"Beloved Ellen! how flattering to me is this anxiety! with what reluctance do I tear myself from this place! how ill-judged (pardon me for saying so) of your father to press my going at this time, when I must so soon set off for England! But it is fixed upon that I must go. Adieu then, beloved Ellen! adieu, dear object of my tenderest, fondest hopes! adieu!"

I pressed Ellen's hand to my heart and to my lips, and fervently blessing her, left the room.

With great reluctance, and casting many a long lingering look behind, I left Mora Isle.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XII.

——————— Ye precipices rude!
Whose shagged tops usurp the airy reign,
Whose brinks abrupt a near approach forbid;
The dizzied head averts, the eye withdraws;
It seems a danger even to dare a glance—
Yet do ye, in magnific language, speak,
And to the great Creator lift the soul.
— — — — — — — —
The tranquil air is suddenly disturbed
By wing innumerable rapid beat.

MISS CHALMERS.

To Eversley's great disappointment our sails were of no use, as it was a dead calm. We found it impossible to reach Noss that day, and therefore we landed on the mainland, and spent the night at the house of a clergyman.

"Now, Radington, tell me candidly, are you going to carry off Ellen?" said Eversley, in a whisper, as we walked to this gentleman's manse.

"Does

"Does Mr. Eversley ask this question as the lover, or as the relation, of Miss Edenborg?"

"As neither the one nor the other, but simply as your friend."

"Then as a friend I will answer you. I adore Ellen, and have some hopes."

"Then may success attend your hopes, and happiness crown your union! Ellen is an angel. I know her counterpart in this house."

I was introduced to Miss Robertson, the object of Eversley's love. She was the ward of the clergyman. She was indeed very lovely, and seemed sensible and accomplished; but she was not Ellen, and Ellen, in my eyes, surpassed all created beings.

Early next morning we proceeded on our way to Noss, and after a pleasant row over an unruffled sea, reached that island. The Noup of Noss is a grand piece of rock, which rises to a great height above the sea. Innumerable flocks of sea-fowl nestle in its

clifts; their ever-restless wings darken the air, and their ceaseless cries deafen the ear of those who intrude upon their wild domain. Not a breeze ruffled the sea. How awful must this sublime scene be in a storm! I was almost sorry that I could not witness so grand and terrific a spectacle. But the principal object of curiosity is the celebrated Cradle of Noss. The name is not a very proper one, nor do I think that any of my readers would choose to be rocked in this said cradle.

Some frightful convulsion of nature seems to have rent a large mass of rock from the island of Noss; the detached part forms what they call a Holm. It is entirely separated from its parent isle, and is inaccessible both from the isle and from the sea. In the fearful chasm which lies between, huge fragments of the rock are piled, and the angry waves dash furiously against them, and rush and roar through the narrow channel. In the days of other years, tradition says, there lived a man famous

famous for climbing the most awful precipices. This Holm, during summer, might afford good pasture for some sheep and lambs, but there was no way of getting to it. An angry spirit seemed to sit frowning on this fairy islet, and to forbid the approach of human kind. Sacred to the gambols of these fantastic beings, it had never yet received the print of a human footstep. This hero of Noss—this benefactor of his native isle (his name, to the shame of his country be it spoken, has not been preserved), was resolved to surmount these difficulties, and to render this spot beneficial to the islanders. He procured large strong pieces of wood, the wrecks of those unfortunate vessels which had so often met destruction on the rocky coast. He formed long stakes, which he drove deep into the ground on the isle, immediately opposite to the Holm. With the assistance of his fellow-islanders, he made a very strong machine, resembling a chest; but in place of a wooden bottom, he made

a bottom for it of a very strong nettir of ropes. The ropes by which it was t be suspended were left, with the cradle, i readiness, on the same part of the isle, an the dauntless adventurer proceeded in boat round to the foot of the frownin precipice. The inhabitants of Noss, an the neighbouring isles, were assemble there, some in their boats below, and som on the smooth green sward which covere the rugged precipitous rocks above. Per haps the maid of his love, or, if he wa married, the wife of his bosom, might b there, awaiting, in agonizing anxiety, th issue of his bold adventuring. He mounted up cautiously and skilfully, and soon reached the summit, and got safely on the Holm, amid the loud shouts and acclamations of his surrounding friends. Here he fixed a large stone, very deep into the earth, directly opposite to the stakes on the island. Why the ropes were not thrown across, and the cradle slung, or if slung, why he did not return to the isle in the cradle, I could

could not learn; he attempted to descend the rocks in the same manner in which he had ascended, but the treacherous rocks gave way, when he was but a little from the summit—he fell, and his mangled remains, scattered on the horrid rocks below, bore little resemblance to the human form. How wild, how piercing, must have been the shriek which at that moment made the hollow caverns of the isle and the Holm to ring!

He did not make this fearful sacrifice in vain. The cradle has fully answered the purpose. The natives could not tell me how long it had been there. It is large enough to hold a man and one sheep; and it is so slung, that it can be pushed across from the isle to the Holm, and back again. They take it away every winter to preserve it, and sling it again in summer. It is certainly a very dangerous, and rather whimsical mode of conveyance; nor can the advantage of having a few sheep pastured on the Holm bear any proportion to

the risk incurred in going over to it. I could not, however, hear of any accident which had happened since the fatal catastrophe of the founder of the Cradle of Noss.

It was too early in the season for the cradle to be slung, but the nephew and heir of the proprietor of the island was one of our party, and he collected some of the islanders together, who slung the cradle; and we had the pleasure of both witnessing the manner in which it was done, and of crossing over to the Holm in this frail and ancient carriage.

We left Noss late in the evening, and spent the night at Gardie, in the island of Brassa.

Next morning it blew pretty fresh, and the wind being favourable, we proceeded to Fetler. My curiosity was much excited by what all my young friends said of this island. It was fated, however, that my curiosity should not be gratified.

Eversley was passionately fond of sailing,

ing, and, what often happens, he was both rash and ignorant, knowing very little about the management of a boat. We all objected to carrying so much sail, as we found the wind was gradually shifting, and blowing us out to sea. But Eversley still insisted upon us going on, and carrying all the sail possible. One-half of our party was in this boat, the other in a large fishing-boat, rowed by six men, which was considerably behind us. The wind increased every moment—still Eversley would not hear of the sails being taken in.

"No enjoyment equal to this," said he exultingly, as we scudded along; "we ride the stormy waves, and fly upon the wings of the wind!" Impious boast! at the moment the boat upset, and her crew were plunged into the waves. There were in the boat, besides Eversley and myself, only two very young gentlemen and an old man, and a lad to assist in navigating the boat; of these none but myself could swim. My presence of mind did not for-

sake me, and I exerted all my skill, and more than all my strength, to save my unfortunate companions. My exertions were unavailing; what became of the rest, I know not; I heard their appalling cries, and saw their struggles for life—but poor Eversley, I kept long afloat, holding him by the curling ringlets of his fair hair. But, alas! we were entirely out of sight of land, and no appearance of the other boat. A total change of weather had taken place; the wind now blew a raging storm, accompanied by a very heavy sleet. Exhausted and despairing, I was no longer able to assist him, or save myself; I let go my hold, and poor Eversley sunk to rise no more! I would very soon have shared his fate, had not our boat drifted close by me, just as I was sinking, and I got, I scarce know how, upon her keel.

## CHAPTER XIII.

——————————— Moving bright,
And glorious in full manhood's might,
He dar'd, with an untroubled eye,
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above that mountain wave.
— — — — — — —
But now the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy
From those who mourn, both night and day,
For the son and brother torn away,
And would yield their hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale, cold face. EREMUS.

.....

Horrid and long was the struggle of death—
Black was the night when they yielded their breath.
*Edinburgh Magazine.*

! how long, how intolearbly long, did
s day appear to me! Cold, shivering,
ak, utterly exhausted, I yet clung to
, and convulsively grasped the frail
k, which still, for a few moments, seem-

ed to separate me from eternity. How much had I to live for? Oh! Ellen, Ellen! how intolerably bitter were the sufferings of that day! Gracious Power! did my mother cast me from her? was I sent adrift upon the wide ocean of life unfriended and unaided? did I meet with an angel, with friends, with a home, with happiness, with rapture, but to make this miserable end? Still, still the more I fondly clung to Ellen and to life, still more the ruffian billows rose in all their strength against me, and dashed over me with resistless fury. I drifted along, leaving the land, and every hope, far, far behind. In vain I strained my aching eyes round and round the lowering horizon. No vessel was to be seen, and a boat could not sit the waves, so fearful was the tempest. Night came on, and no relief—no hope. Despair seized on my soul, and a thousand wild images floated in my distempered brain. I fancied Ellen was by my side—I spoke to her all the ravings of a madman—

n—now I led her, beautiful and bloom-
, to the altar—now, pale and lifeless, I
her dropping into the loathsome un-
owed grave of poor Campbell—then
denly I saw Eversley extending his
s towards me, as if entreating succour.
; why distress my reader by attempting
escribe all the sufferings and horrors
hat awful day, and still more awful
it? Vain is the attempt to convey any
of my agony to those who have never
ggled for life in a tempestuous sea
he darkness of night. A numbness
drowsiness now began to steal upon
I faintly recollect something of the
n shedding a pale glimmer through the
k stormy clouds upon the tumbling
ws. I have confused ideas, like the
en images of an almost forgotten
m, of seeing a ship approaching, and
eing taken on board. Taken on board
ip I actually was, for God, in his mercy,
n snatched me from the devouring
es.

It was many hours after I was taken up, ere I recovered my speech and senses. I found myself on board a whaler on her way to Greenland. She had left Lerwick that same evening, when we set off for Fetler, and by the moonlight providentially discovered me in my perilous situation.

I found that I was under an absolute necessity of going to Greenland, and the thought almost drove me mad. To think of returning to Zetland, even if the captain could have been induced, for a large sum of money, to have sent back a boat and two men, was impracticable, for two reasons: the Zetland Isles were now at a considerable distance, and I was not able to stand, or quit the birth which I occupied; nor could any thing have induced the captain to have turned the ship, or sent back a boat, allowing the weather to have admitted it.

Tedious was my recovery, and bitter my reflections—"Surely," thought I, "I am the mere plaything of fortune." With what

what eagerness and sorrow did I picture to myself the feelings of grief and dismay which at that moment saddened the beloved circle at Mora! Then a gleam of sunshine would break in upon the gloom—"In a few months," said I, "I will return to Zetland—with what rapture will they receive me! for no doubt they have given up all hopes of ever, in this world, meeting me again."

In this manner I lay, now despairing, now anticipating future scenes of delight, till I was told, one fine day, that we were just losing sight of Europe. I forced myself out of bed, and crawled up upon deck. It blew a brisk breeze of south wind, the air was sharp and clear, and the North Cape just melting from the sight, like a blue cloud on the horizon. I felt much better, and daily mended. I was not able to procure a book, unless a Bible, some Prayer Books, and some tracts and ballads. Left to myself, my time began to hang very heavy on my hands. The cold, which was now

now intense, began to annoy me much, and I was soon very glad to take an active part in the occupations and amusements of the sailors. I began to feel the weakness and unmanliness of my conduct, in giving way to unavailing sorrow and regret.

My situation was by no means so bad as I at first imagined. In the course of a few months I might be restored to my friends. Gratitude to God for preserving my life in such perilous circumstances now glowed in my heart, which expanded with delightful hopes.

Captain Godwin was a warm-hearted and intelligent man. He made every thing as comfortable for me as possible; and, above all, he procured me some warm and suitable clothing, without which I should have hardly been able to have supported the rigours of these regions of everlasting frost.

The scenery around was awfully grand, and almost new to me, as I had been very little in the North Seas. I cannot attempt to

to describe the effect produced upon my mind by the sublime objects which met the eye in every direction. The mighty ocean, in itself an object of wonder and admiration, traversed by floating masses of ice, whose immense magnitude and uncommon appearance almost surpass belief—fields of ice, extending like a flat country of eternal frost and snow, and icebergs pursuing their majestic way—the lowering heavens—the deep silence, so awfully broken by the terrible concussion of these gigantic assailants, who seemed contesting the sovereignty of these wild regions of desolation—the constant danger to which an Arctic navigator is exposed—even the whale catching, and indeed every thing connected with it, appeared to me to be peculiarly novel and interesting. I had now been several times in the boats employed in pursuit of the whales, and had witnessed some taken, with the whole operation of taking off the blubber, &c.

One fine day, when the air was clear, and

and the water tolerably smooth, we were in company with two other ships, when a whale was discovered. Boats from each ship were instantly manned, and I went into one from captain Godwin's ship. I felt much pleasure in this hunting of the whale. The eagerness of the men, particularly of the harpooners, communicated itself to me. Our harpooner was the second who struck his harpoon into the fish; and our boat, now fastened to her, followed her rapid movements with the swiftness of lightning. The whale was one of the largest size. She kept the boats long in employment, while her deep groans reverberated over the waves, and her blood, first spouted up to a great height, dyed the waters red. The boats had been employed about eighteen hours, when the struggling monster slackened in her speed; then they got close round her—every one was anxious, active, and alert. At length her fearful struggling ceased, she turned on her back, and expired. She was then slowly towed by

by the rest of the boats to the vessel to which she belonged.

After taking some spirits sent us from that ship, and bidding adieu to our companions of the fleet, we went in pursuit of our own ship, which was almost out of sight.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XIV.

——————— This lone shore
In frost has slept as firm and hoar
Since time began his course to run,
Nor hath ever melted to the sun.
Another day, another day,
And still another passed away,
And still the sea in ice was chain'd. FINLAY.

CAPTAIN Godwin's ship was made fast to a field of ice, and towards her we went with all our speed. We were much fatigued by the very violent exertions which had been made, and some of the men had drank too freely of the spirits which had been sent to the boat. We were in this state, our ship merely in sight, when we discovered a whale.

"Shall we pass her, my lads?" exclaimed one of the men.

"No, blast my timbers if we do!" roared a savage, gigantic-looking fellow.

"Well,

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, my lads," said the grey-haired harpooner; "I'm willing enough to try her; but, by my faith, it will be no play as the matter stands, d'ye see."

"Try her, and be hanged to you! you'r a pretty man to finger his majesty's bounty, and let such an opportunity slip. Out with your harpoon, I say—after her, my brave lads!" vociferated Christopher, the savage-looking man.

There were seven men in the boat, and all agreed upon attacking the whale, which was accordingly immediately done. She was a huge creature, and suckling her young, which made her very fierce, and, at the same time, very wary. After chasing her for about an hour and a half, we unfortunately run short of line; and the men having been already worn out with fatigue, and stupified by the spirits which they had taken, they were not capable of managing the boat with all the care and alacrity necessary. The whale, after floundering about for some time, suddenly plunged

plunged to the bottom, carrying the boat with her, and leaving the astonished crew floating on the waves. Our case was almost a hopeless one. The harpooner got, with his legs across, upon a small piece of ice, and the rest of the men, among whom I was, got upon the large field, at the opposite extremity of which our ship was fastened.

We were obliged to walk about, and rub our bodies with the snow, to prevent any part from being frost-bitten. Our distress was very great. One of the men had his hands all over large blisters, as if it had been very severely burned; and we were all more or less affected by the intensity of the frost. The poor harpooner had now drifted to a considerable distance, and he appeared no larger than a bird perched upon the piece of ice.

I proposed walking across the field of ice to the ship, if any of the men would accompany me; two of them agreed to the proposal, and we accordingly left the rest

of

of the poor fellows, and went with the hope of being able to save their lives. I should have mentioned that the other two ships had got out of sight some time before this accident happened to us. Our walk across the field was a frightful undertaking, but we had the good fortune to reach the ship, from which a boat was immediately sent round to the relief of the men. They were all saved; even the old harpooner was taken up by a boat sent out for that purpose. He was, however, all the rest of the voyage confined, by having his feet and legs frost-bitten, and almost lost the use of them. One man was in a dreadful state, his fingers falling quite off. I was afterwards told, that most of the men who had been in the boat died within the twelvemonth, in consequence of the complaints which the excessive cold and fatigue had brought on. I have often wondered that I did not feel any bad effects from it; but fortunately I did not.

The coast of Greenland is another grand object.

object. Over it for ever frowns a bleak tempestuous sky, and around it the ocean roars with unceasing fury. One black rocky mountain, topped with eternal snows, rises above the other, far as the eye can reach. In these regions of desolation, perpetual silence would hold her court, but for the roar of the tempest, and the explosion of the rocks, which the intensity of the frost sometimes causes to take place. The accents of human speech never move the frozen air, or awaken the sullen echoes, which sleep there for ever. The polar bear seems monarch of the waste, and frightful monsters of the deep have their dwelling in the circumambient seas.

We were at one time in great danger of being crushed by the concussion of two fields of ice; they came together with the most frightful force, the noise being as loud as thunder. These fields were of inconsiderable thickness, or the ship must have been totally destroyed. She was however much injured—so much so, that in a storm a few

a few days afterwards, when she received a slight contusion on a small iceberg, she went to pieces, and her crew were with difficulty saved by a ship which was near.

This ship had been out four months, and had been very unsuccessful, having got only two small fish in all that time.

Captain Godwin had been very late in going out, and, notwithstanding, his ship was nearly full when she unfortunately went to pieces.

The crew of Captain Godwin's ship was now divided among three of the other ships. At my own request I was permitted to remain in the ship which had first taken us up, together with captain Godwin, to whom I had really become much attached. I had another motive for wishing to remain in this vessel—a motive at which my reader will smile, yet, I think, a very natural one. There were Zetland-men on board, and in particular, a young man, a tenant of Mr. Edenborg's. His astonishment and pleasure on meeting with me

me are not to be described. He had left me at Mora a few days before the fatal expedition to Noss and Fetler, and, as he himself expressed it, "would as soon have expected to have seen the old house of Mora Lodge itsell sailing amang the hummocks and flanes, as to see Mr. Radington at Greenland."

With this young man, whose name was Walter Hoseason, I had now many interesting conversations respecting the dear inhabitants of Mora Isle. I found he was courting a young girl in the island, who had been born on the same day with my beloved Ellen, and who had been named after Mrs. Edenborg. He said that it was generally understood in the island that I was soon to be married to Miss Edenborg, and that the parents of his Jessy had consented to give her to him on the same day, provided he had returned from Greenland.

I was one day walking the deck with Walter, when I observed small circular spots

spots of thin ice on the waves, which were very still and calm. On pointing them out to him, he exclaimed, that last year he observed the ice to begin in that way, and that in the course of a few hours they were completely frozen in, and were kept in that perilous situation for more than a month. Such again was the case; next morning we were securely fastened, and nothing met the wearied eye but an unbroken plain of ice, spread in every direction, which was whitened over by an almost constant fall of snow. Our situation was dangerous, and to me was now most irksome; while actively employed, and while charmed and attracted by the novelty of the scene, my spirits kept up; but now they flagged, and I was often on the eve of sinking into despondency. The men were very merry, notwithstanding their danger; they had a fiddler on board, and they were continually dancing to the rude strains of his violin. The reader knows I was not very fond of this

amusement, but I found myself under the necessity of joining the men, that I might keep my blood from freezing in my veins.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER XV.

Oh, sacred Memory, tablet of the heart!
Thou breathing shadow of departed days!
Still ever prompt to wake the ling'ring smart,
And backward lure the visionary gaze!
Thou tellest but of scenes that, melted by,
Are vanish'd now like wreaths of winter snow.
The tear of sorrow gems thy lucid eye,
And yet so beauteous is thy garb of woe,
Enamour'd still, we clasp thy fond regret,
Too tender to renounce, too pleasing to forget!

We had been nearly three weeks in this uncomfortable and dangerous situation, when, coming upon deck one morning, fter some hours of troubled and unrefreshing sleep, I found, to my great joy and stonishment, that the ship was rolling bout in a free open sea, not a fragment f ice being visible.—"Our chains are at st broken!" I joyfully exclaimed. Joy nd bustle, congratulation and hope, were

now in every heart, on every face, and every tongue. The ship was in a very leaky state, and this made the captain determine, though his fishing had been bad, to proceed home immediately.

What a delightful object must North Cape be to the sailor returning from the dangerous navigation of the Arctic seas! With what delight did I hail its appearance! Every hour brought me nearer to Ellen, and my heart beat high with rapturous hopes.

On the twelfth day of August, we anchored in Brassa Sound, and I immediately landed at Lerwick; I did not wait to make any alteration in my dress, which was rather singular for a lover to think of visiting the object of his hopes and wishes in. Captain Godwin had had two suits of the dress made for himself, and he had presented me with one of them; it consisted of a short round jacket and very wide trowsers of dark blue cloth, the jacket edged with fur, and a waistcoat of the same,

same, also trimmed with fur, to which was added an immense large fur cap.

I bade adieu to captain Godwin, and got his address, promising to call on him when I reached England; then attended by Walter, I set out for Mora. I was to go some miles by land, and to cross one or two ferries. How changed was the appearance of the country! It appeared to me a perfect paradise. Even the russet colour of the high hills, and the uncultivated morasses, delighted my eyes, which had for so many months gazed on the ocean, and tractless deserts of frost and snow. The little sheltered huts and hamlets here and there smiled in repose and security, in the little pleasant valleys between embosoming hills. The fields of ripe grain rustled in the western breeze, the meadows were newly mowed, and the fresh hay filled the air with fragrance; wild flowers bloomed in every little clift, and on every little hillock; the burn ran murmuring between its green banks, and

the clear lake spread its unruffled bosom to the blue heavens and splendid sunshine; all was beauty and animation, life and gladness; I hurried on, my bosom throbbing with delight. To a stranger from the south, who has just witnessed the luxuriance of an English harvest, Zetland will, no doubt, appear a barren country; not so to a man who has spent the summer far north in the Arctic seas. The shortest way from Lerwick to Mora Isle happened not to take me near Theasetter; I therefore met no person that I knew. I landed at some distance from the Lodge, and leaving Walter a few yards from his father's hut, I proceeded to the house.

The door of a back-garden was open—"Perhaps Ellen is in the garden," said I, and my heart throbbed violently. I entered—but there was no one there. A back-door of the Lodge was open; I entered that also, but met no one. A dead silence reigned through the house, and I felt a cold chill run through my frame.—"Surely

ly the family are from home! God grant they may be all well!" said I, faintly.

With a noiseless and unsteady step I ascended the stair which led to the room where the family usually sat; that door was closed, but the door of Mrs. Edenborg's sleeping apartment was open. I entered; the room was hung round with white; the bed, the tables, the chairs, every article of furniture, were covered with white linen. A nameless, indescribable sensation tortured my brain. My palate and tongue became in a moment parched and dry, and I breathed with difficulty. I saw people in the room, and I heard a loud cry of surprise and horror, but I knew not who they were, or from whence the cry proceeded. Impelled by a torturing idea, I advanced to the bed, and hastily lifted the linen from the face of one who lay there. Too well I knew the countenance, ever beautiful, never to be forgotten; the inanimate form of Ellen Edenborg, wrapped in her shroud, lay before me. I

knees; tears fell from my
s, and saved me from mad-
ntinued long together, ming-
aming tears, but no one spoke.
y then came to me.—" Mr. Ra-
e had better leave Mrs. Eden-
stands much in need of repose."
; she took my hand.—" Take
eshments, dear Radington—com-
rself; I shall be able to speak to
he evening." I pressed her hand
lips, but my sorrow was without
We left m.

dropped the linen, and rushed from the house. Heaven has, I hope, pardoned the offence; my first thought was self-destruction; my sense of religion, which that angel had so exalted and confirmed, soon chased this horrible idea from my soul; then, in my despair, I resolved to go back to Lerwick, and leave Zetland immediately with captain Godwin. In this state of mind I was found wandering by those who had recognized me, and who had come to look after me. I know not where they carried me—I have no clear recollection of what passed. Mr. Grantly and some other person were attempting to reason with me and comfort me, but my soul was in darkness, and I knew not what they said. At last I was taken to Mr. and Mrs. Edenborg, I believe, the next morning; I gazed upon his venerable countenance—beloved resemblance! But still my heart and head seemed frozen and bound up. I looked upon Mrs. Edenborg, my heart melted, I fell at her feet, clasping

clasping her knees; tears fell from my burning eyes, and saved me from madness. We continued long together, mingling our streaming tears, but no one spoke. Mr. Grantly then came to me.—"Mr. Radington, we had better leave Mrs. Edenborg; she stands much in need of repose."

I arose; she took my hand.—"Take some refreshments, dear Radington—compose yourself; I shall be able to speak to you in the evening." I pressed her hand to my lips, but my sorrow was without words. We left the room.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Yet are those feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this weight of clay,
Swift winged with desires to get a grave.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh, maun, maun!" said Mr. Grantly, "your preservation is a most wonderful instance o' God's providence. Is it right to give yoursell up to sinfu' unavailing sorrow? We maun a' dee, maun, the young and the auld. Shall we demean oursells as if we meant to challenge God for calling his ain craturs, the clods which he has animated, to himsell, in his ain gude time? Shall a worm, like you or me, lift up our audacious voices against the Almighty Ruler of the universe? So would not that excellent young woman have done, had it been her fate to have seen her friends laid in

in the grave before her. Na, na, Mr. Radington, exert yourself, young man, and shew yourself worthy of the love she bore you. Your wonderful and miraculous return has had a gude effect upon Mr. and Mrs. Edenborg; it has aroused them from the stupor of sorrow. Archibald, poor lad! was forcibly carried away the night before last; for his violent and ungovernable grief on his sister's death was terrible to his parents to witness. Be you a son to them, my young friend; for he, poor thing! is yet ower young; comfort them, and assist them to pay the last offices o' affection and respect to the matchless creature they hae lost; and weep on, weep on, it will ease your heart, but endeavour to compose yourself, and to speak to them in the evening; it will lighten a' your hearts if ye ainee take heart to speak."

For two hours this worthy man hung over me, while convulsive sobs heaved my bosom, and my tears streamed unmolested.

At length, after many violent struggles, I subdued the anguish of my grief so far as to speak.—"Of what complaint——" said I, in a stifled voice, but my tongue refused to finish the sentence.

"Of a decline, my dear friend; a consumptive habit of body, which is hereditary in her father's family, and which the doctor says she has laboured under for more than a twelvemonth past."

"When did it happen?"

"This is Wednesday; she departed for a better state on Monday night."

Miss Martha Saint Clair now entered the room; neither of us spoke for some time; she seated herself in silence beside me; at length she said, in a voice broken by sobs—"Oh, Mr. Radington, how wonderful is this! We thought you were lost, and all the family wore mourning for you. Alas! alas! it will be your turn now to wear it!" Here she burst into tears, nor were my utmost efforts able to prevent

mine

mine from again flowing. She attempted several times to speak, but her tears and sobs prevented her.

In the evening I again went to Mr. and Mrs. Edenborg. Mr. Edenborg pressed my hand, but remained totally silent the whole evening. Mrs. Edenborg once (she began) seemed to feel relief in talking, but she spoke not of her we had lost; she asked me many questions respecting the loss of the boat, and expressed her wonder at my preservation, and her gratitude to God.

I left them at bedtime; Mr. Grantly followed me to my room, and continued to console and advise me. He informed me that the funeral ceremonies in England and in Zetland were very different. In England, the body was given up to the care of an undertaker, and the friends had little or nothing to do with it; in Zetland, every office was performed by the nearest friends and relations. Nothing could therefore be more soothing to all the

the mourners at Mora Lodge, than to see me exert myself to pay the last honours where they were so justly due. He then left me, not to repose, but let me draw a veil over the mad indulgence of unbounded grief.

In the morning I had succeeded so far as to subdue the outward appearance of my anguish. I requested permission to breakfast with Miss Martha, which was granted. After swallowing our melancholy meal in silence, I asked her, in a voice scarcely audible, if I might be permitted to visit the chamber of death; and also requested she would condescend to be my guide, in whatever was necessary or proper for me to do. She told me that the chesting (75), as she called it, would take place next day; that a number of ladies, from many distant parts of Zetland, would attend, but that no gentlemen would be present at the ceremony of putting the body into the coffin. At the funeral, which would take place on Monday, a great number of gentlemen, and all the tenants on the estate, would

would attend; and at that it would certainly be expected that I should act as one of the chief mourners. I bowed assent to all Miss Martha said, for I could not speak.

Soon after, she conducted me to the chamber, where lay all that I loved or valued on earth. She raised the cloth which concealed the face, but a cold shivering came over me; I felt as if dying, and earnestly prayed it might be so; I sunk upon the cold body, clasped it to my heart, and pressed my lips to the marble lips of Ellen; I repeatedly pronounced her name, and called on her with every endearing and pathetic expression which love and despair could frame; I long resisted every effort which was made to tear me from her precious and beloved remains, and fervently besought them to inter us together; exhausted, I at last sunk into forgetfulness of my irreparable loss and mortal sorrow; nor did my recollection return till many days after Ellen had been consigned to the grave.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XVII.

——————— Too good thou wast for earth,
Too fair and sweet a flower to blossom here;
And when I seek thy unpolluted worth,
Far, far from hence my mournful thoughts are riv'n;
When I do look for thee, I only look to heav'n.

.....

I found the thing I sought, and that was thee;
And then I lost my being, all to be
Absorb'd in thine—the world was pass'd away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me. LORD BYRON.

THE state of mind in which I continued for many months, and the deep melancholy and depression of spirits which I constantly indulged, have left upon my mind but confused and broken images of what passed during the rest of my stay in Zetland.

Mrs. Edenborg bore her irreparable misfortune with the pious resignation of a sincere Christian—poor Mr. Edenborg was never himself again. He would welcome

come with a benevolent smile the friend or stranger to his mansion; but that over, he would sit wrapped up in mournful silence, interrupted only by the deep involuntary sigh. Joy was a stranger to him, and sorrow could not again wound him, nor disturb the sullen apathy into which he was sinking.

Miss Martha wandered through the cheerless deserted apartments, like a troubled ghost, constantly talking of her they had lost for ever, and reproaching herself for the harshness with which she had too often treated her. Archibald could never bear to hear the beloved name mentioned. Home became irksome to him, and he was anxious to lose, amid the bustle of the world, the memory of the past.

Universally beloved, admired, and regretted, the name of this angelic young creature was never mentioned without a sigh or a tear by those who had known her. How bitter, how unutterably bitter, my sorrow was, few, very few, can know.

I beheld

the slow and invidious disease stole, like a thief, gradually and silently away, her strength and bloom—the wasted form, the pale cheek, and still paler lip, alarmed her friends, even before her parents observed it—her danger was at length too evident to all—her mother watched over her in anguish—her father would not, could not believe it—his whole soul was wrapped up in Ellen—to lose her, was a misfortune too dreadful to imagine or believe.

"Do not think, my dear mother," would Ellen say, "that a sinful indulgence of a passion for an earthly object has reduced me thus. I was ill when he was here with us, and often thought I would never be his wife. Be comforted, my beloved mother, the union and happiness denied on earth will be complete in heaven; and in a few years, a very few years, you will come to us. I have long made my mind familiar with death; for the last twelvemonth of my life, I have thought of it daily

daily and hourly—I have pictured it in all its terrors, and I have looked beyond it! Death is painful and appalling, but that which lies beyond is past all conception—bright and beautiful—a thousand deaths would not be too high a price to pay."

Ellen died in the arms of her mother; she was never confined to bed, but breakfasted in the parlour with the family the day before her death. The pains which afflicted her delicate and beautiful frame, never for a moment soured or ruffled the unbroken sweetness of her temper—never made her inattentive to the wishes and comforts of others, to which she constantly sacrificed her own. Meek and lowly, she was as free from selfishness as a human being could be. Her opinion of herself was most humble—that which every other creature entertained of her, most exalted. Yet Ellen was a perfectly-natural character—nothing of the heroine—nothing overstrained—such as many of my readers have perhaps known, and have mourned for.

for. Many who read these pages have, perhaps, in the loss of a mother, a sister, a daughter, an highly-esteemed friend, a beloved object, or a wife, met with such a misfortune as I did; and judging from their own feelings, may conjecture mine. The purest religion and morality regulated her life, and irradiated her deathbed with the humble hope of divine mercy, and the well-grounded trust of everlasting happiness.

There is a very beautiful epitaph, which might well be engraved on Ellen Edenborg's tomb:—

> "Underneath this stone doth lie
> As much virtue as could die,
> Which, when alive, did vigour give
> To as much beauty as could live."

Such was Ellen. I came, high-flushed with rapturous hopes, to claim her as my bride—I found her on her bier—I saw her grave—and I thought and felt at the time, that every hope and energy of life were buried there. I have travelled far on, through the rugged path of life, since these

these days, but the memory of Ellen is bright and vivid in my soul; age has not frozen up these feelings, nor will any thing but death destroy them.

I found it equally impossible to bring my own mind into any state of tranquillity, or to give any comfort or consolation to the bereaved family at Mora Lodge. I prepared to leave Zetland. Mrs. Edenborg hung upon my neck, like a mother, and blessed me with all a mother's fondness. Mr. Edenborg parted from me with tranquillity, bordering upon indifference. The mortal blow had been given, and his feelings could not be touched again. I hurried away from the tears of my affectionate uncle Eric and his wife, and from poor wretched Catharine and my other friends.

Archibald accompanied me to Lerwick. I found it hard, very hard, to part with him, and he wept in my arms like a child. I went on board a small sloop bound for Leith, and bade adieu to the Zetland Isles.

I left

I left them in the month of October, being about nine months after my shipwreck on board the prize. During that short period, I had amply experienced the extremes of joy and sorrow—a beautiful vision had floated before me—then had vanished from my sight for ever.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Here too, my son—oh, once my best delight!

POPE'S ODYSSEY.

.....

——— The knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind,

JOHNSON.

I WAS fortunate enough to have the cause of my long absence, and the propriety of my conduct, made perfectly clear to the admiralty. I got my affairs settled, and promise of immediate employment. My first care, after my affairs with the admiralty were settled, was to inquire after my mother; my inquiries were made in vain. My mother had never been heard of since the day when she left London as the wife of Lawler. In the next place, I drew in

all the pay and prize-money due to me, the greatest part of which I laid out in small sums to my relations in Zetland, to whom I knew they would be very useful and acceptable. I also accompanied my letters to Mora with some books and other things, which I hoped might a little enliven the gloom there, and a number of things for Archibald.

I now again found myself one of the most lonely and isolated beings in existence. In one of the most populous cities in the world, I wandered about without meeting with a human creature that knew me, or that took an interest in my fate.

I was one day musing in melancholy mood, when the idea struck me, that I would visit my kind and worthy hostess, Mrs. Henderson; nearly seven years had elapsed since I left her humble lodging, to embark on the stormy ocean of life, but I perfectly recollected the name of the street where she lived; I soon found it out, and without ceremony entered the little shop,

which

which appeared to be exactly in the same state in which I left it. A pretty young girl was behind the counter.

"Does Mrs. Henderson still live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you be kind enough to let her know that I wish to speak to her."

"Who shall I say, sir?"

"Harley Radington."

The girl uttered a cry of surprise.

"Do you know me?"

"Oh, yes, sir, yes! I was living with my aunt, seven years ago, when you were here; I know your name well. But, sir, do you know who is here?"

I was a good deal surprised by the strange behaviour of the girl, and was just going to reply, when Mrs. Henderson herself entered the shop from the little back-parlour.

"Oh, aunt, aunt! who do you think is here? who but Mr. Harley Radington himself!"

So great was the alteration in my ap-

pearance, that the worthy woman did not know me, and would hardly be convinced of my identity.

When she was at last convinced, she wrung my hand, asked me a hundred questions, and blessed me with the tears in her eyes. I felt affected by her kindness, but would have wished she would have exhibited it in her parlour, and not in the shop, where we were exposed to the wondering gaze of her customers; however, she seemed determined not to ask me there. I was at length obliged to say—"I should be happy to speak to you, my good Mrs. Henderson, in your parlour."

"In my parlour! Lack-a-day, dear sir, I fear—I fear——"

"What, in the name of wonder, do you fear?" said I, quite astonished.

"Dear sir, there is somebody in the parlour you will be so surprised to see; you must compose and settle yourself first, and I must go back and prepare——"

"Prepare

"Prepare who? For God's sake, who is in your parlour?"

"Poor Mrs. Lawler."

"Gracious Heaven! my mother!" I sprung over the counter, and rushed into the parlour. My mother was indeed there; but oh, how changed! so changed that even a son could hardly know her. I made an involuntary pause, while she arose, seemingly surprised, and dropped a curtsey.

"Your servant, sir: do you want Mrs. Henderson?"

I threw myself at her feet, but could only say—"My mother."

She sunk into the chair, and hid her face with her hands.

Mrs. Henderson came into the room.—"Look up, madam, look up; it is Mr. Harley Radington, your own son, madam."

"Away with him! away! never shall I look upon his face again."

I am spinning out this sad history to a

terrible length; my reader will scarcely have patience to follow me to the end. I shall mention, in a few words, my mother's history after her marriage with Lawler. Lawler had used every art to secure every thing which my father had left, both money and moveables, and that in the most secret but expeditious manner. He laboured to alienate my mother's affections from me. He succeeded but too well in his black designs. He had his own reasons for selling off the furniture, &c. in the most private manner, and quitting the kingdom. He took my mother to Ireland, where she suddenly found herself introduced to a profligate and idle set of people, who passed for Lawler's relations. My father's money was squandered away in the most extravagant manner. In the course of four years, it was completely wasted, and the mask torn from Lawler. He was married, and had a large family in Scotland. When my father's money was totally expended, he used my mother in the

the most barbarous manner, and at length entirely deserted her. It was perhaps no little aggravation of my mother's misery, to meet with relief from the very man whom she had, eighteen years before, spurned from her door. The reader has not, perhaps, forgotten the rough-looking man and his tobacco-pouch. She met her brother Andrew in the streets of Dublin, when she was almost reduced to beggary; he knew his unhappy, fallen sister; he took her to his bosom, clothed her, and fed her; nor did he ever, by word or look, reproach her for her former pride and unkindness. He was at the time a sailor in the navy. He contrived to procure leave to follow my mother to London. Here they made inquiry after me, but could hear no tidings of me. My mother's pride prevented her applying, in any shape, to my father's connexions and acquaintances in the city; and as they were the very people I had applied to, we were both kept completely in the dark with re-

gard to each other's fate. My mother at length recollected Mrs. Henderson's address, from the letter which I had written; my uncle went there with her, and they were told that I had gone to America, and had never again been heard of.

My generous uncle settled my mother with Mrs. Henderson, even denying himself many necessary things, that he might bestow his pay upon his sister, and procure her every comfort in his power. Such was the noble conduct of this poor uneducated seaman.

I was grieved that I could not see this generous uncle; his ship was not in England. I resolved to take the burden of providing for my unfortunate and repentant parent off his hands entirely. I arranged every thing in the best manner possible for her; and as she wished to remain with Mrs. Henderson, I hired a small comfortable house in a pleasanter and more airy part of the metropolis. Mrs. Henderson having been very fortu-

nate

nate in her little trade, had earned a small competency, and gave up her shop. I resolved to remain with my mother until appointed to a ship. I found, to my bitter regret, that my utmost care, my most respectful and affectionate kindness to my mother, could not restore happiness to her, or lead her to treat me with unreserved confidence. The injury she had done me, though forgotten by me, seemed for ever before her eyes; it imposed a constant restraint upon her, and my presence, far from adding to her comfort, seemed oppressive to her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

As our high vessels pass their lofty way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the assenting power. PRIOR.

SOON after I had settled my mother in her new abode, I received the following letters from Zetland.

"*To Harley Radington.*

"*Mora Lodge.*

"MY DEAR HARLEY,

"I am much afraid you must have thought that I parted from you very coldly; not so, my son, believe me. I would not discover what I felt at parting, for fear of hindering you in the path of duty,

duty, and duty called you to England. You are a young man, my dear Harley; you have, I hope, many years yet to see, and much happiness yet in store; allow to the disconsolate father of the angel who would have been yours, one of the few consolations left to him on this side of the grave; permit him to contribute to your prosperity and success in life, give him the melancholy and soothing pleasure of looking upon you as a son; such he will ever consider you. I have written to those who have it in their power to do much for you in the navy, and I doubt not of success. I enclose a draft for two thousand pounds. If you wish to wound the broken-hearted, you will refuse me; if you love me—if ever you wish to call me father, you will readily accept of this portion of your betrothed Ellen's dowry. I feel that I will not be long separated from my beloved child. We are all well *in health*. Jessie, aunt Martha, and Archibald, write you. Answer this as a *son*

ty, and duty called you to England
as are a young man, my dear Harley,
a home, I hope, many years yet to run
d much happiness yet in store, which
the continuance [illegible] of that mutual affec-
tion [illegible] years, and of the hap-
piness [illegible] to [illegible] of
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] and success in the [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] of

should do. God bless you, my dear Harley!

"Your affectionate,

"GIDEON EDENBORG.

"*Nov.* 17**."

---

"*To Harley Radington.*

"*Mora Lodge, Nov.* 17**.

"DEAR MR. RADINGTON,

"It is no easy thing for me to take upon myself to describe the loneliness and sorrow which reign in this dismal house. The light that shone upon us all has been put out. May God enlighten our darkness, and in time fit us to be partakers of the glory into which he has so early called my beloved grandniece!

"I am not much accustomed to use my pen, but have taken it up to assure you, that I have the most entire regard for you, and that I look upon you as the widowed husband of our lamented Ellen. Looking upon you in that light, I hereby advise

advise you, that I have made a new will, by which you are entitled to eight hundred pounds, being about one-half of what I intended for my niece; the other half I have laid out to charitable purposes. You will shew your regard for her you have lost, and for all our family, by your ready and silent acceptance of this small legacy. Zetland is but a poor place, and people here have but narrow incomes. It was thought a great thing here, that my father left two thousand pounds to each of his daughters. Had I had as many millions as pounds, it should have all been Ellen's and yours. Ellen would have had many thousands from her father; God's will be done! her riches are incorruptible and eternal; the moth cannot destroy them, nor thieves break through to steal; may we all inherit the same in God's good time! Mr. Edenborg has left you four thousand pounds in his will, and Archibald will still be the richest laird in Zetland. God grant he may make a good

use

use of his riches! he is a very wild boy; he wants to go to you, and enter into the navy. His parents cannot think of parting with him.

"The things you sent us shewed so much delicate attention, that we were all charmed with them. There was not a dry eye in the house when your letters were read. Your poor relations here bless you. You are too generous, Mr. Radington, but he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and they are very poor. That wicked woman, Catharine, I beg your pardon, has almost ruined your worthy uncle Eric. Your present was a very seasonable supply, and I hope will set him right again. I send you the most valuable thing I possess in the world—a tress of Ellen's hair, cut, the day after she died, from her dear, dear head. Send me a mourning ring set with some of it, and keep the rest yourself.

"God preserve you! When time has softened your grief, I expect you will be able

able to visit your friends here, and that will be one of the greatest comforts they can now enjoy. Farewell, dear Mr. Radington!

"Your very affectionate aunt,

"MARTHA SAINT CLAIR."

Mrs. Edenborg's letter was much the same as Mr. Edenborg's and Miss Martha's. Pure religion and the most generous friendship breathed throughout the whole. Archibald's letter was full of wishes to go into the navy.

What my feelings were on perusing these letters, the reader may conceive. That day I could not join my mother at dinner, but wandered about till the cold forced me into the house again.

"Do you know, my dear madam," said I to my mother at breakfast next morning, "do you know that I have been in Zetland?"

"In Zetland!"

"Yes;

"Yes; I have there met with my relations, some of whom I have great reason to be proud of."

My mother appeared quite confounded; she at first attempted to deny that she was a native of Zetland. We were now alone.

"My dear mother, do not let a false and foolish pride lead you into error; you have no reason to be ashamed of your kindred."

"No, no," bursting into tears; "but no doubt they have reason to be ashamed of me, as I suppose they have often told you."

"They never, madam, found fault with your conduct before me, after they knew I was your son," said I, very gravely. "Your brother Eric is as worthy a man as ever lived, and I am proud to call him uncle; Andrew's conduct has been such as would have graced the highest rank." I now gave my mother an account of my shipwreck on the Zetland Isles, touching

as

as lightly as possible upon the bad conduct of Catharine, and glossing over poor May's account of her aunt Elizabeth, as far as was consistent with truth. In hurried and faltering accents, I mentioned Mr. Edenborg's family, my engagements with Ellen, and her death. My mother listened with mute surprise, and wept bitterly.

"Oh, Mr. Radington!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Never call me Mr. Radington, unless you wish to make me very unhappy, my dear mother," said I, taking her hand.

"Well then, Harley Radington; oh, if I had never been tempted to change that name! but I have paid dearly for my crime; you cannot know or conceive what I have suffered; I shall carry about to my dying day an accusing conscience! I must tell you how your father happened to marry a woman of my rank in life——"

"No, dear madam, no; no confession to me—I cannot hear them."

"You

"You must hear me, Harley; when I am in my grave, you will be apt to judge from my conduct as a widow, and to suppose that my conduct as a wife and a young woman was equally bad.—When I left my parents and came to London, I had the good fortune to get into the family of a wealthy merchant as chamber-maid. My master had an only daughter; she was about my own age, and took a great liking to me; I became her own maid, and was her confidant in all her little concerns. This young lady was uncommonly ugly, and her father's indulgence had spoiled her temper. Her riches however were very great, and her father and old Mr. Radington made up a match between their only children. Your father often saw me with his intended bride, for I was genteelly dressed, and often sat with her. Your father called upon this lady, to obey his father, but he never spoke as a lover, and her bad temper and extreme plainness disgusted him. I saw that he regarded me with

with great attention, and my vanity and ambition were both roused. The part I acted towards my mistress I will not attempt to defend; I was otherwise perfectly innocent, but I acted a very imprudent part; I carried on a private correspondence with Mr. Radington, while he was received in the house as the lover of my mistress. Your grandfather died, and I became the wife of Mr. Radington, eloping from my master's house. The astonishment of most people was very great; my own exultation was beyond measure. I grew perfectly giddy with delight, and in my pride imagined that I would not be so miserable if I should be convicted of a capital crime, as to have it known that I had come from such an out-of-the-way place as Zetland, or that I was descended from mean parents. I guarded this secret with agony; even your father never knew but what I was descended from a noble family in Scotland. I did not send away my brother Andrew from hard-heartedness,

or want of affection, but from the fear of discovery; and I was, amid all my splendour and all your father's love and indulgence, very unhappy; nothing made me so unhappy as the spite and prosperity of my old mistress; she married a rich young merchant, and I had the mortification of seeing her lady mayoress." (I sighed deeply at this part of my mother's story; I should have been very happy that she had not in confidence confessed this much). "You know the rest of my history. The injury I have done you, I can never atone for; but for me, you would have far outshone the pert sons of my mistress, who now make such a dash."

"Do you make yourself easy on my account, dear madam; I am in the way of life most suitable for me, and on the road to fortune. Had I not been cast upon the world, I would have been in a very different, perhaps in a very contemptible situation."

My mother's eyes sparkled with some of their former vivacity.

"Harley,

## CHAPTER XX.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he sunk in the ocean wave to rest,
With an ensign wrapped around him.
.....
Away! away! the laurel now
Must wreath again this aching brow.
Ah, me! the poppy flower should bind
The head with envied laurel twin'd.

HALL mention particularly two circumnces which occurred to me during the ›ve-mentioned period. Some months er I joined admiral Pococke's fleet, we re in a hot engagement with the aniards, when a wounded seaman was ›ught, with some others, from a frigate t sinking, on board our ship; this man l fought with distinguished bravery, l though severely wounded, he still ıtinued on deck, taking an active part in

in the battle. We were victorious, and when the hurry and bustle were somewhat over, I sought the man out. I found him dying of his wounds.

"My brave fellow, this has been a glorious day, and you have not a little contributed to its glory; let me know the name of so brave a man."

"Andrew Irvingson, please your honour."

"What! of Zetland?"

"The same."

I was much affected, and hung fondly over the dying man. It had perversely occurred that my uncle had happened to be changed from ship to ship, and I having but little intercourse with my mother by letter, had never traced him. I recalled to his recollection our meeting when I was a boy, and made myself known to him. He looked upon me with surprise and delight, and warmly grasped my hand. —"God be praised! I die content. This has been a happy day to me! I have lived to see the enemies of old England soundly drubbed,

drubbed, and to see *thee*, my dear lad, an officer in his majesty's navy. God bless thee! God bless thee!"

He died in my arms. The captain of the vessel in which I was a lieutenant, was killed in an engagement; the command devolved upon the first lieutenant; the second lieutenant had also been killed. Admiral Pococke was pleased with my conduct, and I was rapidly promoted first to be second, and then first lieutenant. In a few months after, I had the good fortune, through the kindness of Divine Providence, to signalize myself in a manner which drew upon me the distinction of my sovereign's notice. I received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed to the command of a large frigate.

On my return to England, I had the sorrow to find my poor mother dead. I had flattered myself, that I should have seen her enjoy a happy and respectable old age. Heaven ordained it should be otherwise. I had the consolation of know-

ing that she died a sincere penitent and true Christian, and surrounded by every comfort and attention which could soften the bed of death. She was interred by my father.

I now found myself at the top of fortune's wheel. Unlooked, unhoped-for, and undeserved success in life had attended me. At the age of twenty-seven, I enjoyed an honourable post, and distinguished rank, in society. I enjoyed it too at a time when Great Britain was in a most prosperous and flourishing state. Wealth and honours flowed in upon me, and people of the first rank courted my society. I was even a favourite in the fashionable world, and beauty smiled upon me. Yet I was not happy; there was a sad vacuity in my heart, which wealth, titles, and honours, could not fill. The memory of Ellen haunted me in the battle and in the tempest, in the calm of retirement, and amid the vain splendours of the drawing-room. My sainted betrothed,

one

one nightly visited my dreams. She stood in all her loveliness and purity before me, and still rivetted closer and closer the chains which bound me to her. My obligations to this angelic being were immense. The gifts of fortune and of fame were as dust in the balance, compared with what she had conferred upon me. She had stamped me, permanently and for ever, a religious man; she had taught me to worship virtue, and religion and piety as the groundwork of every virtue. Under Divine Mercy, she had been the means of leading me out of the dark and tangling paths of doubt and error into the paths of peace, which, I humbly trusted, would conduct me to an eternal reunion with her in the paradise of the blessed of God. This safeguard effectually prevented me from falling into the errors of my youth, or from growing giddy and presumptuous upon my elevation.

I often heard from the beloved and respected family at Mora; our correspon-

dence was regular. Mr. Edenborg soon found the rest he longed for in the grave of Ellen. Dear and worthy man! I mourned for him as for a father. Archibald had at length carried his point, though he had changed his wishes for the navy to the army. His mother gave her consent. A commission was to be purchased for him, and I soon expected to see him in England.

Among those families to which my elevation in society now introduced me, was the descendant, and then proprietor of my great-grandfather's estates. He was a member of parliament, and the father of a fine and numerous family. He treated me as a near relation, and, I believe, would not have been sorry had I courted a nearer relationship still. The other family was that of my father's old and dearest friend, Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton had amassed a large fortune, by persevering and honourable trade. He was one of those London merchants who had contributed most largely to the

means of supporting the war. He now passed a happy and honourable old age in the bosom of his family, sometimes in London, but mostly in elegant retirement at a beautiful estate which he had purchased in England.

"My dear Harley," he would say, "I never entirely lost sight of you, unless at the time of your strange trip to Greenland, and immediately after your mother's marriage, at which time I indeed gave you up for lost; but I hunted you out in the navy again. I could not have received more pleasure from the prosperity and amendment of an only son than yours afforded me. I looked forward to this period, and a renewal of the old family friendship, with certainty. I knew you to be rather of a strange turn of mind at that time, and I did not care to frighten you altogether from me, by taking, what you might have considered, an impertinent concern in your affairs. You have cut out your own way bravely; and here we are, just as we should be."

Mrs. Hamilton was a charming old woman. Her daughters were completely metamorphosed. Miss Hamilton was very beautiful, but a faded beauty. She was uncommonly sensible (I was not now so much afraid of sensible women—men who dislike women of sense are generally much in want of that commodity themselves), and highly accomplished, and very agreeable. She was even esteemed a woman of talent and genius, but her talents and acquirements were never obtruded upon notice. A pensive melancholy generally pervaded her manners. I was at no loss to divine the cause of her dejection, nor the reason why so fine a woman was unmarried at the age of thirty-four. Her heart was not upon the earth—it had gone to a purer and happier region with the lover of her youth. A tender sympathy drew me often to Miss Hamilton. Though Campbell's and Ellen's names were never mentioned in our conversations, she knew something of our ill-fated loves, and she was now

now acquainted with the particulars of poor lieutenant Campbell's fate. We found a charm in each other's company, and my most soothing and most pleasant hours were spent in her society.

Miss Grace Hamilton was considerably younger than her sister; her beauty was of that luxuriant and blooming description, that she appeared even younger than she really was. Miss Hamilton was tall—Grace rather under the middle size; her figure slender, and exquisitely formed. Her features were remarkably delicate, and had an expression of bewitching sweetness, and mingled timidity and archness, inconceivably charming. A beautiful profusion of fine dark brown hair (yet not so beautiful as the bright sunny ringlets of Ellen) gave a high finish to the beauty of this much admired young lady. Sincere and warm admiration I could not withhold; but I gave no more. Her pensive sister was my favourite.

## CHAPTER XXI.

——— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER a very gay and splendid winter in London, gaiety and splendour which could not touch my heart, I went into the country with Mr. Hamilton's family early in spring.

In this delightful retirement I was insensibly led again to set a value upon life, and to taste its enjoyments. Every thing that could charm and improve was to be found here. I was obliged, in a few weeks, to look forward to bidding adieu to Hamilton Hall, and it gave me a severe pang. Ellen was as fervently beloved as ever, but the bitter poignancy of my sorrow was blunted, and a pleasing melancholy now

now filled the bosom which her death had tortured with despair and madness. A few weeks before I left Hamilton Hall, Archibald Edenborg joined me there.

My emotion on seeing this beloved youth, the dear resemblance of his lamented sister, I cannot describe. Archibald was only eighteen, but tall and manly for his age. He looked uncommonly handsome in his suit of regimentals, and was altogether greatly improved. Mr. Hamilton's family were highly delighted with my young Zetlander, and their polite and affectionate attentions quite captivated his young heart. He could scarcely restrain his tears, which would have sadly disgraced his scarlet coat, when, after spending a delightful month with them, he was obliged to accompany me to London.

The whole family parted from us with much regret. I was surprised to mark the suppressed emotion of Grace. Her beautiful lip trembled when she pronounced that terrible little word *adieu!* and an un-

bidden tear seemed ready to drop from the sparkling eye, whose lustre it obscured, but rendered more touching.

We departed for London. Archibald was charmed with the appearance of the country. Its ever-varying richness and beauty struck him with astonishment. He dwelt with delight upon the Hamilton family; and I soon found that Grace had become the idol of his heart.

We reached London, and too soon were obliged to part. Archibald joined his regiment, and I was ordered abroad, on a distant expedition.

In the following winter I was again in England for a short time, and spent that time at Hamilton Hall. I was shocked by Grace's altered appearance; she was very pale, and seemingly in bad health. Her parents took no notice of it, and fearful of alarming them, I did not appear to remark it. Archibald joined me at the Hall. He was still more manly, and improved both in person and manner. Grace seemed to revive

revive the moment Archibald appeared. I spent only one fortnight at the Hall. I contrived to leave Archibald with them, and indulged the hope, that Mr. Hamilton would not oppose the wishes of my young friend. I resolved upon writing Mr. Hamilton upon the subject, which I did some months afterwards.

I went again to sea, and was absent from England nearly a year.

I found the following letter left for me at my agent's, on my arrival at London:—

"*To Sir Harley Radington.*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have purposely delayed answering your esteemed favour of July, daily expecting your arrival. My heart had perhaps selected another son-in-law, but fondly anxious for the happiness of my beloved Grace, and giving in to your suggestion respecting captain Edenborg, I set myself narrowly to watch his conduct, and made strict inquiries into his

character. I am sorry, very sorry, to say, that I found him, beyond a doubt, to be a very wild and extravagant young man. Still anxious about the state of my dear child's heart, and evident bad health, I was inclined to make every allowance on account of his extreme youth. He visited us this summer, and made proposals, in form, for Grace, backing them with a charming letter in his behalf from his amiable mother, with whom you have made us all so well acquainted by your lively description of her.

"Much to my surprise, he was decidedly and politely refused, without the slightest emotion; nor does a single idea connected with him seem ever to have entered into Grace's mind.

"Your young friend left us abruptly, in a very agitated state of mind. You will be the most capable, and most efficient, in soothing him, and bringing him to himself.

"Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing

ing you at the Hall, on your arrival in England?

"Most affectionately,

"My dear Radington, yours,

"DUNCAN HAMILTON.

"*London, December* 17**."

---

I instantly inquired for Archibald, and found him in a very gloomy state, on the eve of setting out for Ireland with his regiment. It was conjectured that from thence they would soon be ordered out to America.

I was convinced that something besides disappointed love hung upon Archibald's mind. With infinite trouble I wrung the secret from him. He had given way to the most unbounded extravagance, and had already drawn upon his mother for sums which would overwhelm her with sorrow and astonishment, and he was now again drowned in debt. I was shocked and grieved, but immediately gave him enough

enough of money to satisfy every demand upon him. He received it with great reluctance, and only on the condition that I would take it back again. I justly considered the money more his than my own.

When I mentioned Grace Hamilton, he looked wild, and declared he would not live to see her the wife of another. Then he melted almost to tears—"No, I will not see her the wife of another. She is going, like my sister Ellen, to a world fitter for spirits like theirs—yes, yes, she will die, she will die!" He had never mentioned his sister's name to me since her death. It shocked me like a stroke of electricity. In this state poor Archibald embarked for Ireland, notwithstanding all my anxious endeavours to soothe and console him.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XXII.

—— More than pity wrung my heart!

.....

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes quickly down the slippery paths of vice;
Tho' conscience checks him, yet these rubs once o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.

DRYDEN.

NECESSARY business in London detained me there till early in spring, when Mr. Hamilton's family came to town. I immediately waited upon them. Grace was very ill; she had set her heart upon visiting Scotland, and as her physician did not object to it, they came to London with the design of proceeding to Scotland.

I spent the day *en famille* with them. In the evening I found myself left alone with the ladies, Mr. Hamilton having some business to settle.

"Were

"Were you ever in Scotland, sir Harley?" said Miss Hamilton.

"I have seen very little of that country, my dear madam, but I have an ardent desire to visit the Highlands of Scotland."

"May you not accompany us? nothing would give us more pleasure," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"I will, with great pleasure, if the admiralty will give me a few weeks leave of absence."

"Delightful!" said Miss Hamilton; "will it not, dear Grace?"

I looked at Grace; she smiled faintly, and the deepest blush suffused her beautiful countenance. Nothing could be more beautiful than the sudden transition from the lily to the rose—then to the lily again. The rich profusion of hair, which fell in natural curls on her forehead and neck, gave something indescribably touching and lovely to the expression of her countenance. I arose involuntarily, and advanced towards her. I took her hand, gently

gently pressed it, and exclaimed—"Does Miss Grace Hamilton think so?"

I was instantly aware of the unusualness of my conduct. I dared not give a name to the feeling which agitated my bosom; and my confusion and alarm were complete, when I discovered that Grace had fainted.

The whole family were thrown into consternation and alarm. The beautiful invalid recovered in a few minutes, and was conveyed from the room by her mother and sister.

I sat in a painful state of emotion till Mr. Hamilton joined me. He appeared much agitated.

"Sir Harley, I am told you have some thoughts of accompanying us to Scotland?"

"I have so, my dear sir."

"Candour and open plain-dealing have regulated my life—I must not now depart from them; therefore, my dear sir Harley, I must object to your accompanying us. Spare the feelings, perhaps the pride, of a father!

father! Grace, my beloved child, has, I fear, given her affections where they can never meet with a return."

I could not misunderstand his meaning—my heart beat violently, and a mist swam before my sight—a strange feeling, infinitely painful, yet infinitely pleasing, divided my heart. Grace bound me with flowery chains to the earth—Ellen called me, with the voice of an angel, to heaven. Mr. Hamilton saw the internal struggle; a dark frown gathered on his brow.—"You must not imagine, sir Harley Radington, that I come to plead for a love-sick girl! I only request your absence—as a man of honour, you will now instantly withdraw yourself from our society."

I threw myself at his feet—"If the man before you may be deemed worthy of the honour of becoming your son-in-law——" Emotion choked my utterance.

"Rise, sir Harley, rise; you shall make no sacrifice of your feelings and affections to the unhappy predilection of a weak girl."

"I call

"I call Heaven to witness that I do not. I was not myself aware of my feelings with regard to Miss Grace Hamilton. I feel, at this moment, fully convinced, that if I may be permitted to hope, my happiness depends entirely upon your daughter."

Mr. Hamilton shook his head.—"My dear Radington, you may deceive yourself; look before you leap; we go to Scotland to-morrow; if you keep in this mind, join us there in a few weeks. I would be a mean dishonest dissembler, should I say that I would not rejoice to see you there. Farewell. God bless you!"

I retired to my lodgings in a strange state of confusion. I had in a manner engaged myself to become the husband of Grace. Could I honourably do so in the present state of my mind? Mr. Hamilton's family left England next morning.

One day I was much alarmed by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Henderson, pale and agitated—"Oh, sir Harley! that wicked young man from Zetland!"

"Good

"Good God! what about Edenborg?"

"He has allured away my poor niece, Ellen, with him to Ireland, the comfort and pride of my old age. Heaven's vengeance will overtake him, wicked, hard-hearted man!"

Poor Ellen was a pretty, innocent young creature. The name she bore made me take a particular interest in her welfare. I was grieved at the assurance of Archibald's having seduced her, and carried her off to Ireland. I was grieved and shocked, both upon his account and upon the girl's. I wrote to him immediately, representing to him, in strong terms, the enormity of his conduct, and the anguish it would inflict upon his beloved mother. My answer to this was one shocking and distressing beyond measure.

---

"*To Sir Harley Radington.*

"RADINGTON,

"I am dying! pray for me, and forgive me. I got into a quarrel with a hot-headed

hot-headed young brother-officer. We fought—a ball is lodged in my right side—it cannot be extracted—and I have but a few moments to live. I have scarcely strength left to dictate these few lines to captain Edmonstone, who sits beside me. I received your letter some days ago. I have been supported in bed, while the marriage ceremony has been performed between me and poor injured Ellen. She goes to my mother. Let my mother forget her errors, and treat her kindly. My mother, oh, God! my mother! would to God she might die before she hears of this! Oh! if I could purchase one month—one little month for repentance! It will not be. Tortures rack my frame—more dreadful torments my dark and distracted soul. The world fades from my swimming sight. Radington, dear Radington! pray for me! pray for me!

"A. EDENBORG."

This

This dreadful letter was accompanied by one from the commanding-officer, and another from captain Edmonstone, who attended him in his last moments.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XXIII.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firm in their health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive.

— — — — — —

——————— Thrown safe on shore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms,
And meditate on scenes more silent still—
——————— and fight the fear of death. YOUNG.

.....

The feelings which were ours at first,
We feel again—but not as erst,
When youth and innocence were on the brow—
'Twas *nature* then, 'tis *fancy* now.

I COULD have borne a death of lingering torture better than the anguish of announcing the death of Archibald to Mrs. Edenborg. Sometimes I thought of going to Zetland, then

then laid aside that project, for I could not see Mrs. Edenborg; my courage could not stand such a trial. His death was announced to this heroic and Christian woman. —"God sees it good to chasten and afflict me," she wrote me soon after, "and shall I dare to murmur or complain?" She took home poor Ellen, and acknowledged her as the wife of Archibald. She died after giving birth to a boy. Her poor aunt, Mrs. Henderson, remained disconsolate and broken-hearted. I did all in my power to comfort her, and to make her old age happy. To contribute to this, I proposed to send her to Zetland, to live with my uncle Eric and his wife. She readily adopted this plan, and had the consolation of living near to, and daily seeing, the child of her poor niece, the only being in the world connected to her by the ties of blood.

When the anguish of my soul was somewhat assuaged, the fair idea of Grace Hamilton again stole upon my mind, like a bright

bright vision, brightening its gloom, and, like an angel of peace, whispering the troubled waters of affliction to rest. I carefully scrutinized my feelings, and the state of my heart, and found that Grace was necessary to my happiness. In the inmost recesses of my heart there seemed to be a pure and holy spot, free from every worldly stain, dedicated to Ellen Edenbourg alone; it seemed to be intimately connected with my religious feelings, and hopes of eternal happiness. I felt as if I had another heart, more earthly, devoted to Grace. My love for her was placid and quiet—it was *affection*, in which gratitude was a large ingredient, and in which vanity had perhaps some little share.

I wrote Mr. Hamilton an account of the dreadful cause of my long silence and absence, and requested permission to throw myself at the feet of Grace.

I soon received an answer, couched in the most friendly and flattering terms. I at the same time had an answer to a

letter which I had written to Mrs. Edenborg.

"*To Sir Harley Radington.*

"MY DEAR RADINGTON,

"The hint which you give me in your last, has given me the greatest pleasure. You judge properly of my sentiments. It is my earnest wish to see you married, and my sincere and serious advice to you, to marry. Never shall I look upon you as other than a son, and your wife I shall consider as a daughter. If you can, I beg you will come and see me when you are married, and bring your wife with you. May God give you, in that state, every blessing! Aunt Martha sends you her kindest love, and your relations, with poor Mrs. Henderson, beg warmly to be remembered to you.

"Little Gideon is a fine boy. Poor little fellow! he has become a great favourite here.

"God bless you, my son, and give you every

every happiness and prosperity here, and hereafter—so prays your affectionate mother,

"JESSE EDENBORG.

"*Mora Lodge.*"

---

In the month of May I set out for Scotland. I staid one night in Edinburgh, and next morning proceeded to Inverness-shire. After travelling through a very romantic country, I arrived at the residence of Mrs. Campbell, the mother of poor lieutenant Campbell. Here Mr. Hamilton's family resided, and I entered the house as the declared lover of Grace.

I was now in the most delightful society. Mrs. Campbell, and a family of four amiable daughters, with Mr. Hamilton's family, and a charming neighbourhood, composed this society. The surrounding country was wildly and beautifully romantic, often sublime. Summer, in all her bloom and luxuriance, poured down her treasures upon the earth.

In this charming season of the year, in this country of romantic beauty, and amid these amiable friends, I received the hand of Grace Hamilton—a treasure, of which I did not then know half the value—a treasure, whose value increased, in my estimation, every succeeding day of my life. I was thirty years of age, and Grace just entered on her twentieth year on the day when we were united.

I am now a grey-headed old man, the happy father of four sons and two daughters; and my grandchildren are in my cheerful and comfortable mansion with me. Grace, lovely even in old age, is still the tenderly-beloved partner of my soul, and we hope to reach the grave at the same time, and to sleep there together.

My first girl, with the entire approbation of her mother, was called Ellen Edenborg. She is now in the bloom of youth and beauty, the wife of a distinguished officer in the army, and the mother of a little angel—*Ellen Edenborg*.

My

My eldest son, my first-born, Hamilton Radington, is all a father could wish for in a son; he is happily married, and is the father of a numerous and beautiful little family.

The rest of my children are yet unmarried; they are amiable and lovely. Flora Jane, my youngest girl, is very like her mother—if possible, more beautiful.

I had the honour of continuing long in the service of my country; and often, after I was a married man and a father, fought her battles. I have attained the highest rank in the navy, and, with the blessing of God, have been, in all my worldly concerns, most prosperous and happy.

The brightest sunshine must sometimes be obscured by a passing cloud. The deaths of Mrs. Edenborg, Mr and Mrs. Hamilton, and of many kind and highly-valued friends, have been the only interruptions to our felicity. Miss Hamilton was long the brightest ornament of the part of the country where we resided; she

lived constantly with us, admired, beloved, and respected, by every individual of the family, and looked up to as a bright pattern of every female virtue. It is but a few years since that we had bitterly to lament her loss.

I once again visited Zetland—I saw Mrs. Edenborg; she was living alone, with a few domestics, in that house where I had, some years before, seen her in the bosom of her family. Her daughter, her husband, her son, her aunt, had in succession gone to the grave before her; yet she was resigned, nay, she was cheerful; she knew that she should soon be united to them in a state of eternal existence, where sorrow and death had no power and no name.

My uncle Eric was dead; his wife and poor worthy Mrs. Henderson were living at Mora in a little cot near to the Lodge. Little Gideon, the only surviving heir to the name and property of this unfortunate family, was a charming little fellow, and

interested

interested me greatly; I knew him long after—he was an excellent man—he died some years ago, and left a fine family, whom I have never seen.

Catherine was in her grave. Poor Elspeth, all her beauty withered and gone for ever, roamed through the country a cureless maniac, and made my heart ache to see her.

Willie was a fine stout fellow; he kept a tolerable farm, went to the Haaf fishing, and had a smiling industrious wife, and fine healthy children.

Eric's daughter, Isabella, with her husband, who had returned from abroad, were comfortably settled in her father's cottage at Theasetter.

I visited the tomb erected over poor lieutenant Campbell's remains; it had stood for some years the wonder and terror of the simple natives. One winter night, the storm rose, and the waves came roaring in their strength and fury, and tore away the frail memorial. I saw the spot

where it had been, but no remains of tomb or of grave,—all had been swept into the ocean.

I visited Grovely Island, now again called Otters' Isle, and once more in the possession of the Eversley family. No vestige or trace of the Lovegolds were to be found; their name was recollected with a shudder of abhorrence by the natives, as a name linked with wickedness and oppression. Their infamy lived, but they themselves had vanished away for ever; nor could I discover what had been their end.

I staid some days at Mora Lodge. By the mellow light of the moon in the end of autumn, I stole out at midnight to visit the grave of Ellen. Every footstep that I set down in Mora Isle, every object which I gazed upon, recalled to my mind, but too faithfully, the image of that beauteous being, in all her pristine bloom and loveliness; I beheld her wandering on the hill and on the sandy beach; I saw her seated on the rocks, and the wild

waves

waves dashing at her feet; she fleeted constantly before me; I beheld her light figure, her serene and heavenly countenance, her sunny locks; I heard in fancy's ear the soft harmony of her voice—I went to her grave; there the delusion ceased. Beneath the green sod, over which I hung, lay the ashes of Ellen; that beautiful frame had crumbled into dust, and mixed with common earth. Mysterious and awful Power! and shall this dust, at thy command, again be collected, and again be animated with life and beauty? Yes, God has promised it; the world, the universe, shall pass away, but his word shall stand for ever.

I quitted Mora next day, and never visited Zetland again. I was a husband and a father; a place where recollections and regrets, like the above, were cherished and awakened, was not for me to remain at.

The memory of Ellen has, with me, long since lost all its bitterness. In that

pleasing melancholy which remains, my beloved Grace fully participates; nor has she ever condemned me for paying to Ellen's memory the tribute of a sigh.

GLOS-

# GLOSSARY.

(1) *SIC*, such.

(2) *Haud*, hold.

(3) *Kuest hir heart.* When people are afflicted with consumptive complaints in Zetland, they imagine that the heart of the person so affected has been wasted away by the enchantment of the fairies, or witchcraft of some other evil beings. Old women, and sometimes men, profess to cure this disease. The patient must undergo the following curious and ridiculous operation:—the patient is placed, sitting upon the bottom of a large cooking pot, turned upon its mouth; a large pewter dish is placed, or held, upon his head; upon the dish a bason or bowl is set nearly full of cold water; into this water the operator pours some melted lead through the teeth of a common dressing comb *; all this is performed with many strange incantations and gesticulations. If the lead falls into a shapeless lump, they declare that the heart and the lungs of the patient are completely wasted away, that they will have infinite trouble, and

* A large key is also employed in this operation.

and perhaps, after all, will not be able to bring back the heart and lungs to their natural and healthful form. The lead is again melted, and run into the water through the teeth of the comb; it most likely assumes some shape, which the operator assures the spectators is the exact form of the patient's heart in its diseased state. The lead is repeatedly melted, and poured through the comb into the water; every time it is asserted to be more and more like the natural heart and lungs, and the bewitchment, of course, is rendered weaker and weaker. The patient undergoes this three times, with some days between each operation. When the last cast of the lead is over, the operator shews it round, and points out how exactly every part of the heart and the lungs are restored to their natural and proper shape; if the patient dies (perhaps his death is hurried on by the fatigue and agitation occasioned by this mummery), his death is ascribed to some oversight in the strict performance of all the relative parts of this casting of the heart *. The moon must be at a certain age, and it must be performed at a certain turning of the tide and hour of the night; numberless other things must be attended to. The operator will take any thing they please to give, if it should be the half of all their goods and chattels, but he must not touch money. He appoints, however, a particular place, where a Danish coin, worth fivepence, current

* The patient must also wear the lead, which has been used, in his bosom, for some time after the operation.

current in Zetland, is to be laid (as many as they like—the more the better, no doubt); this money is for the fairies, who come, it is asserted, and take it away; but the poor honest operator must not, and will not finger it, otherwise his trouble would come to nought, and the spell which bound the patient would be firmer than ever. This operation of casting the heart is performed to this day in some parts of the Zetland Isles, and implicit belief placed in its efficacy.

(4) *Leet.* Never leet, means never hearken to it, or appear to hear it.

(5) *Dulefu'*, woful.

(6) *Ding aff*, knock off.

(7) *Mi*, my.

(8) *Ill*, bad.

(9) *Hoose*, house.

(10) *Snaw*, snow.

(11) *Hantle*, a great deal.

(12) *Ir*, are.

(13) *This turn*, this time.

(14) *Hunner*, hundred.

(15) *Ting*, thing.

(16) *Anither*, another.

(17) *Ahint*, behind.

(18) *Doit*, a small coin, value one-eighth of a penny.

(19) *Dochter*, daughter.

(20) *Gloaming*, twilight.

(21) *Scaith*, harm.

(22)

(22) *Wrang*, wrong.

(23) *Blude*, blood.

(24) *Hoors*, hours.

(25) *Dawr*, dawns.

(26) *Yestreen*, yesterday.

(27) *Thrang* signifies that something is going on of a private nature, as—"They are owr thrang, they are plotting some mischief."

(28) *Jo*, a sweetheart.

(29) *A'*, all.

(30) *No canny*. To be canny, means to be shrewd and cunning. To be *no canny*, signifies to be suspected of witchcraft.

(31) *Wooer*, lover.

(32) *Kenin*, knowing.

(33) *Kap*, wooden bowl or bason.

(34) *Daffick*, wooden vessels for holding water.

(35) *Jammelled*, shook, agitated.

(36) *Raired*, roared.

(37) *Whummelled*, upset.

(38) *Upsetten*, upsetting.

(39) *Sank*, sunk.

(40) *Oy*, a grandchild.

(41) *Craws*, crows.

(42) *Laughin*, laughing.

(43) *Out o' a' case*, to be distressed or disordered to a very great degree.

(44) *Browny, boky, or trow*, wandering spirits.

(45) *Hoken*. To be hoken is to have a look of hunger and great poverty.

(46)

(46) *Heart-brak*, severe and bitter sorrow, frequently applied to the last struggles of a dying person.

(47) *Coft*, bought.

(48) *Hockit*, dug.

(49) *Fule*, fool.

(50) *Loshens*, interjection, common among the lower orders of people in Zetland.

(51) *Lout*, stoop or bend.

(52) *Lug*, ear.

(53) *Steek*, stitch.

(54) *Forsemore*, disappointment.

(56) *Sour fish*. See (182) Vol. I.

(57) *Vivda*. The Zetlanders used to hang up mutton in the place built for drying fish, called a *skoe;* it was without salt, and rendered quite hard and dry; in this state it was called *vivda*, and esteemed a very delicate morsel.

(59) *Kale*, cabbage.

(60) *Burstan broonies*. See (12) Vol. I.

(61) *Haaf-fish*. The fish got at the summer fishing, which is called the Haaf-fishing.

(62) *Feigh!* faugh!

(63) *Air*, smell.

(64) *War*, aware.

(65) *Ony thing*, any thing.

(66) *Warse*, worse.

(67) *Wilks*, periwinkles.

(68) *Lempucks*, limpets.

(69) *Sillic*, a small fish taken in immense numbers on the Zetland coast; men, women, and children, employ

employ themselves drawing sillics on a wand *, sometimes seated on the craigs and rocks, and sometimes in boats a few yards from the shore. This fish is not above five inches in length, and is of a slender shape. A man may easily eat threescore, or even more, of them, at one meal; yet the livers of these little creatures, collected in a family during the year, will supply them the whole year round with oil, thought by some to be superior to the best whale oil. In very industrious families they will even have some oil for sale, besides what is used in the family. In a year of scarcity of meal, a little boy was asked—"what he had for his breakfast?"

"Hard† sillics."

"And what for dinner?"

"Fresh sillics."

"And what again for supper?"

"Dowed (not perfectly fresh, yet not sour, is the meaning of the word *dowed*) sillics."

"And what had your mother?"

"Mam‡ had tae and cald sillics i' the mornin, and rossen sillics and tae till her four-hoors.

"And what had your father?"

"A peerie nirt (*nirt*, a very small piece) o' Scotch-meal scone, an (and) a air o' kirned milk."

Notwithstanding the necessity of sometimes eating sillics

* Fishing-rod. † Dried.

‡ *Mam*, mother.—*Tae*, tea.—*Cald*, cold.—*Rossen*, roasted.—*Till, for.—Four-hoors*, the evening tea, or milk and bread at that time, is called the four-hours.

sillics three times a-day, yet the Zetlander has great reason to be contented with his lot. In every part of the Zetland Isles, *even Lerwick* need scarcely be excepted, the inhabitant may go to rest, with open doors, in perfect security. The wintry tempest may howl around his humble dwelling, or threaten with destruction the frail bark with which he ventures to navigate the mighty ocean; but the sword and fire-brand of war can scarcely visit his little sea-girt land, or disturb his quiet. The fisherman sits by his blazing peat-fire, and listens to the account of wars and bloodshed, of crimes and robberies, and of political warfare, related perhaps by some sailor, whom wounds, or old age, or peace, have restored to his native isle; he listens with mingled emotions of wonder and of pity, as to a tale of other times, and of some far-off and distant land; happy in his ignorance and in his poverty, he goes to his humble bed in perfect peace, and enjoys uninterrupted repose. The two articles most required in a climate like that of Zetland, have been abundantly provided by the eternal and ever-wise Governor of the universe—these are fire and light. The natives have, for their labour, as much fuel as they can consume. Whatever wants may be in a Zetland hut, there is seldom or never a good fire wanting. The fish which they catch, almost at their doors, supply them with the means of light. The cold and darkness of their long winters are thus mercifully robbed of their terrors; and in the mud-walled cottage of the Zetlander, the providence of God is as conspicuous, and as surely

felt,

felt, as in those favoured lands which flow with milk and honey, and where the sun shines in all his glory.

(70) *Verra*, very.

(71) *Hendry*, Henry.

(72) *Budy*, a kind of rude basket, which the Zetland fishermen carry their fish in.

(73) *Twa*, two.

(74) *Freends*, friends.

(75) *Chesting*. The ceremony of putting the body into the coffin is called "the chesting;" it is performed to a female by the nearest female relations, and to a male by the nearest male relations.

FINIS.

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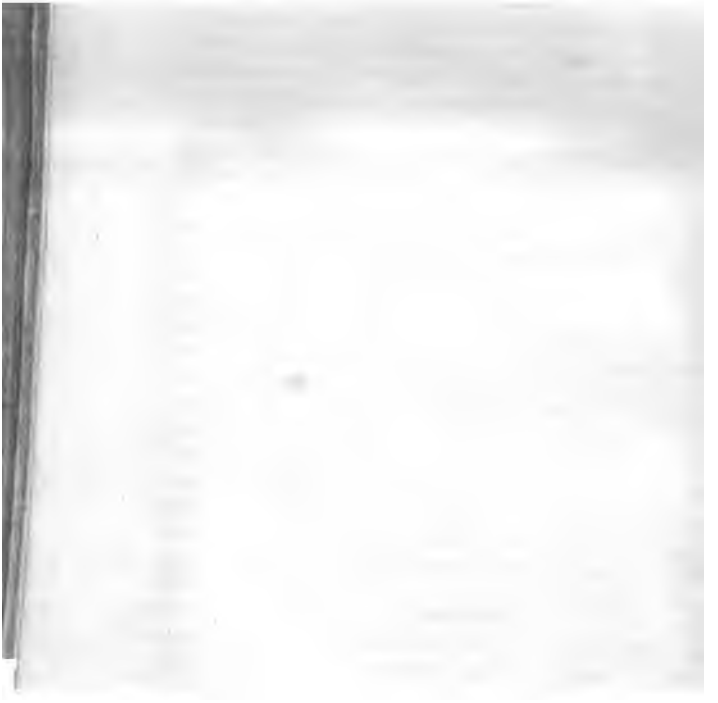
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